THE
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April in Shropshire

By Millicent Sutherland

I saw a glitter on the Severn, in the sky,
The whirling dust high-borne, flecked every thorn,
As I rolled by.

An old umbrella-mender, shuffling, passed along—
"I walk," he said, "from Clee," and smiled at me
And sang his song.

"O, old umbrella-mender, tell me, how's your fun?"
"With April in the air, I greatly dare,
Both rain and sun."

"The clouds are on the hill, come quickly!" thus they cry;
I trot—the sudden rain—they shout again,
"'Tis fine; 'tis dry!"

"The noon-day sun burns up the valley, give your shade
Till trees have donned their green!" "You should have seen
I plied my trade!"

"No rucks an' yeps,* O, wily wanderer, store your gold!"
"Good maid, I gather pence in self-defence—
I am not bold."

"Then tramp to Clun, umbrella-mender; you'll not dwine†
In taking toll of Spring, but have your fling,
—And I'll have mine!"

* Ducks and drakes (Salopian). † Fade away (Salopian).

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Fairies, Take Care

By William H. Davies

A THOUSAND blessings, Puck, on you
For knotting that long grass which threw
Into my arms a maid ; for we
Have told our love and kissed, and she
Will lie abed in a sweet fright.
So, all ye Fairies who to-night
May take that stormy passage where
Her bosom's quicksands are, take care
Of whirlpools too : beware, all you,
Of that great tempest Love must brew.
The waves will rock your breath near out ;
First sunk, then tossed and rolled about,
Now on your heads, now on your feet—
You'll be near swamped and, for life sweet,
Be glad to cross that stormy main,
And stand on something firm again.
Would I could see her while she sleeps,
And smiles to feel you climb those steeps,
Where you at last will stand up clear
Upon their cherry tops, and cheer.
And that ye are not lost, take care,
In that deep forest of her hair :
Yet ye may enter naked stark,
It gets more warm as it gets dark.
So, Fairies, fear not any harm,
While in those woods so dark and warm.

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Two Poems

By Beryl de Zoete

FROM A PERSIAN GARDEN

The sky is wide above,
Each star of the wide sky burns;
Starless am I until my soul, my love
returns.

The breezes of midnight
Lie with the perfum'd flowers;
Wind of my soul, blow o'er me, that delight
be ours.

Fire on invisible wings
In dusk of the leaves doth shine;
So shine thy looks, my love, when thy mouth clings
to mine.

My body I have made fair
With fragrance for my love;
Over my breasts the flood of my loosed hair
doth move.

With song in the wine-flush'd courts
Love flows engarlanded;
Sweeter the grass dews are when love supports
the head.

I wake from dreams of thee,
I faint with my desire;
Soul of my soul, thy kiss consumeth me
with fire.

The burning stars are pale,
The long light quivereth;
Return, O soul of me, ere my sense fail
in death.

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THE HUMAN JUSTICER

Why do the stars so fiercely shine?
How fearfully they burn!
Now crystal-cold, now red like wine;
They pierce me through as they would go
Even to my heart, they pierce me so;
Oh, what can they divine?
Those senseless stars—what can they know?
Have they a heart? Can they discern
The thoughts that are in mine?

Why is the night so still, so dead?
The wind is under a spell.
I know when she put her hands to her head
Her hair did flutter—O God! no more!
But I would the wind blew as it blew before
When I went by the hollow hill.
My arms are heavy as though I bore
Her weight upon them—but she's in hell,
And her body's across the bed.

Why was she still so fair, so white?
Sinners should look like sin.
But the devil was once an angel bright;
'Twas he who braided her golden hair,
He thought to tempt me, seeing her there
So dazzling and full of light.
O God, it is only the sinners wear
Such grace in their body, though all within
Is black as the deepest night.

Yet if she had but spoke one word
I could not have done this thing.
Nay, God Himself, if He had heard
The pleading honey-sweet sound of her tongue
And seen her there standing so angel-young,
Even God, had He but heard,
Would have set her—a harlot—His saints among.
For the words from her soft small throat would spring
As the clear sweet notes of a bird.

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I thought she would have some word to say.
Did she not fear to die ?
Did she not fear the Judgment Day ?
Was it that *He* might have mercy on her,
God made me His human justicer ?
Had He no scale to weigh,
No sword to punish the sin of her ?

. . . . . .

Ah now it is flaming, falling, and I
Am left alone in the way.

It is no sword but her shining eyes
That strike into my breast.
The gold of her hair streams over the skies.
The high stars totter, the stars fall down,
In the cloud of her weeping the pale stars drown.
The grey earth shakes with her sighs ;
She has bought with her beauty the earth and skies ;
From her beauty, O Christ, I shall find no rest
Till my soul in the last hell dies.

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From the Old Women—to the Young

By Annabel Jackson

You who stand on the threshold with eager hands stretched before you,
Your eyes alight with the promise of wonderful years to come,
How shall you read our story—decipher what must pass o'er you,
In faces that bear the seal-marks anent which our lips are dumb?

Have we not seen the dawn steal o'er daffodil-spangled meadows,
Felt the kiss of the cowslip, soft on our feet that passed,
Heard the song of the skylark as he rose up out of the shadows,
Singing of magical morning, and the dew that was fading fast?

Have we not felt the noon heat, lying among the bracken,
Faint with the joy of living, and weary of lips that love;
Asked but to lie and slumber, let limbs and pulses slacken,
With the breeze in the scented fir-trees, and the blue dome above?

Have we not seen the creeping of slow grey things draw nearer,
Felt the chill of the night wind rising o'er sea and shore,
Seen that the love we fled from was now grown rarer and dearer,
Longed for the hot noon kisses that should be ours no more?

Now that we watch you treading the daisy and cowslip blossoms,
See you gather the flowers we gathered when life was new,
See how the roses wither against your rounded bosoms,
See how the changing seasons are one long dream to you,

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FROM THE OLD WOMEN—TO THE YOUNG

Is it Envy or Sorrow that fills us? Regret for the fair days over,
The circle of days that flying—must ever return again?
Do we grudge you beauty and Springtime, would we snatch from you Love and Lover,
Or have we learnt life's lesson, "All passes that all shall remain"?

Some of us bow our foreheads—bitter with joys remembered,
Some of us, worn with living, think not of beauty dead;
Some of us, looking forward, see how the years dismembered
Rise again in their glory out of their ruined bed.

We see your eyes that sparkle—and ours that are dim re-lighten;
We see your white arms shining—our withered flesh revives;
In the gold of your heavy tresses our dull grey locks re-brighten;
We see in your beauty the promise of thousands of other lives.

You, who stand on the threshold, lit by the sunlight vernal,
We, looking back, salute you, and pray that you too may learn;
We, who stand on the threshold—who know that all is eternal,
Praise in your beauty *our* beauty—"The Infinite Return."

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An Old Thorn

By W. H. Hudson

The little village of Ingden lies in a hollow of the South Wiltshire Downs, the most isolated of the villages in that lonely district. Its one short street is crossed at right angles in the middle part by the Salisbury road, and standing just at that point, the church on one hand, the old inn on the other, you can follow it with the eye for a distance of nearly three miles. First it goes winding up the low down under which the village stands, then vanishes over the brow to reappear again a mile and a half further away as a white band on the vast green slope of the succeeding down, which rises to a height of over 600 feet. On the summit it vanishes once more, but those who use it know it for a laborious road crossing several high ridges before dropping down into the valley road leading to Salisbury.

When, standing in the village street, your eye travels up that white band, you can distinctly make out even at that distance a small solitary tree standing near the summit—an old thorn with an ivy growing on it. My walks were often that way, and invariably on coming to that point I would turn twenty yards aside from the road to spend half an hour seated on the turf near or under the old tree. These half-hours were always grateful; and conscious that the tree drew me to it I questioned myself as to the reason. It was, I told myself, nothing but mental curiosity—my interest was a purely scientific one. For how comes it, I asked, that a thorn can grow to a tree and live to a great age in such a situation, on a vast naked down, where for many centuries, perhaps for thousands of years, the herbage has been so closely fed by sheep as to have the appearance of a carpet or newly mown lawn? The seed is carried and scattered everywhere by the birds, but no sooner does it germinate and send up a shoot than it is eaten down to the roots; for there is no scent that attracts a sheep more, no flavour it has greater taste for, than that of any forest seedling springing up amidst the minute herbaceous plants which carpet the downs. The thorn, like other organisms, has its own unconscious intelli-

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gence and cunning by means of which it endeavours to save itself and fulfil its life. It opens its first tender leaves under the herbage and at the same time thrusts up a vertical spine to wound the nibbling mouth ; and no sooner has it got a leaf or two and a spine than it spreads its roots all round and from each of them springs a fresh shoot, leaves and protecting spine, to increase the chances of preservation. In vain! the cunning animal finds a way to defeat all this strategy, and after the leaves have been bitten off again and again, the infant plant gives up the struggle and dies in the ground. Yet we see that from time to time one survives—one perhaps in a million ; but how—whether by a quicker growth or a harder or more poisonous thorn, an unpalatable leaf, or some other secret agency—we cannot guess. First as a diminutive scrubby shrub, with numerous iron-hard stems, with few and small leaves but many thorns, it keeps its poor flowerless frustrate life for perhaps half a century or longer, without growing more than a couple of feet high ; and then, as by a miracle, it will spring up until its top shoots are out of reach of the browsing sheep, and in the end it becomes a tree with spreading branches and fully developed leaves, and flowers and fruit in its season.

One day I was visited by an artist from a distance who, when shown the thorn, pronounced it a fine subject for his pencil, and while he made his picture we talked about the hawthorn generally as compared with other trees, and agreed that, except in its blossoming time when it is merely pretty, it is the most engaging and perhaps the most beautiful of our native trees. We said that it was the most *individual* of trees, that its variety was infinite, for you never find two alike whether growing in a forest, in groups or masses, or alone. We were almost lyrical in its praises. But the solitary thorn was always best, he said, and this one was perhaps the best of all he had seen; strange and at the same time decorative in its form, beautiful too in its appearance of great age with unimpaired vigour and something more in its expression—that elusive something which we find in some trees and don't know how to explain.

Ah, yes, thought I, it was this appeal to the æsthetic faculty which attracted me from the first, and not, as I had imagined, the mere curiosity of the naturalist interested mainly and always in the *habits* of living things, plant or animal.

Certainly the thorn had strangeness. Its appearance as to height was deceptive ; one would have guessed it eighteen feet ; measuring it I was surprised to find it only ten. It has four separate boles, springing from one root, leaning a little away

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from each other, the thickest just a foot in circumference. The branches are few, beginning at about five feet from the ground, the foliage thin, the leaves throughout the summer stained with grey, rust-red, and purple colour. Though so small and exposed to the full fury of every wind that blows over that vast naked down, it has yet an ivy growing on it—the strangest of the many strange ivy-plants I have seen. It comes out of the ground as two ivy trunks on opposite sides of the stoutest bole, but at a height of four feet from the surface the two join and ascend the tree as one round iron-coloured and iron-hard stem, which goes curving and winding snakewise among the branches as if with the object of roping them to save them from being torn off by the winds. Finally, rising to the top, the long serpent-stem opens out in a flat disc-shaped mass of close-packed branchlets and twigs densely set with small round leaves, dark dull green and tough as parchment. One could only suppose that thorn and ivy had been partners from the beginning of life, and that the union was equally advantageous to both.

The small ivy disc or platform on top of the tree was a favourite stand and look-out for the downland birds. I seldom visited the spot without disturbing some of them, now a little company of missel-thrushes, now a crowd of starlings, then perhaps a dozen rooks, crowded together, looking very big and conspicuous on their little platform.

Being curious to find out something about the age of the tree I determined to put the question to my old friend Malachi, aged eighty-nine, who was born and had always lived in the parish and had known the downs and probably every tree growing on them for miles around from his earliest years. It was my custom to drop in of an evening and sit with him, listening to his endless reminiscences of his young days. That evening I spoke of the thorn, describing its position and appearance, thinking that perhaps he had forgotten it. How long, I asked him, had the thorn been there?

He was one of those men, usually of the labouring class, to be met with in such lonely, out-of-the-world places as the Wiltshire Downs, whose eyes never look old however many their years may be, and are more like the eyes of a bird or animal than a human being, for they gaze at you and through you when you speak without appearing to know what you say. So it was on this occasion; he looked straight at me with no sign of understanding, no change in his clear grey eyes, and answered nothing. But I would not be put off, and when, raising my voice, I repeated the question, he replied after another

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interval of silence that the thorn "was never any different." 'Twas just the same, ivy and all, when he were a small boy. It looked just so old: why, he remembered his old father saying the same thing—'twas the same when he were a boy, and 'twas the same in his father's time. Then anxious to escape from the subject he began talking of something else.

It struck me that after all the most interesting thing about the thorn was its appearance of great age, and this aspect I had now been told had continued for at least a century, probably for a much longer time. It produced a reverent feeling in me such as we experience at the sight of some ancient stone monument. But the tree was alive, and because of its life the feeling was perhaps stronger than in the case of a granite cross or cromlech or other memorial of antiquity.

Sitting by the thorn one day it occurred to me that, growing at this spot close to the road and near the summit of that vast down, numberless persons travelling to and from Salisbury must have turned aside to rest on the turf in the shade after that laborious ascent or before beginning the long descent to the valley below. Travellers of all conditions, on foot or horseback, in carts and carriages, merchants, bagmen, farmers, drovers, gipsies, tramps and vagrants of all descriptions, and from time to time troops of soldiers. Yet never one of them had injured the tree in any way! I could not remember ever finding a tree growing alone by the roadside in a lonely place which had not the marks of many old and new wounds inflicted on its trunk with knives, hatchets, and other implements. Here not a mark, not a scratch had been made on any one of its four trunks or on the ivy stem by any thoughtless or mischievous person, nor had any branch been cut or broken off. Why had they one and all respected this tree?

It was another subject to talk to Malachi about, and to him I went after tea and found him with three of his neighbours sitting by the fire and talking; for though it was summer the old man always had a fire in the evening.

They welcomed and made room for me, but I had no sooner broached the subject in my mind than they all fell into silence, then after a brief interval the three callers began to discuss some little village matter. I was not going to be put off in that way, and, leaving them out, went on talking to Malachi about the tree. Presently one by one the three visitors got up and, remarking that it was time to be going, they took their departure.

The old man could not escape nor avoid listening, and in the end had to say something. He said he didn't know nothing

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about all them tramps and gipsies and other sorts of men who had sat by the tree; all he knowed was that the old thorn had been a good thorn to him—first and last. He remembered once when he was a young man, not yet twenty, he went to do some work at a village five miles away, and being winter time he left early, about four o'clock, to walk home over the downs. He had just got married and had promised his wife to be home for tea at six o'clock. But a thick fog came up over the downs and soon as it got dark he lost himself. 'Twas the darkest, thickest night he had ever been out in; and whenever he came against a bank or other obstruction he would get down on his hands and knees and feel it up and down to get its shape and find out what it was, for he knew all the marks on his native downs; 'twas all in vain—nothing could he recognise. In this way he wandered about for hours and was in despair of getting home that night when all at once there came a sense of relief, a feeling that it was all right, that something was guiding him.

I remarked that I knew what that meant: he had lost his sense of direction and had now all at once recovered it; such a thing had often happened; I once had such an experience myself.

No, it was not that, he returned. He had not gone a dozen steps from the moment that sense of confidence came to him, before he ran into a tree, and feeling the trunk with his hands he recognised it as the old thorn and knew where he was. In a couple of minutes he was on the road, and in less than an hour, just about midnight, he was safe at home.

No more could I get out of him, at all events on that occasion; nor did I ever succeed in extracting any further personal experience in spite of his having let out that the thorn had been a good thorn to him, first and last. I had however heard enough to satisfy me that I had at length discovered the real secret of the tree's fascination. I recalled other trees which had similarly affected me, and how, long years ago, when a good deal of my time was spent on horseback, whenever I found myself in a certain district I would go miles out of my way just to look at a solitary old tree growing in a lonely place, and to sit for an hour to refresh myself, body and soul, in its shade. I had indeed all along suspected the thorn of being one of this order of mysterious trees; and from other experiences I had met with, one some years ago in a village in this same county of Wilts, I had formed the opinion that in many persons the sense of a strange intelligence and possibly of power

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in such trees is not a mere transitory mental state but an enduring influence which profoundly affects their whole lives.

Determined to find out something more, I went to other villagers, mostly women, who are more easily disarmed and made to believe that you too know and are of the same mind with them, being under the same mysterious power and spell. In this way, laying many a subtle snare, I succeeded in eliciting a good deal of information. It was however mostly of a kind which could not profitably be used in any inquiry into the subject; it simply went to show that the feeling existed and was strong in many of the villagers. During this inquiry I picked up several anecdotes about a person who lived in Ingden close upon three generations ago, and was able to piece them together so as to make a consistent narrative of his life. This was Johnnie Budd, a farm labourer, who came to his end in 1821, a year or so before my old friend Malachi was born. It is going very far back, but there were circumstances in his life which made a deep impression on the mind of that little community and the story had lived on through all these years.

Johnnie had fallen on hard times when in an exceptionally severe winter season he with others had been thrown out of employment at the farm where he worked; then with a wife and three small children to keep he had in his desperation procured food for them one dark night in an adjacent field. But alas! one of the little ones playing in the road with some of her companions, who were all very hungry, let it out that she wasn't hungry, that for three days she had had as much nice meat as she wanted to eat! Play over, the hungry little ones flew home to tell their parents the wonderful news—why didn't they have nice meat like Tilly Budd, instead of a piece of rye bread without even dripping on it, when they were so hungry? Much talk followed, and spread from cottage to cottage until it reached the constable's ears, and he, already informed of the loss of a wether taken from its fold close by, went straight to Johnnie and charged him with the offence. Johnnie lost his head, and dropping on his knees confessed his guilt and begged his old friend Lampard to have mercy on him and to overlook it for the sake of his wife and children.

It was his first offence, but when he was taken from the lock-up at the top of the village street to be conveyed to Salisbury, his friends and neighbours who had gathered at the spot to witness his removal shook their heads and doubted that Ingden would ever see him again. The confession had made the case so simple a one that he had at once been committed

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to take his trial at the Salisbury Assizes, and as the time was near the constable had been ordered to convey the prisoner to the town himself. Accordingly he engaged old Joe Blaskett, called Daddy in the village, to take them in his pony cart. Daddy did not want the job, but was talked or bullied into it, and there he now sat in his cart, waiting in glum silence for his passengers; a bent old man of eighty, with a lean, grey, bitter face, in his rusty cloak, his old rabbit-skin cap drawn down over his ears, his white disorderly beard scattered over his chest. The constable Lampard was a big, powerful man, with a great round, good-natured face, but just now he had a strong sense of his responsibility, and to make sure of not losing his prisoner he handcuffed him before bringing him out and helping him to take his seat on the bottom of the cart. Then he got up himself to his seat by the driver's side; the last good-bye was spoken, the weeping wife being gently led away by her friends, and the cart rattled away down the street. Turning into the Salisbury road it was soon out of sight over the near down, but half an hour later it emerged once more into sight beyond the great dip, and the villagers who had remained standing about at the same spot watched it crawling like a beetle up the long white road on the slope of the vast down beyond.

Johnnie was now lying coiled up on his rug, his face hidden between his arms, abandoned to grief, sobbing aloud. Lampard, sitting athwart the seat so as to keep an eye on him, burst out at last: "Be a man, Johnnie, and stop your crying! 'Tis making things no better by taking on like that. What do you say, Daddy?"

"I say nought," snapped the old man, and for a while they proceeded in silence except for those heartrending sobs. As they approached the old thorn tree, near the top of the long slope, Johnnie grew more and more agitated, his whole frame shaking with his sobbing. Again the constable rebuked him, telling him that 'twas a shame for a man to go on like that. Then with an effort he restrained his sobs, and lifting a red, swollen, tear-stained face he stammered out: "Master Lampard, did I ever ask 'ee a favour in my life?"

"What be after now?" said the other suspiciously. "Well, no, Johnnie, not as I remember."

"An' do 'ee think I'll ever come back home again, Master Lampard?"

"Maybe no, maybe yes; 'tis not for me to say."

"But 'ee knows 'tis a hanging matter?"

"'Tis that for sure. But you be a young man with a wife

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and childer, and have never done no wrong before—not that I ever heard say. Maybe the judge'll recommend you to mercy. What do you say, Daddy ? "

The old man only made some inarticulate sounds in his beard, without turning his head.

" But, Master Lampard, suppose I don't swing, they'll send I over the water and I'll never see the wife and children no more."

" Maybe so ; I'm thinking that's how 'twill be."

" Then will 'ee do me a kindness ? 'Tis the only one I ever asked 'ee, and there'll be no chance to ask 'ee another."

" I can't say, Johnnie, not till I know what 'tis you want."

" 'Tis only this, Master Lampard. When we git to th' old thorn let me out o' the cart and let me stand under it one minnit and no more."

" Be you wanting to hang yourself before the trial then ? " said the constable, trying to make a joke of it.

" I couldn't do that," said Johnnie, simply, " seeing my hands be fast and you'd be standing by."

" No, no, Johnnie, 'tis nought but just foolishness. What do you say, Daddy ? "

The old man turned round with a look of sudden rage in his grey face which startled Lampard: but he said nothing, he only opened and shut his mouth two or three times without a sound.

Meanwhile the pony had been going slower and slower for the last thirty or forty yards, and now when they were abreast of the tree stood still.

" What be stopping for ? " cried Lampard. " Get on—get on, or we'll never get to Salisbury this day."

Then at length old Blaskett found a voice.

" Does thee know what thee's saying, Master Lampard, or be thee a stranger in this parish ? "

" What d'ye mean, Daddy ? I be no stranger ; I've a-known this parish and known 'ee these nine years."

" Thee asked why I stopped when 'twas the pony stopped, knowing where we'd got to. But thee's not born here or thee'd a-known what a hoss knows. An' since 'ee asks what I says, I say this, 'twill not hurt 'ee to let Johnnie Budd stand one minute by the tree."

Feeling insulted and puzzled the constable was about to assert his authority when he was arrested by Johnnie's cry, " Oh, Master Lampard, 'tis my last hope ! " and by the sight of the agony of suspense on his swollen face. After a short

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hesitation he swung himself out over the side of the cart, and letting down the tailboard laid rough hands on Johnnie and half helped, half dragged him out.

They were quickly by the tree, where Johnnie stood silent with downcast eyes a few moments; then dropping upon his knees leant his face against the bark, his eyes closed, his lips murmuring.

"Time's up!" cried Lampard presently, and taking him by the collar pulled him to his feet; in a couple of minutes more they were in the cart and on their way.

It was grey weather, very cold, with an east wind blowing, but for the rest of that dreary seventeen-miles journey Johnnie was very quiet and submissive and shed no more tears.

What had been his motive in wishing to stand by the tree? What did he expect when he said that it was his last hope? During the way up the long laborious slope, an incident of his early years in connection with the tree had been in his mind, and had wrought on him until it culminated in that passionate outburst and his strange request. It was when he was a boy not quite ten years old, that one afternoon in the summer-time he went with other children to look for wild raspberries on the summit of the great down. Johnnie being the eldest was the leader of the little band. On the way back from the brambly place where the fruit grew, on approaching the thorn they spied a number of rooks sitting on it, and it came into Johnnie's mind that it would be great fun to play at crows by sitting on the branches as near the top as they could get. Running on, with cries that sent the rooks cawing away, they began swarming up the trunks, but in the midst of their frolic, when they were all struggling for the best places on the branches, they were startled by a shout, and looking up to the top of the down saw a man on horseback coming towards them at a gallop, shaking a whip in anger as he rode. Instantly they began scrambling down, falling over each other in their haste, then, picking themselves up, set off down the slope as fast as they could run. Johnnie was foremost, while close behind him came Marty, who was nearly the same age and though a girl almost as swift-footed, but before going fifty yards she struck her foot against an ant-hill and was thrown violently, face down, on the turf. Johnnie turned at her cry and flew back to help her up, but the shock of the fall and her extreme terror had deprived her for the moment of all strength, and while he struggled to raise her the smaller children one by one overtook and passed them, and in another moment the man was off his horse, standing over

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them. "Do you want a good thrashing?" he said, grasping Johnnie by the collar.

"Oh, sir, please don't hit me!" answered Johnnie; then looking up he was astonished to see that his captor was not the stern old farmer, the tenant of the down, he had taken him for, but a stranger and a strange-looking man, in a dark grey cloak with a red collar; he had a pointed beard and long black hair and dark eyes that were not evil yet frightened Johnnie when he caught them gazing down on him.

"No, I'll not thrash you," said he, "because you stayed to help the little maiden, but I'll tell you something for your good about the tree you and your little mates have been climbing, bruising the bark with your heels and breaking off leaves and twigs. Do you know, boy, that if you hurt it, it will hurt you? It stands fast here with its roots in the ground and you—you can go away from it, you think. 'Tis not so; something will come out of it and follow you wherever you go and hurt and break you at last. But if you make it a friend and care for it it will care for you and give you happiness and deliver you from evil."

Then touching Johnnie's cheeks with his gloved hand he got on his horse and rode away, and no sooner was he gone than Marty started up, and hand in hand the two children set off at a run down the long slope.

Johnnie's playtime was nearly over then, for by-and-by he was taken as farmer's boy at one of the village farms. When he was nineteen years old, one Sunday evening when standing in the road with other young people of the village, youths and girls, it was powerfully borne on his mind that his old playmate Marty was not only the prettiest and best girl in the place but that she had something which set her apart and far far above all other women. For now, after having known her intimately from his first years he had suddenly fallen in love with her, a feeling which caused him to shiver in a kind of ecstasy, yet made him miserable since it had purged his sight and made him see, too, how far apart they were and how hopeless his case. It was true that they had been comrades from childhood, fond of each other, but she had grown and developed until she had become that most bright and lovely being, while he had remained the same slow-witted, awkward, almost inarticulate Johnnie he had always been. This feeling preyed on his poor mind, and when he joined the evening gathering in the village street he noted bitterly how contemptuously he was left out of the conversation by the others, how incapable he was of keeping

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pace with them in their laughing talk and banter. And, worst of all, how Marty was the leading spirit, bandying words and bestowing smiles and pleasantries all round but never a word or a smile for him. He could not endure it, and so instead of smartening himself up after work and going for company to the village street, he would walk down the secluded lane near the farm to spend the hour before supper and bedtime sitting on a gate, brooding on his misery; and if by chance he met Marty in the village he would try to avoid her and was silent and uncomfortable in her presence.

After work, one hot summer evening, Johnnie was walking along the road near the farm in his working clothes, clay-coloured boots, and old dusty hat, when who should he see but Marty coming towards him, looking very sweet and fresh in her light-coloured print gown. He looked to this side and that for some friendly gap or opening in the hedge so as to take himself out of the road, but there was no way of escape at that spot and he had to pass her, and so casting down his eyes he walked on, wishing he could sink into the earth out of her sight. But she would not allow him to pass; she put herself directly in his way and spoke.

"What's the matter with 'ee, Johnnie, that 'ee don't want to meet me and hardly say a word when I speak to 'ee?"

He could not find a word in reply: he stood still, his face crimson, his eyes on the ground.

"Johnnie, dear, what is it?" she asked, coming closer and putting her hand on his arm.

Then he looked up, and seeing the sweet compassion in her eyes he could no longer keep the secret of his pain from her.

"'Tis 'ee, Marty," he said. "Thee'll never want I—there's others 'ee'll like better. 'Tisn't for I to say a word about that, I'm thinking, for I be—just nothing. An'—an'—I be going away from the village, Marty, and I'll never come back no more."

"Oh, Johnnie, don't 'ee say it! Would 'ee go and break my heart? Don't 'ee know I've always loved 'ee since we were little mites together?"

And thus it came about that Johnnie, most miserable of men, was all at once made happy beyond his wildest dreams. And he proved himself worthy of her: from that time there was not a more diligent and sober young labourer in the village, nor one of a more cheerful disposition, nor more careful of his personal appearance when, the day's work done, the young people had their hour of social intercourse and courting. Yet

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he was able to put by a portion of his weekly wages of six shillings to buy sticks so that when spring came round again he was able to marry and take Marty to live with him in his own cottage.

One Sunday afternoon, shortly after this happy event, they went out for a walk on the high down.

"Oh, Johnnie, 'tis a long time since we were here together, not since we used to come and play and look for cowslips when we were little."

Johnnie laughed with pure joy and said they would just be children and play again, now they were alone and out of sight of the village; and when she smiled up at him he rejoiced to think that his union with this perfect girl was producing a happy effect on his poor brains, making him as bright and ready with a good reply as any one! And in their happiness they played at being children just as in the old days they had played at being grown-ups. Casting themselves down on the green, elastic, flower-sprinkled turf, they rolled one after the other down the smooth slopes of the terrace, the old "shepherd's steps," and by-and-by Johnnie, coming upon a patch of creeping thyme, rubbed his hands in the pale purple flowers, then rubbed her face to make it fragrant.

"Oh, 'tis sweet!" she cried. "Did 'ee ever see so many little flowers on the down?—'tis as if they came out just for us." Then, indicating the tiny milkwort faintly sprinkling the turf all about them, "Oh, the little blue darlings! Did 'ee ever see such a dear blue!"

"Oh, aye, a prettier blue nor that," said Johnnie. "'Tis just here, Marty," and pressing her down he kissed her on the eyelids a dozen times.

"You silly Johnnie!"

"Be I silly, Marty? but I love the red too," and with that he kissed her on the mouth. "And, Marty, I do love the red on the breasties too—won't 'ee let me have just one kiss there?"

And she, to please him, opened her dress a little way, but blushingly, though she was his wife and nobody was there to see, but it seemed strange to her out of doors with the sun overhead. Oh, 'twas all delicious! Never was earth so heavenly sweet as on that wide green down, sprinkled with innumerable little flowers, under the wide blue sky and the all-illuminating sun that shone into their hearts!

At length, rising to her knees and looking up the green slope, she cried out: "Oh, Johnnie, there's the old thorn tree! Do 'ee remember when we played at crows on it and had such a

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fright? 'Twas the last time we came here together. Come, let's go to the old tree and see how it looks now."

Johnnie all at once became grave, and said No, he wouldn't go to it for anything. She was curious and made him tell her the reason. He had never forgotten that day and the fear that came into his mind on account of the words the strange man had spoken. She didn't know what the words were: she had been too frightened to listen, and so he had to tell her.

"Then, 'tis a wishing-tree for sure," Marty exclaimed. When he asked her what a wishing-tree was, she could only say that her old grandmother, now dead, had told her. 'Tis a tree that knows us and can do us good and harm, but will do good only to some; but they must go to it and ask for its protection, and they must offer it something as well as pray to it. It must be something bright—a little jewel or coloured bead is best, and if you haven't got such a thing, a bright-coloured ribbon, or strip of scarlet cloth or silk thread which you must tie to one of the twigs.

"But we hurted the tree, Marty, and 'twill do no good to we."

They were both grave now; then a hopeful thought came to her aid. They had not hurt the tree intentionally: the tree knew that—it knew more than any human being. They might go and stand side by side under its branches and ask it to forgive them, and grant them all their desires. But they must not go empty-handed, they must have some bright thing with them when making their prayer. Then she had a fresh inspiration. She would take a lock of her own bright hair and braid it with some of his, and tie it with a piece of scarlet thread.

Johnnie was pleased with this idea, and they agreed to take another Sunday afternoon walk and carry out their plan.

The projected walk was never taken, for by-and-by Marty's mother fell ill and Marty had to be with her, nursing her night and day, and months went by, and at length when her mother died she was not in a fit condition to go long walks and climb those long steep slopes. After the child was born it was harder than ever to leave the house, and Johnnie too had so much work at the farm that he had little inclination to go out on Sundays. They ceased to speak of the tree, and their long-projected pilgrimage was impracticable until they could see better days. But the wished time never came, for after the first child Marty was never strong; then a second child came, then a third, and so five years went by of toil and suffering

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and love, and the tree, with all their hopes and fears and intentions regarding it, was less and less in their minds and was all but forgotten. Only Johnnie, when at long intervals his master sent him to Salisbury with the cart, remembered it all only too well when, coming to the top of the down, he saw the old thorn directly before him. Passing it he would turn his face away not to see it too closely, or perhaps to avoid being recognised by it. Then came the time of their extreme poverty, when there was no work at the farm and no one of their own people to help them tide over a season of scarcity, for the old people were dead or in the workhouse or so poor as to want help themselves. It was then that in his misery at the sight of his ailing anxious wife—the dear Marty of the beautiful vanished days—and his three little hungry children, that he went out into the field one dark night to get them food.

The whole sad history was in his mind as they slowly crawled up the hill, until it came to him that perhaps all their sufferings and this great disaster had been caused by the tree—by that something from the tree which had followed him, never resting in its mysterious enmity, until it broke him. Was it too late to repair that terrible mistake? A gleam of hope shone on his darkened mind, and he made his passionate appeal to the constable. He had no offering—his hands were powerless now; but at least he could stand by it and touch it with his body and face and pray for its forgiveness and for deliverance from the doom which threatened him. The constable had compassionately or from some secret motive granted his request, but alas! if in very truth the power he had come to believe in resided in the tree he was too late in seeking it.

The trial was soon over; by pleading guilty Johnnie had made it a very simple matter for the court. The main thing was to sentence him. By an unhappy chance the judge was in one of his occasional bad moods; he had been entertained too well by one of the local magnates on the previous evening and had sat late, drinking too much wine, with the result that he had a bad liver, with a mind to match it. He was only too ready to seize the first opportunity that offered—and poor Johnnie's case was the first that morning—of exercising the awful power a barbarous law had put into his hands. When the prisoner's defender declared that this was a case which called loudly for mercy the judge interrupted him to say that he was taking too much on himself, that he was in fact instructing the judge in his duties, which was a piece of presumption on his part. The other was quick to make a humble apology and to bring his

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perfunctory address to a conclusion. The judge, in addressing the prisoner, said he had been unable to discover any extenuating circumstances in the case. The fact that he had a wife and family dependent on him only added to his turpitude, since it proved that no consideration could serve to deter him from a criminal act. Furthermore, in dealing with this case, he must take into account the prevalence of this particular form of crime; he would venture to say that it had been encouraged by an extreme leniency in many cases on the part of those whose sacred duty it was to administer the law of the land. A sterner and healthier spirit was called for at the present juncture. The time had come to make an example, and a more suitable case than the one now before him could not have been found for such a purpose. He would accordingly hold out no hope of a reprieve, but would counsel prisoner to make the best use of the short time remaining to him.

Johnnie standing in the dock appeared to the spectators to be in a half-dazed condition—as dull and spiritless a clodhopper as they had ever beheld. The judge and barristers, in their wigs and robes and gowns, were unlike any human beings he had ever looked on. He might have been transported to some other world, so strange did the whole scene appear to him. He only knew, or surmised, that all these important people were occupied in doing him to death, but the process, the meaning of their fine phrases, he could not follow. He looked at them, his glazed eyes travelling from face to face to be fixed finally on the judge in a vacant stare; but he scarcely saw them, he was all the time gazing on, and his mind occupied with, other forms and scenes invisible to the court. His village, his Marty, his dear little playmate of long ago, the sweet girl he had won, the wife and mother of his children with her white terrified face, clinging to him and crying in anguish: "Oh, Johnnie, what will they do to 'ee!" And all the time, with it all, he saw the vast green slope of the down with the Salisbury road lying like a narrow white band across it, and close to it, near the summit, the solitary old tree.

During the delivery of the sentence, and when he was led from the dock and conveyed back to the prison, that image or vision was still present. He sat staring at the wall of his cell as he had stared at the judge, the fatal tree still before him. Never before had he seen it in that vivid way in which it appeared to him now, standing alone on the vast green down, under the wide sky, its four separate boles leaning a little away from each other, like the middle ribs of an open fan, holding up the wide,

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spread branches, the thin open foliage, the green leaves stained with rusty brown and purple: and the ivy rising like a slender black serpent of immense length springing from the roots, winding upwards and in and out among the grey branches, binding them together, and resting its round dark cluster of massed leaves on the topmost boughs. That green disc was the ivy-serpent's flat head and was the head of the whole tree, and there it had its eyes which gazed for ever over the wide downs, watching all living things, cattle and sheep and bird and men in their comings and goings; and although fast-rooted in the earth, following them too in all their ways, even as it had followed him to break him at last.

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My Idealed John Bullesses*

By Yoshio Markino

Author of "A Japanese Artist in London," &c.

IV. SUFFRAGETTES

SHALL every individual have the right to vote? We must say "yes," for it is the ideal of the constitutional country.

Then is that quite safe for the country? This is most difficult question to answer. I don't see any country in this world which is thoroughly civilised enough to say "yes."

However, the distinction between the voters and non-voters must not be made by the difference of the sexes. Now I start to write this chapter, and I am holding my pen at this very moment, but I feel I want to throw my pen down, for it seems to me the reason is too plain. Even the cats and dogs ought to know that much. If it were ten centuries ago, it might have been necessary to convince the people about this question. But remember it is Twentieth Century. We are no longer primitive. We are no longer baby-humans! I thought I was happy enough to be born in this most civilised century. But the fact does not seem exactly so. I wonder, am I dreaming? If so, I want to be awakened from my stupid dream!—a dream of ten centuries ago! What else can I say, seeing such a strange phenomena that many well-educated and most refined John Bullesses with full sense in every respect can not vote, only because they are women. And on the other hand those Little Englanders, hardly worth to be called humans, are voting because they are men?

First of all I have something to tell the reader about that very extraordinarily primitive custom of "under-payment for women." Some seven or eight years ago, I was struggling against my extreme poverty together with several of my boy-school mates. We tried to make designs for post-cards, Christmas cards, or menus. Some art publishers said they

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did not want men-artists. My friends exclaimed, "That is just it, you see. Girls are working frightfully cheap, so we men have to be starved."

I was fortunate enough to have met with one of those lady-artists. She said to me, "Yes, it is true, we girls work awfully cheap. They won't pay us what they ought to. Don't call us more fortunate than you, because we have work. I work hard from morning until late night, but the payment is not enough to keep myself. I am now living with my mother and I give her the money which I get from my work as partial help. Surely the payment is not enough for me to be quite independent."

Indeed, it is both women and men suffer from this horrid custom. Only some cold heartless capitalists are making unreasonable profits!

The under-payment for women might have been practised in such a savage country where women are made as the toys of men, after the style of harem! But here in England to-day the John Bullesses are clever enough to produce excellent works, and more over they are too serious to be men's toys. Many of them are absolutely independent spinsters. Nothing could be more injustice than the "under-payment for women." It violates the human ethic. I understand England is civilised enough to have made the law of "Prevention against the cruelty upon Animals." It is splendid. But why not "Prevention against the cruelty upon Women"?

It is quite true that horses, dogs, and cats in some swelled-up families are enjoying their lives more than many poor but sober John Bullesses, who are struggling for the existence of their own as well as their families. When I was in Japan some American missionary told me, "Your country is not civilised, because you look down upon your women."

I sincerely expected to see the equality of men and women in every so-called civilised country in the western world. That is why I am surprisingly disappointed to see this dreadful result here. It is true Japan has been used to look down the women. But she is not quite so bad as she looks to the tourists' eyes. For we have very peculiar and quaint national custom. Our hearts are sometimes fairer to women than some westerners'. Professor Nitobe expressed this very well in a quotation in his book called *Bushido*: "American husbands kiss their wives in public and beat them in private; Japanese husbands beat theirs in public and kiss them in private."

I remember my own brother's home life quite well. He

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married when I was a boy. He used to take his wife and myself together to our neighbouring village. Of course, his wife had to carry some bundles and follow after him. That was our custom. But when we came to lonely field, my brother always looked round very carefully and would say to his wife: "I am so glad nobody is looking at us, give me that bundle immediately." Then he carried the heavy burden himself. And no sooner than any people appeared above the horizon, than he would shout to her: "Be quick, take this bundle yourself."

When we returned to our house, he always asked his wife if she was too tired, and he never forgot to express his sympathy toward her.

Here in England, I have observed men's courtesy towards women. Men would serve everything "ladies first." They would open the door for ladies. They would take ladies hands from carriages. I must say this is most beautiful national custom. But from the psychological point of view, are the men really respecting the women? I do suspect. My suspicion shall never clear off as long as such savage customs are existing—I mean, the under-payment or non-voting for women. More over, when I read the divorce cases in papers, I am always astonished that there are many men who are treating women no better than their pet-animals. I confess I still cannot get off from my own national customs after fourteen years' stay in England. Very often I forget to serve "ladies first." I don't mean to serve specially men first. Only I begin from the handiest one. If a man is nearest to me, I shake his hand before ladies. And I often forget to open the door for ladies, or to pick up the handkerchief which my John Bulless friends dropped on the floor. Nay, sometimes I intentionally don't do that. For I hate to be too oily to women. At least I am too shy to flatter to women. If for this cause you call me a savage, I am contented to be called a savage. However, my respect-ness towards women (especially John Bullesses) is absolutely sincere. Their tenderness and their sympathy shall I never forget. These two words indicate the real civilisation.

I have been very interested to watch the English polling for the last few years. It was true that I learnt from the universal histories when I was a school-boy that "England was the originator of the Parliament. The nation felt its necessity and organised it, while many other countries have only copied it from England." It is quite natural and certain

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that English pollings are "playing cricket" fairest. I am earnestly desiring that Japan will do the same some day.

But even in Great Britain (the fairest "player of cricket") there are quite many people who are absolutely ignorant of the political matter. It is so in those districts where the poor labourers are dwelling—especially with the ignorant aliens! The way the candidates are trying to get votes is astonishing to my eyes. They often buy votes with a glass of beer and sometimes by the means of telling lies! Hence I have got some disliking feeling toward the word "diplomatic." Yes, this word often intermarries (in my mind) with such words as "Insincere," "cunning," or even with "humbug." I sincerely wish its marriage with "charity," "generosity," "chivalry," and "patriot" instead.

I often wonder why some candidates are working in that way only at the time of polling, and keeping themselves absolutely silent during the rest of the time? If one really volunteers himself as a real statesman for his country, he ought kindly to guide those ignorant people. The political lecture in those poor districts is as necessary as the clergyman's Sunday sermons.

However, "vote for men only" is not the fairest "cricket." It does not keep the real equivalence of the country.

Here on my desk, a pamphlet called "Why Women should not Vote" is lying. Some Anti-Suffragette member has kindly sent it to me. I have read it very carefully. Perhaps those big and black typed letters are meant to be the most important parts.

"A woman takes no part in MILITARY OR NAVAL SERVICE."

No, women don't. But women can often fulfil a greater duty for the country than the soldiers or sailors in war-time. Miss Florence Nightingale was a good specimen. On the other hand, there are many men who don't take that part either. Those deformed men are not able to fulfil the military or naval service, but they are voting. Worse than this is that there are some men who refuse and escape from their military or naval services. Nay, there were many who opposed against their own country during the African War. Don't you know these most disgraceful traitors are voting?

That pamphlet again says, "No civilised country has ever yet been ruled by women." I could not help smiling at that. What an awfully bad memory you have! Have you already forgotten the late Queen Victoria who was most gracefully reigning till ten years ago?

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My Anti-Suffragette friends have explained me about the European histories, that women have made their countries absolutely decayed! My knowledge on the European histories is not enough to prove my logic. But we have had the same in our Oriental histories. Perhaps the Oriental history is even better example to prove my logic. For women there were more looked down and far less educated. Consequently the result was worse. In Japan there were plenty of women who interfered with the policy and ruined the country, but China had the worse history. "Ka" Dynasty was ruined by the King's favourite called Makki; "In" Dynasty by Dakki, and "Siu" by Hōji and "To" Dynasty by Yokihi. These women had a great influence upon their respective kings, who were so weak and immoral. They acted with indescribable tyranny towards the nations and had super-luxurious and most wickedly infatuated lives. Hence in Japan or China, we used to call woman, "Flower in face and dagger in Heart," "Super-Human Evil," "Incarnation of the Old Fox," "Witch," "Viper" "Scorpion." It is only too laughable! This is the most foolish comedy man ever acted in this world!

Suppose there is an ever-lasting spring. The wise men would make a wide canal to let the water run into the sea. This canal would be most useful for our daily life in every respect. We would have a great advantage of boats and traffic, and moreover, even the poets or artists would be attracted by its beautiful views.

On the other hand, if some one stopped its course, what would happen next? Even a tiny spring would make a disastrous flood in the end. Then how foolish is one who tries to stop a turbulent river!

I always compare women with water in every respect. Some Japanese poet-artist said, "Without water it is not a perfect landscape." Describing the scene of the surrender of Port Arthur, some Japanese military officer wrote thus: ". . . . then the Russian ladies passed before us next. O, their gracefulness, their tender manners! I had not seen any of the fair sex for over a year, and now to me they were just like the water on a dried-up land in hot summer!"

It is the woman's nature to be useful as well as beautiful in this world, just like the water. Only the world has been wrongfully treating her. In those olden times the men refused to educate women and they most shamefully excluded women. Did they think the women would soak themselves into the earth and quietly disappear from this world altogether? They

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had too much energy; too much talent; and too much ambition to do so. Certainly those women like Makki, Dakki, Hōji, and Yokihi had even greater brain than the majority of men. Therefore they caused such disastrous flood all over the country. It was all men's fault, and fancy, there are some men even now who are calling women "vipers" or "evils"! Who knows if the women had been given the proper passage they might have done most useful and beautiful thing in the human history? I always say one who can go to the extremity of one way, can go to the extremity of the other way as well. The Bible says water ought to be either boiling or freezing, and many women have proved that. I say this with my own confidence which I have attained from my own experiences with women. Indeed it was my John Bulless friends who have encouraged me to pass through the difficulty of the last thirteen years.

Why could not the two sexes help each other? And why could not they be treated equally?

Savages are those men who think of women no more than the human-manufacturing machines! Still more barbarious are those who try to make women as their toys!

If there is a real genuine great statesman, he ought to open a wide canal to let the woman's nature flow freely into the ocean and turn the world into the graceful beauty.

Now let me write my little study about the John Bullesses. Talking generally, the John Bullesses have very charming and romantic appearance just like butterflies. They are the good subjects for novels, poetries and pictures. But their innerside is very much *matter-of-fact.* They dearly love their life in this world, and they are very ambitious and have strong will to carry it out. Men often give their life away and ruin themselves without any cause. Women are different. I know there are many women who have given up all their sincere and serious hope in this world and are leading very corrupted life. But if you investigate the cause, you will see nine of ten are in very pitiful condition. At the very beginning of their life they had a bright ambition to have a happy home. Only their husbands become very lazy, they give up their sincere life, they get tired of their wives without any cause (except their changeable nature) and they begin to treat their wives very cruelly. The wives prepare a nice dinner to welcome their husbands home in the evening. The husbands often don't turn up. They may be flirting with other women. For this, the present man-made-law is too poor to do anything.

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The Valley-wind blows repeatedly.
It brings out the cloud,
And lo ! the rain next !
Why should you be so angry with me ?
Remember we loved each other,
And we have worked together.
Do not throw away a plant
Because you cannot eat its root,
Its leaf may give you a delicious dish.
Why have you rebelled against my devotion ?
You know my desire to live and die together.

River Kei looks muddy where it meets with River Wee,
Yet remember, it has a graceful stream above.
Now you are delighted with your new love,
Now you look upon me as a poison.
Woman, you dare not go to the fish-trap I made,
You dare not open the saving box I prepared.
O, I myself am allowed to stay no longer,
Then how could I think of my dear home I leave behind ?

SHIKYO, the Ancient Chinese Odes.

Thus, very serious and sincere women are often thrown away by the humbugs. The law helps them very little. When they come to this extremity they often ruin their own lives. I personally met with this sort of John Bulless several times. They would sneer at the world. But no sooner than any sincere sympathy touched their hearts, they would immediately come back to their own beautiful conscience with tears.

I always say the John Bullesses are the insurance company for men. The wise people always insure everything, and they think it is not wasting money at all. Very well then. Look at how the John Bullesses are working. Sometimes people complain the women's work is rather too slow. But I must say they are not wasting time; it is the "Insurance System."

Go to the post office to register your letter. Men clerks will write only the initials of the addressee, and the name of town. Whereupon the women clerks always write down full name and full address. The men clerks will take telegram forms without reading, and they often wire them with misspelling words. But the women clerks will not let the sender go away before they read the form through. I think it is the instinct of the universal feminine gender (not only human).

In my mountainous village, the hunters always keep feminine dogs. They say masculine dogs are no good for hunting because they give up their hope too soon, whereupon the feminine dogs would continue their searching until they found out the game.

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If man and woman go out to a field and see a ditch, man would jump over without measuring its width, and very often he jumps into the water. Woman never does that. She always walks all round to reach to the other side.

One day I visited upon a John Bulless friend. She was quite alone and she was preparing a table for her tea. I asked her if she was expecting a visitor. She said, " No."

I said, " Then why are you making the table so properly. If I were alone, I would go to the kitchen and take tea standing."

She laughed, " You *are* a bachelor ! We women could not be such wild animals." I was much ashamed of myself.

Once upon a time there was a great mathematist in Japan. The Shogun wanted to taste this mathematist's knowledge, and summoned him to the palace. The mathematist approached to the Shogun and bowed down. Every subject watched him breathlessly, because they thought the Shogun might give him an awfully difficult question.

The Shogun said, " Divide 10 by 2 ! "

The mathematist begged Shogun to lend him a Soro-ban (calculating instrument), and said, " Here I put 2—and here 10 . . . 5 times 2 is 10. Therefore the answer is 5."

The Shogun admired him very much and said, " You are the real professional mathematist, to give me the full theory for such an easy question. One who is so careful for a small matter, may become a great statesman." The Shogun gave him an important commission and indeed all the political career in his life was wonderful.

I believe many John Bullesses would be same with that mathematist.

It was February 19th, 1910, Miss Christabel Pankhurst was made as the guest of honour at the Vagabond dinner. I was there with some of my John Bulless friends. One of them whispered to me, " Look at the Guest's chair. Miss Pankhurst is there."

I turned my head in that direction. The chair for the Guest was not very far away. But so many charming John Bullesses were around me, and the focus of my eyes could not be set to the guest. My friend was rather indignant.

The dinner was over and Miss Pankhurst started her speech. The first few words of hers I could not catch. In fact I was not quite attentive to her. But her fluency caught my ears, and made my head turn to her unconsciously. Every word came out from her sincere heart. I felt as if she was talking

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personally to myself alone. I quite forgot there were many people around me. I suppose every one of them felt in the same way. I shall not repeat her speech here, for the public know her opinion quite well. I sincerely felt from the bottom of my heart that it is a great shame that such a splendid compatriot has no vote while many ignorant Little Englanders have!

Once more I felt as if I were dreaming.

Now I want to write freely my own opinion about the "militant suffragettes." Whenever I saw in the papers the grave news of the battles at Westminster and Whitehall half a dozen wrinkles were grown on my brow! We humans have the brains to demonstrate, and the hearts to sympathise each other. But there at Westminster or Whitehall brains and hearts both are ignored, and they fight with their physical strength. Nothing could be more brutal! I don't know which to be blamed. The militant suffragettes are naughty enough, but the Government is so unsympathetic to keep silence. One who has real sympathy could not be silent even to his dogs. I am sure the Britannia must be weeping over this matter. At least I do, though I am only a foreigner.

As I said in the first part of this chapter, some great women used to take the advantage of men's weak point to ruin the country in those days when the women absolutely were oppressed by the men. It was their insincere revenge. It was the fateful flood, caused by stopping the river! To-day the suffragette women are far more sincere. They want to go on parallel with men and work together with men and help the men. They are sincere enough to take the straight way to the front gate, instead of taking a willy-nilly way to a back door where men have no resisting power. The men ought to be very grateful and welcome them politely.

Have you ever seen the orchards or grain fields? When the season comes the farmers ought to have harvest there. They shall be benefited by the abundant crops. But if a foolish farmer neglects his harvest, the fruits are decayed, the grains fall on the ground. Everything is entirely ruined.

To-day the John Bullesses are quite ripe. The Westminster scene is the result of the negligence of harvest.

One day I was invited by some militant suffragettes. To tell the truth I was a little bit nervous. If they could box the policeman they could easily throw me on the air! My anticipation was entirely wrong. They were most charming John Bullesses. They were as sweet as the sweetest women could be. I was much relieved then!

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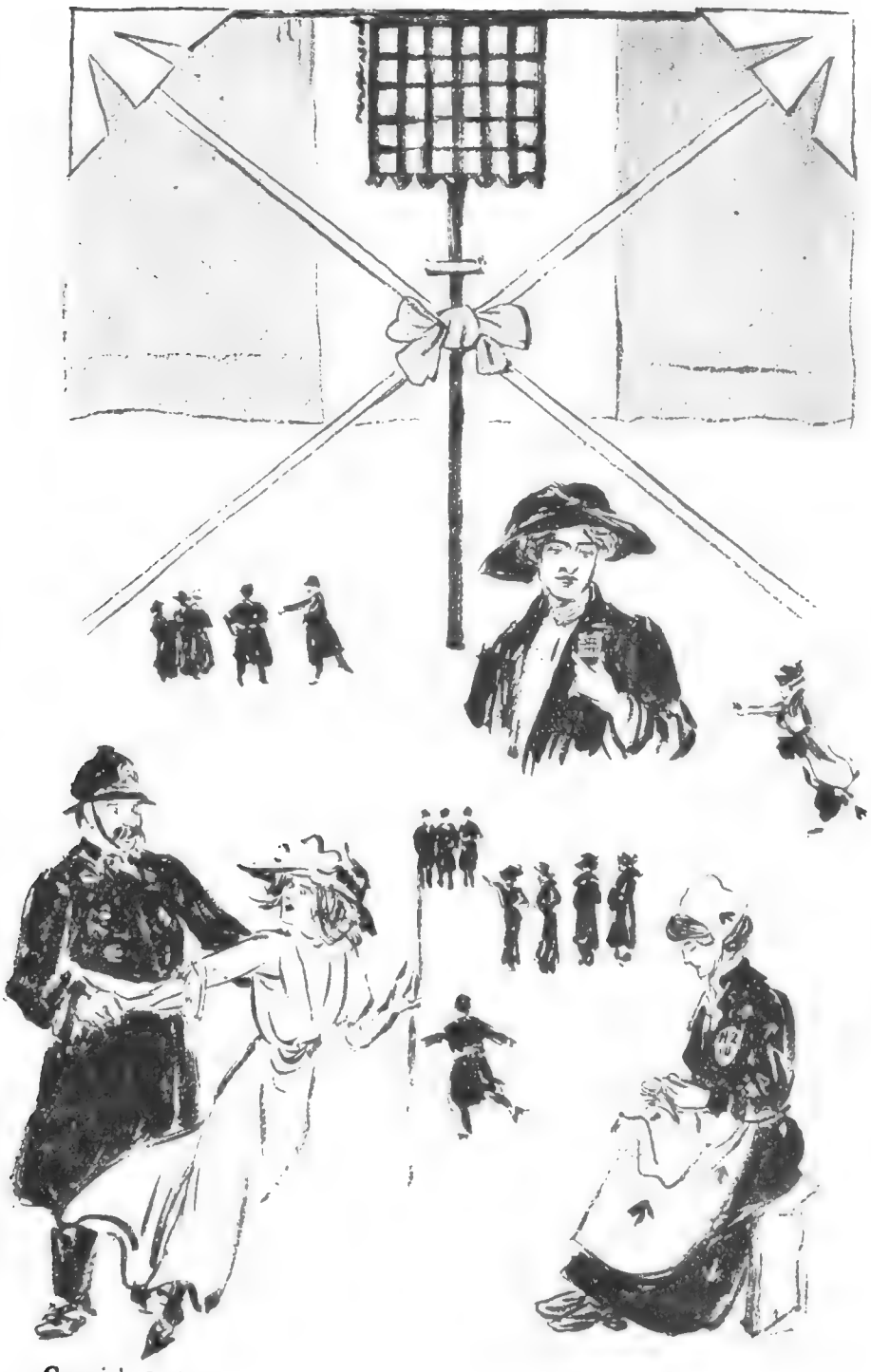

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Some one told me it was rather dangerous to give vote to the lower class women. My opinion is reverse. In those classes, women are safer than men. I have had more than ten years' life among those people in London. The men of this class are comparatively honest and good-natured, but hopelessly ignorant. If some thing happens, they always say, "I shall ask to my Missus," and their Missuses are managing everything. The editors or my artist friends used to visit upon me at my poor lodging houses in various places. When I was out the landlords could not take any message from my visitors. They would forget even the visitors' names. Whereupon the landladies were far more useful. They would fulfil everything most satisfactorily! The women of this class pick up everything much quicker.

I think the reason is very simple. Men have to work hard exposing themselves on hot sun or pouring rain all day. They use all their physical strength, but very little brain, while the women remain in their houses and regulate domestic affairs with their brains. That is why. And certainly one who uses the brain is more suitable to concern herself about the political affairs than one who uses only his physical strength. If they see on the papers that the Government is intending to carry out some plan, the men of that class always ask, "Is it profitable to my pocket?" Whereupon women ask, "Is it good for our country?"

Indeed, women are more patriotic, which I appreciate very much, because I am a Japanese.

Perhaps most dangerous voters are the nationalised immigrants. Most of them don't care twopence for England. They think only their own pockets, and if England is ruined they would only go away. That is all. But among these sorts of people women are more sincere. The women always love and make home in any place where they are going to live. They are to marry, and they make their husbands' houses as their home. If they marry with foreigners, they will make the country of their respective husbands as their own home country. The adopted life is the instinct of women all over the world. I know one Japanese woman married an Englishman. She really feels England is only the country she ought to love. I am very proud of her. I know several other women in the same spirit. When I was in New Cross I made friendship with a few John Bullesses and alien women. An Irish soldier used to visit on them. It just happened that the African War was broken, and that Irish soldier was to be sent to the front.

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He was trembling. Some girls were trying to encourage him, while the others were indignant of his cowardness.

Again, in Kensal Rise an English soldier was summoned to the front. He had a pretty young *fiancée*. This girl and her mother both encouraged him. I heard the girl saying to him, "Remember you are the soldier of our beloved Queen Victoria!" I wrote a long letter to my home at that time praising these patriotic John Bullesses. They are the backbone of the country.

To keep the balance of the nation's will, or to say more accurately, to bring out the constitutional system quite fairly, we ought to ask the women to vote, even if they may try to withdraw themselves.

And the real patriotic candidate shall find out more interesting task and more satisfactory results upon their task for polling. For the women will ask them the reason of their political opinion, whereas the men often ask them a glass of beer.

I want to say a few words more before I conclude this chapter. I know there are many beautiful and charming John Bullesses. Their nature is very gentle, tender and modest. They are lucky enough to have found kind husbands. They are enjoying their life being petted by their husbands. They want no more than to rely upon their husbands. I have many friends among this sort of John Bulless. I am very fond of them. One of them told me she wouldn't care to vote.

I sincerely tell you, just to think. Your husband has only one ticket to vote now. But if you can vote, that means two votes from your family, and it will strengthen your husband's will twice over. I am sure you would be willing to assist your beloved husband in that way. Moreover I call your careful consideration that there are many John Bullesses less lucky (if you think so) than yourselves. I mean you have many spinster sisters who have to pay a heavy taxation from their "under-payment." And still worse case is the failure of marriage. These John Bullesses are often suffering from the man-made law. I heard one of them say, "We women don't want to be the judge or any kind of officer." Why should you have to be an officer only because you have the right to vote? Rest assured! If you turn your head aside and hide your charmingly sweet face with your big-plumed hat, nobody will pull you up to the officer's seat.

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A Eunuch's Love Story

By Viator

He was standing on the quay when I first saw him, so droll an object with his smart red fez setting off the long black frock-coat, and a maze of women's packages, wrapped up in gaudy silks, piled up in his arms, that I was amused and fascinated from the first. I pushed along the deck through the squatting throng of Turks—it was a Turkish boat, so that we were all Turks on board—and, elbowing my way up to the rail directly opposite, I watched him with an interest I do not remember having felt for any human being before.

We had only ten minutes before the ship sailed, yet he did not appear to be in the slightest hurry. He stood there with his left foot champing the ground in a fussy, fidgety way, talking volubly all the while to the two thickly-veiled women at his side, who were evidently people of rank. There could be no doubt about him. I had seen his kind at the Selamlik and at other ceremonies, but I had never seen one out of his natural atmosphere, so to speak; and here such a man stood, a mere traveller like myself, looking in his dressy European clothes and patent-leather boots among the surging, jostling mob of porters, loafers, onlookers and officials, screaming and gesticulating about him, like a creation from another civilisation—absurd, precious, unreal.

He was tall, young, spare and slender as a girl, and might have been elegant but for what seemed to be a slight hump or twist upon the shoulders, which made him look effete and ridiculous. His feet were small, almost dainty, and the boots were shaped off into sharp points. Tight-fitting black gloves accentuated the long, tapering fingers nervously straining the parcels to his chest. In spite of the streaming sun of August, he wore, apparently without discomfort, a high English collar—I suppose about three inches. His shirt-cuffs were spotlessly white. The ceremonious frock-coat, buttoned closely about the waist, outlined his tall, thin figure so that while from the front he had quite a debonair appearance, almost *du chien*,

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from the back view with his undeveloped narrow shoulders he had the form of a woman.

I sought his face. It was a face that will haunt me to my grave; at once young and old, so young I thought he must be a boy still in his teens, so old he might have been a man of forty. Yet he was young—I could see that from the quick, alert movements of the head, from a kind of boyishness that lingered about the mouth and eyes, perhaps, too, from a certain indecision which characterised his bearing.

At first sight, as I say, he looked a mere lad with that awkward youthfulness of a public-school boy who has just outgrown his Eton jackets. The head was small. He had a receding chin. Under the low brow the eyes, changeless and furtive, seemed to be always prying, aside, afar, seeking, without repose. To be sure, he had a distinct presence, perky, haughty, authoritative. The pinky white of his skin made him look quite "pretty." He was perfectly congruous to the place, of course. No one among the whole crowd at the port or on the boat took the slightest note of him. He was as natural there on the quay of Smyrna as is a lifeguardsman waiting for his lass at the Marble Arch, yet to me he was a new species of humanity. I felt something of the wonder I remember so well having experienced at my first sight of a camel on the desert.

It was the mouth that really interested me. The entire spirit of the man seemed to be concentrated there in a manner I had never seen in any other face. To me it was monstrous, foolish, servile, abhorrent. The lips were red, inclined to pout, perpetually half-open, seemingly perpetually about to smile, to grin, to relax, to break out into some pleasing and lighter form of expression, and yet always rigid, vacant, soulless—a mouth that appeared to mock at itself. On another face it might have been the mouth of an actor or speaker, on this lad the muscles that play upon the mouth seemed to be indurated in a mould of wax. When he spoke the lower lip rose and fell mechanically, like that of a dummy-man used on the stage by ventriloquists. It enthralled me. I watched it opening and shutting as I have watched the mouth of carp in a tank. It was a hard, cruel, pitiless mouth, a thing that was barren, that looked ridiculous and horrible, a mouth with no mind. Two hard horizontal lines ran up the cheek at both extremities, forming, as it were, an inflexible case for the two puckering, pouting red lips. As I looked I wondered if that mouth could smile, could betray any emotion—pleasure, pain, gratitude, delight, sorrow, happiness. I felt

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annoyed at it, almost personally affronted. All the humanity of the man seemed to be frozen into that vacant, hopeless expression, that expression of artificiality which at once repelled and fascinated me. I could not take my eyes from it. It gave to the face a demeanour of tragedy, awful, pathetic, absurd, cruel; reminding me of the faces of Egyptian mummies I had seen; and then I realised it was not a face, as we mortals understand the humanity of it, but the countenance of a being destitute of sex, of passion, of love—a mask of unforgettable despair.

All this I took in during the few minutes I watched him fidgeting and fussing with his ladies and their parcels. Suddenly he spoke. The mouth dropped automatically and I heard the high-pitched, metallic, peevish tones of his voice issuing what sounded like an order. Immediately the two Turkish women who stood beside him started forward and with bowed heads crossed the gangway. In another moment they were mounting the ladder in my direction.

The older woman came first. She was evidently in attendance, and when at last she clambered on to the deck she held out her arm to help the younger one climb the steps, and presently they both stood beside me, talking and laughing and rolling their big eyes about over their yashmaks as if they had never experienced such a joke before. For a moment they were alone, as I could hear the high, metallic voice speaking to one of the ship's officers on the lower deck. I stepped as near to them as I dared, and I fancy the young woman noticed me, for, stretching out a tiny jewelled hand towards the sea and casting her eyes of a magnificent lustre full upon me, she said in an exquisite French:

"*Ah, que c'est ravissant!*"

It was beautiful; so was she. I could see that from the light of the eyes and her graceful carriage, and her voice pierced me with melody. Turkish women, I knew, are always ready for an adventure if they have the chance. I was just thinking whether it would be possible to get to know them on the voyage when her guardian strode up to her, fussy and fretful, without his packages now, which he had handed over to a sailor.

"Come, move on, please. We can't stay here. I have arranged a place over there."

The rasping, falsetto voice sent a shudder through me.

His long, tapering fingers pointed towards a three-cornered canvas screen a little further on towards the stern, which had obviously been rigged up to order, forming a complete shelter

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from intrusion. He looked at her almost fiercely, I thought, but the mouth bore the same hollow, nerveless expression: I wondered whether she would obey.

"*Un petit moment. Voyons. C'est pas chic, dis?*"

What a voice, deliciously soft, low, seductive, and again her large eyes wandered towards me!

"*Superbe,*" he retorted, to my surprise, in admirable French. He looked too towards the gay harbour receding now into an indistinguishable motley of colour, and away upon the hills. Then he turned round suddenly and stamped petulantly with his dainty foot.

"*Voyons. Qu'est-ce que j'ai dis?*"

He said this with the tone of conscious authority. The little Turkish woman took a step back, and as she passed pinched him, I could see, maliciously on the arm.

"*Mon Dieu, oui, c'est la vie,*" she said aloud, and sadly and obediently made for the little screen partition, so that in another moment they were all three shut off from view and I could hear them talking and laughing inside. . . .

I leant against the rail and pondered, for I felt moved, even disturbed. This man, this creature, knew French. I could therefore speak to him, perhaps induce him to talk. He interested me, as a palæologist is interested in a new papyrus. I longed to know him, to delve into his mind, to discuss life with him, to probe into what soul he might be possessed of. He was a type we in Europe know nothing about, a type inconceivable to us, a man that was no man. I felt his existence about me to be an abomination. He irritated me with his little airs of proprietorship and effete authority, his scent and dandyisms, his epicene bravura, his manless, shameful voice. I felt I was in the presence of a new genus, of a human life hitherto unknown, unimagined even. And yet he was real enough, a being of trust and importance, after his way an honest fellow fulfilling his life's vocation. He was the integral and legitimate part not only of ageless religions and institutions, but of races from times immemorial, as germane to his surroundings as were the palms and the olives and the tall fig-trees. He brought home to me in a way I had never realised before the soul of the East, its pitiless cruelty, its mystery, its great unchanging heart. It was I in reality who was strange, not at all this sexless boy in charge of his master's wife. It was I who was really out of collar in the East, this land that we white men cannot understand. He belonged to his order of society as fittingly as the sexton does to ours. He was logical, characteristic, representative,

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entirely natural and congruous, in harmony with the atmosphere and scheme of the place, with the blue of the Mediterranean dancing in the quivering light, with the Turkish lady who rolled her black eyes at me, with that huge lazy Turk asleep by the funnel, with the life of that coast melting into red-brown mist that marked the confines of Western Asia. And as I thought about it all the hard and unkind things that had risen in my mind vanished, and in their place there came a great sorrow.

For a long while I stood close to their little white screen, listening to the cackle and babbling voices from within—they seemed gay and contented enough—and every now and then the plangent, metallic voice of the man would grate upon my senses and fill me with pity. All about the deck the Turks lay coiled up like dogs asleep, smoking or talking. The air burnt and quivered as with fire. Far back, hanging so far as the eye could reach in our wake, the steamer's smoke trailed like a funereal pennant. Dolphins played about us, their tails whisking out of the water, iridescent in the fierce sun with spangles. I threw open my shirt and let the rush of air surge about me.

The afternoon passed in this way pleasantly enough. I lay on a deck-chair and thought, listened and wondered, and still the laughter came to me in ripplets from within the screen, and always that shameful voice jarred upon me like a cracked bell.

When the sun went down and the Turks said their evening prayers, a cool breeze sprang up, and I hoped to see the Turkish ladies and their guardian again. But it was not to be. I went down to dinner, and when I came up on deck they had already gone below, nor did I hear anything more of them till the next morning.

I was up early enough, I thought, but they were already laughing and jabbering behind their partition when I took a stroll on deck just before breakfast, and they remained there, as before, shut off from view till the luncheon hour, when they all three hurriedly retired to their cabins.

I caught the black eyes for a second as she passed me by the ladder, but the eunuch looked as peevish and inscrutable as before. There was evidently no hope of speaking to them. They remained below all the second afternoon. After the sun had gone down I knew I should not see them again. I felt vexed. We would be in Constantinople the next morning. I gave up all hope of a conversation with the man. It was hotter even than the day before. I think I dozed through the whole afternoon.

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It was too hot to sleep below, besides the night was of an almost magic beauty. It clung about us like velvet, in a deep and wonderful blue, and above, the illimitable space yearned, lighted as with a carpet of silver. It was as I love the Eastern nights best, dark and mysterious, without a moon. I sat and drank in the stillness, the sweetness of the night. Shortly after sunrise, I knew, we would come round the corner that hides the Golden Horn from the view of vessels coming up the Sea of Marmora, and I had made up my mind to see the minarets of St. Sofia gleaming in the glow of dawn, that harbour and shipping—one of the most glorious sights in the world. I had almost forgotten the eunuch and his ladies, and there close to my side, looking out into the night, I saw him standing, apparently in rapt meditation. I glanced hastily around. Every one was asleep. It was late, past midnight, the Turks were not likely to be about at that hour. I listened, but I could hear no voices. Only the throb of the engine disturbed the silence and the churn of foaming water. As quietly and unconcernedly as I could I moved towards him and offered him a cigarette.

He turned almost fiercely upon me, looked at me curiously, and appeared somewhat to relent.

"You are French?" he said, addressing me in that tongue.

"No, I'm English. Don't you smoke?"

"Yes. Thank you."

He took one, lit it from mine, and continued gazing out into the night.

"Tourist?" he asked after a while, for I made no effort to press him.

I acknowledged it, told him how delighted I was with Turkey, how that I was a bit of an artist, how mankind generally interested me, what wonderful things I had seen, and how I was now going back to Constantinople to stay with some friends, and so for about half an hour we talked in the desultory fashion common to men who meet on a boat and drift into conversation chiefly to pass away the time.

Then my small-talk seemed to dry up. I wanted so much to lead him on, to get him to speak about himself, but he was diffident, *farouche* as it were. He appeared to be uneasy. He was evidently unaccustomed to speak with men. I felt all the time that he was wondering how it possibly came about that I wanted to speak to him, and, at last, we came to that stage when a man has to go straight on or quit, as the Americans say. I determined to go on. He spoke excellent French. What was *he* doing on

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deck after midnight star-gazing like an artistic Englishman? I almost scented a mystery. I made up my mind to take a full plunge.

"May I talk to you, as a friend?" I asked him deliberately.

The querulous, peevish face turned suddenly upon me again, though his eyes never met mine.

"I don't understand," he retorted.

I saw my chance and took it.

"Look here. We are two men, alone, unobserved, belonging to a different race and civilisation. I want to learn about you, about your life, your attitude towards things. May I ask you some questions?"

He tossed his little head in the air superciliously, as it seemed to me.

"What do you want to know?"

"First this. I see you are admiring the night. Are you an artist too?"

He shook his head and continued looking up at the stars.

"But you see the beauty of that blue up there, don't you? You would not be here if you didn't. You would be asleep."

"Yes," he said, "the Turkish nights are beautiful."

"Like the women." I could not help it. The words just came out.

"Yes. Allah made many things beautiful."

That was all. I had not ruffled him. Perhaps he was a philosopher. There were highly intellectual eunuchs, I knew.

"And you are going to remain on deck all through the night with me and talk. I'm so glad." I said this with real enthusiasm.

"If you like. I shan't sleep anyhow."

"No! But tell me, do you always sit up and wonder at the nights?"

"Always, no, but I shall to-night."

"Why?"

Again the boyish wizen face turned upon me. I tried to look into his eyes, but they were away, beyond me. I saw only the pathos of that joyless mask, those lips that could never speak.

I placed my hand gently on his arm—it was soft as a woman's.

"Tell me, why?"

For a moment I thought he was going to break away.

"Please tell me," I pleaded. "I may be able to help you."

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After a while the words came to me with that shameful voice of his: "I have been happy. Now I am going home."

I was astounded. There was almost the suspicion of a tremor in his metallic tones. I felt interested beyond words.

"Happy! Is home then unhappy?"

"To me," he answered simply.

I thought on this before replying.

"You are maltreated?" I said.

"No."

"You dislike your master?"

"No."

"Somebody above you—you hate?"

He shook his head. I searched his face in the glim light for some revelatory sign—he seemed perfectly indifferent to my rude scrutiny—but there was no change of expression: it was the parched face of a mummy grafted upon a living body.

"Good God!" I blurted out, "one might almost think you were in love."

"I am," the shameful voice said.

Once or twice in my life I have been, as they say, carried off my feet, but these two words uttered seriously and deliberately by the man at my side dumbfounded me. I thought at first he was jesting. But no. He gazed out steadily into the night apparently unconcerned, gaping as usual with his half-open mouth, as if he had said the most natural thing in the world.

"*In love.*" I stammered. "I thought . . ."

"Well, what of that?"

"What of that? I don't know. I should have thought a woman was nothing to you, meant nothing, could mean nothing."

"In your sense, yes," he answered. "We" (he used "we" generically) "have no joy of woman. But we have eyes, ears, noses, haven't we? We have a brain, a mind, even if we haven't a body. Our soul is ours, isn't it? Do you understand?"

"Go on," I urged, "go on. You amaze me."

The little head turned round upon me. He began to gesticulate with his long fingers. He was evidently being wrought up, but still the mouth remained vapid and expressionless.

"Well, I love, if you want to know. I'm jealous, madly, hideously jealous. I'm going home, where my mistress will return to the embraces of her master, and it maddens me. For six weeks we have been away together—Yes, at the baths. She was nice to me there, because he was away and she knew she

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was in my power. But there, in Constantinople, she is like a polecat. She knows how much I love her and she delights in tormenting me. She teases me as only a pretty woman can. She goads me with her coquetry and wiles almost to distraction. Ah, you do not know what it is to me, how every time she comes near me it is like a hot iron searing my flesh! How can you? That is why I am unhappy, why I am gazing to-night at the stars. I cannot sleep. The good time is over. To-morrow I am the mere eunuch again, the thing to keep her clean for him, the fruitless tree."

This outburst, delivered in the shrill, monotonous tones that were in themselves an effrontery, filled me with horror. Partly I wanted to laugh. It seemed so incredible, so ludicrous, so pathetic. To think that this miserable, impotent boy was in love, suffering the torments of a lover, jealous, green with love-sickness. And with it all he looked so absurd, and of course he was absurd to her. Pity—she had none of it for him, only a leer to lash him into rage—a sneer to crush him into shame. I could see the lives of these two—the desired and merciless woman and the shameful man. It was terrible, I could feel it. Poor fellow! Poor eunuch!

"But why," I began, "why do you care? Since you know it is no good, why bother? You have a brain, you say, a mind. There are other things in this world besides love."

"*What things?*" he rejoined.

I looked at him. I began to consider. I looked at him again. I passed in review my own life, my hopes, my summer dreams, and then I saw that face abject with its loveless misery.

"Well," I said, "there are books, there is art, philosophy. You can think things, at any rate."

He flung out his long thin arms.

"Think things! I am her keeper. I cannot get away from her, from the sight of her body, from her eyes, from her scent, from her smiles. There are times I feel I shall kill her. Then she is kind to me again. She touches me with her hands. She brushes up against me. She toys with me as if I were a kitten. Do you think a man who has no love in him can think things? Love is the Water of Life. Men need it as the trees and flowers need it. We—we are like the parched figs of the desert—colourless, tasteless, sapless."

I scarcely knew what to say, I pitied him from my heart so deeply.

"But she, is she so cruel?"

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"Cruel! It isn't that. It's only natural. It is all quite in order, I know that. Most of us don't care in the least, but some of us do. There are men and women and eunuchs. I've no cause otherwise to complain. I earn good wages. I'm far better off than most Turks. I ought to be contented."

"Yes," I interposed, "you cannot change the inevitable. Why not put her out of your mind? You who have no flesh, why let it be tormented?"

"No. I'm like that, I suppose. As a eunuch I'm a mistake."

"Come," I said, "I've been in love. I've suffered too. I've been rejected by beautiful women, and yet I'm here, happy enough."

"Rejected! What of that? You have life, therefore you have hope. It is *hope* men feed on. We have no hope because we have no life."

"But I don't desire those white stars up there. Why should you covet what you know you can never acquire?"

"Why? Do men know why they breathe, why they come into the world, why they die? Only Allah can tell."

I felt that argument was useless. There was the usual Oriental fatalism about him, the philosophy of Asia. I wanted so much to comfort, to help him, to say some word that would shed a ray of light upon the bitter darkness of his soul, but I could think of nothing.

"Well," I ventured at last, "where there is no hope there can be no disappointment. Do you know, I cannot imagine how you feel towards this woman. Tell me, will you?"

"Have you ever seen a beetle impaled on the ground? It wriggles and writhes and cannot shake itself free. As we look at it we do not feel its agonies. It just twists, doesn't it, and squirms, and struggles and fights until it dies? I'm like that. All the time I'm struggling, writhing, wriggling, dying. But you don't see it any more than you see the pain the beetle suffers."

"Yes, but why? After all, you are not impaled. Mind is above matter, the philosophers tell us. Why struggle?"

He made no reply to this. As I waited it occurred to me that during the whole course of our conversation his expression had never changed. He had never smiled. Not even the semblance of such a thing had ever flitted across his countenance.

"You can't answer me then," I objected at length.

"No, there is no answer."

"But there is a remedy."

He shook his head.

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"You who are the philosopher of sex, you can laugh at it all, can't you? You can smile."

"We eunuchs never smile," he said.

I paused, for the sternness of the fellow was impenetrable as the night.

"The water—down there." I wanted to see if I could make him start.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah, you care sufficiently for life, then?" I went on.

"It is better than death."

I felt nonplussed.

"Even a life of torture."

He nodded again.

"Strange," I said.

"It is love," he replied.

I looked at him once more intently. I believe at that moment I would have given my life to have restored him to his. I had learnt from this sexless creature things I had never dreamt of, truths I had deemed unfathomable. Even in that wretched body there was a human mind, a human sympathy, a great love. I was moved to the quick of me. Here, from a man who was no man, I had heard words of eternal truth, the divine truth of life, which is love. I felt ashamed in my turn, mortified. I had thought it strange he should have desired to live and he had shown me that it was not so. There was beauty even in this man.

"See," he cried, "the day has begun to point. In a few hours we shall be there."

Far on the horizon a pink flush mounted, all joy and radiance, in the heavens; upon the blue night there crept an ashen sheen. We watched the gold manifestation of rising day in silence. When I looked round he was on his knees with his head bowed down before the sun.

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A Drama of Youth

By Richard Middleton

I

For some days school had seemed to me even more tedious than usual. The long train journey in the morning, the walk through Farringdon Meat Market, which æsthetic butchers made hideous with mosaics of the intestines of animals, as if the horror of suety pavements and bloody sawdust did not suffice, the weariness of inventing lies that no one believed to account for my lateness and neglected homework, and the monotonous lessons that held me from my dreams without ever for a single instant capturing my interest, all these things made me ill with repulsion. Worst of all was the society of my cheerful, contented comrades, to avoid which I was compelled to mope in deserted corridors, the prey of a sorrow that could not be enjoyed, a hatred that was in no way stimulating. At the best of times the atmosphere of the place disgusted me. Desks, windows, and floors, and even the grass in the quadrangle, were greasy with London soot, and there was nowhere any clean air to breathe or smell. I hated the gritty asphalt that gave no peace to my feet and cut my knees when my clumsiness made me fall. I hated the long stone corridors whose echoes seemed to me to mock my hesitating footsteps when I passed from one dull class to another. I hated the stuffy malodorous class-rooms, with their whistling gas-jets and noise of inharmonious life. I would have hated the yellow fogs had they not sometimes shortened the hours of my bondage. That five hundred boys shared this horrible environment with me did not abate my sufferings a jot; for it was clear that they did not find it distasteful, and they therefore became as unsympathetic for me as the smell and noise and rotting stones of the school itself.

The masters moved as it were in another world, and, as the classes were large, they understood me as little as I understood them. They knew that I was idle and untruthful, and they could not know that I was as full of nerves as a girl, and that

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the mere task of getting to school every morning made me physically sick. They punished me repeatedly and in vain, for I found every hour I passed within the walls of the school an overwhelming punishment in itself, and nothing made any difference to me. I lied to them because they expected it, and because I had no words in which to express the truth if I knew it, which is doubtful. For some reason I could not tell them at home why I got on so badly at school, or no doubt they would have taken me away and sent me to a country school, as they did afterwards. Nearly all the real sorrows of childhood are due to this dumbness of the emotions; we teach children to convey facts by means of words, but we do not teach them how to make their feelings intelligible. Unfortunately, perhaps, I was very happy at night with my story-books and my dreams, so that the real misery of my days escaped the attention of the grown-up people. Of course I never even thought of doing my homework, and the labour of inventing new lies every day to account for my negligence became so wearisome that once or twice I told the truth and simply said I had not done it; but the masters held that this frankness aggravated the offence, and I had to take up anew my tiresome tale of improbable calamities. Sometimes my stories were so wild that the whole class would laugh, and I would have to laugh myself; yet on the strength of this elaborate politeness to authority I came to believe myself that I was untruthful by nature.

The boys disliked me because I was not sociable, but after a time they grew tired of bullying me and left me alone. I detested them because they were all so much alike that their numbers filled me with horror. I remember that the first day I went to school I walked round and round the quadrangle in the luncheon hour, and every boy who passed stopped me and asked me my name and what my father was. When I said he was an engineer every one of the boys replied, "Oh! the man who drives the engine." The reiteration of this childish joke made me hate them from the first, and afterwards I discovered that they were equally unimaginative in everything they did. Sometimes I would stand in the midst of them, and wonder what was the matter with me that I should be so different from all the rest. When they teased me, repeating the same questions over and over again, I cried easily like a girl without quite knowing why, for their stupidities could not hurt my reason; but when they bullied me I did not cry, because the pain made me forget the sadness of my heart.

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Perhaps it was because of this that they thought I was a little mad.

Grey day followed grey day, and I might in time have abandoned all efforts to be faithful to my dreams, and achieved a kind of beast-like submission that was all the authorities expected of notorious dunces. I might have taught my senses to accept the evil conditions of life in that unclean place; I might even have succeeded in making myself one with the army of shadows that thronged in the quadrangle and filled the air with meaningless noise.

But one evening when I reached home I saw by the faces of the grown-up people that something had upset their elaborate precautions for an ordered life, and I discovered that my brother, who had stayed at home with a cold, was ill in bed with the measles. For a while the significance of the news escaped me; then, with a sudden movement of my heart, which made me feel ill, I realised that probably I would have to stay away from school because of the infection. My feet tapped on the floor with joy, though I tried to appear unconcerned. Then, as I nursed my sudden hope of freedom, a little fearfully lest it should prove an illusion, a new and enchanting idea came to me. I slipped from the room, ran upstairs to my bedroom and, standing by the side of my bed, tore open my waistcoat and shirt with clumsy, trembling fingers. One, two, three, four five! I counted the spots in a triumphant voice, and then with a sudden revulsion sat down on the bed to give the world an opportunity to settle back in its place. I had the measles, and therefore I should not have to go back to school! I shut my eyes for a minute and opened them again, but still I had the measles. The cup of happiness was at my lips, but I sipped delicately because it was full to the brim, and I would not spill a drop.

This mood did not last long. I had to run down the house and tell the world the good news. The grown-up people rebuked my joyousness, while admitting that it might be as well that I should have the measles then as later on. In spite of their air of resignation I could hardly sit still for excitement. I wanted to go into the kitchen and show my measles to the servants, but I was told to stay where I was in front of the fire while my bed was moved into my brother's room. So I stared at the glowing coals till my eyes watered, and dreamed long dreams. I would lie in bed for days, all warm from head to foot, and no one would interrupt my pleasant excursions in the world I preferred to this. If I had heard of the beneficent

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microbe to which I owed my happiness, I would have mentioned it in my prayers.

Late that night I called over to my brother to ask how long measles lasted. He told me to go to sleep, so that I knew he did not know the answer to my question. I lay at ease tranquilly turning the problem over in my mind. Four weeks, six weeks, eight weeks; why, if I was lucky, it would carry me through to the holidays! At all events, school was already very far away, like a nightmare remembered at noon. I said good-night to my brother and received an irritated grunt in reply. I did not mind his surliness; to-morrow when I woke up, I would begin my dreams.

II

When I found myself in bed in the morning, already sick at heart because even while I slept I could not forget the long torment of my life at school, I would lie still for a minute or two and try to concentrate my shuddering mind on something pleasant, some little detail of the moment that seemed to justify hope. Perhaps I had some money to spend or a holiday to look forward to; though often enough I would find nothing to save me from realising with childish intensity the greyness of the world in which it was my fate to move. I did not want to go out into life; it was dull and cruel and greasy with soot. I only wanted to stop at home in any little quiet corner out of everybody's way and think my long, heroic thoughts. But even while I mumbled my hasty breakfast and ran to the station to catch my train the atmosphere of the school was all about me, and my dreamer's courage trembled and vanished.

When I woke from sleep the morning after my good fortune I did not at first realise the extent of my happiness; I only knew that deep in my heart I was conscious of some great cause for joy. Then my eyes, still dim with sleep, discovered that I was in my brother's bedroom, and in a flash the joyful truth was revealed to me. I sat up and hastily examined my body to make sure that the rash had not disappeared, and then my spirit sang a song of thanksgiving of which the refrain was, "I have the measles!" I lay back in bed and enjoyed the exquisite luxury of thinking of the evils that I had escaped. For once my morbid sense of atmosphere was a desirable possession and helpful to my happiness. It was delightful to pull the bedclothes over my shoulders and conceive the feelings of a small boy who should ride to town in a jolting train, walk

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through a hundred kinds of dirt and a hundred disgusting smells to win to prison at last, where he should perform meaningless tasks in the distressing society of five hundred mocking apes. It was pleasant to see the morning sun and feel no sickness in my stomach, no sense of depression in my tired brain. Across the room my brother gurgled and choked in his sleep, and in some subtle way contributed to my ecstasy of tranquillity. I was no longer concerned for the duration of my happiness. I felt that this peace that I had desired so long must surely last for ever.

To the grown-up folk who came to see us during the day—the doctor, certain germ-proof unmarried aunts, truculently maternal, and the family itself—my brother's case was far more interesting than mine because he had caught the measles really badly. I just had them comfortably; enough to be infectious, but not enough to feel ill, so I was left in pleasant solitude while the women competed for the honour of smoothing my brother's pillow and tiptoeing in a fidgeting manner round his bed. I lay on my back and looked with placid interest at the cracks in the ceiling. They were like the main roads in a map, and I amused myself by building little houses beside them, houses full of books and warm hearthrugs, and with a nice pond lively with tadpoles in the garden of each. From the windows of the houses you could watch all the traffic that went along the road, men and women and horses, and best of all, the boys going to school in the morning, boys who had not done their homework and who would be late for prayers. When I talked about the cracks to my brother he said that perhaps the ceiling would give way and fall on our heads. I thought about this too, and found it quite easy to picture myself lying in the bed with a smashed head, and blood all over the pillow. Then it occurred to me that the plaster might smash me all over, and my impressions of Farringdon Meat Market added a gruesome vividness to my conception of the consequences. I always found it pleasant to imagine horrible things; it was only the reality that made me sick.

Towards nightfall I became a little feverish, and I heard the grown-ups say that they would give me some medicine later on. Medicine for me signified the nauseous powders of Dr. Gregory, so I pretended to be asleep every time any one came into the room, in order to escape my destiny, until at last some one stood by my bedside so long that I became cramped and had to pretend to wake up. Then I was given the medicine, and found to my surprise that it was delicious and tasted of

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oranges. I felt that there had been a mistake somewhere, but my head sat a little heavily on my shoulders, and I would not trouble to fix the responsibility. This time I fell asleep in earnest, and woke in the middle of the night to find my brother standing by my bed, making noises with his mouth. I thought that he had gone mad, and would kill me perhaps, but after a time he went back to bed saying all the bad words he knew. The excitement had made me wide awake, and I tossed about thinking of the cracked ceiling above my head. The room was quite dark, and I could see nothing, so that it might be bulging over me without my knowing it. I stood up in bed and stretched up my arm, but I could not reach the ceiling; yet when I lay down again I felt as though it had sunk so far that it was touching my hair, and I found it difficult to breathe in such a small space. I was afraid to move for fear of bringing it down upon me, and in a short while the pressure upon my body became unbearable, and I shrieked out for help. Some one came in and lit the gas, and found me looking very foolish and my brother delirious. I fell asleep almost immediately, but was conscious through my dreams that the gas was still alight and that they were watching by my brother's bedside.

In the morning he was very ill and I was no longer feverish, so it was decided to move me back into my own bedroom. I was wrapped up in the bedclothes and told to sit still while the bed was moved. I sat in an armchair feeling like a bundle of old clothes, and looking at the cracks in the ceiling which seemed to me like roads. I knew that I had already lost all importance as an invalid, but I was very happy nevertheless. For from the window of one of my little houses I was watching the boys going to school, and my heart was warm with the knowledge of my own emancipation. As my legs hung down from the chair I found it hard to keep my slippers on my stockingless feet.

III

There followed for me a period of deep and unbroken satisfaction. I was soon considered well enough to get up, and I lived pleasantly between the sofa and the fireside waiting on my brother's convalescence, for it had been settled that I should go away with him to the country for a change of air. I read Dickens and Dumas in English, and made up long stories in which I myself played important but not always heroic parts. By means of intellectual exercises of this kind I achieved a

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tranquillity like that of an old man, fearing nothing, desiring nothing, regretting nothing. I no longer reckoned the days or the hours, content to enjoy a passionless condition of being that asked no questions and sought none of me, nor did I trouble to number my journeys in the world of infinite shadows. But in that long hour of peace I realised that in some inexplicable way I was interested in the body of a little boy, whose hands obeyed my unspoken wishes, whose legs sprawled before me on the sofa. I knew that before I met him, this boy, whose littleness surprised me, had suffered ill dreams in a nameless world, and now, worn out with tears and humiliation and dread of life, he slept, and while he slept I watched him dispassionately, as I would have looked at a crippled daddy-long-legs. To have felt compassion for him would have disturbed the tranquillity that was a necessary condition of my existence, so I contented myself with noticing his presence and giving him a small part in the pageant of my dreams. He was not so beautiful as I wished all my comrades to be, and he was besides very small; but shadows are amiable play-friends, and they did not blame him because he cried when he was teased and did not cry when he was beaten, or because the wild unreason of his sorrow made him find cause for tears in the very fullness of his rare enjoyment. For the first time in my life it seems to me I saw this little boy as he was, squat-bodied, big-headed, thick-lipped, and with a face swept clean of all emotions save where his two great eyes glowed with a sulky fire under exaggerated eyebrows. I noticed his grimy nails, his soiled collar, his unbrushed clothes, the patent signs of defeat changing to utter rout, and from the heights of my great peace I was not sorry for him. He was like that, other boys were different, that was all.

And then on a day fear returned to my heart, and my newly discovered Utopia was no more. I do not know what chance word of the grown-up people or what random thought of mine did the mischief; but of a sudden I realised that for all my dreaming I was only separated by a measurable number of days from the horror of school. Already I was sick with fear, and in place of my dreams I distressed myself by visualising the scenes of the life I dreaded—the Meat Market, the dusty shadows of the gymnasium, the sombre reticence of the great hall. All that my lost tranquillity had given me was a keener sense of my own being; my smallness, my ugliness, my helplessness in the face of the great cruel world. Before I had sometimes been able to dull my emotions in unpleasant circumstances and thus achieve a dogged calm; now I was horribly

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conscious of my physical sensations, and, above all, of that deadly sinking in my stomach called fear. I clenched my hands, telling myself that I was happy, and trying to force my mind to pleasant thoughts, but though my head swam with the effort I continued to be conscious that I was afraid. In the midst of my mental struggles I discovered that even if I succeeded in thinking happy things I should still have to go back to school after all, and the knowledge that thought could not avert calamity was like a bruise on my mind. I pinched my arms and legs, with the idea that immediate pain would make me forget my fears for the future; but I was not brave enough to pinch them really hard, and I could not forget the motive for my action. I lay back on the sofa and kicked the cushions with my stockinged feet in a kind of forlorn anger. Thought was no use, nothing was any use, and my stomach was sick, sick with fear. And suddenly I became aware of an immense fatigue that overwhelmed my mind and my body, and made me feel as helpless as a little child. The tears that were always near my eyes streamed down my face, making my cheek sore against the wet cushion, and my breath came in painful, ridiculous gulps. For a moment I made an effort to control my grief; and then I gave way utterly, crying with my whole body like a little child, until, like a little child, I fell asleep.

When I awoke the room was grey with dusk, and I sat up with a swaying head, glad to hide the shame of my foolish swollen face amongst the shadows. My mouth was still salt with tears, and I was very thirsty, but I was always anxious to hide my weakness from other people, and I was afraid that if I asked for something to drink they would see that I had been crying. The fire had gone out while I slept, and I felt cold and stiff, but my abandonment of restraint had relieved me, and my fear was now no more than a vague unrest. My mind thought slowly but very clearly. I saw that it was a pity that I had not been more ill than I was, for then, like my brother, I should have gone away for a month instead of a fortnight. As it was, everybody laughed at me because I looked so well, and said they did not believe that I had been ill at all. If I had thought of it earlier I might have been able to make myself worse somehow or other, but now it was too late. When the maid came in and lit the gas for tea she blamed me for letting the fire out, and told me that I had a dirty face. I was glad of the chance to slip away and wash my burning cheeks in cold water. When I had finished and dried my face on the rough towel I looked at myself in the glass. I looked as

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if I had been to the seaside for a holiday, my cheeks were so red!

That night as I lay sleepless in my bed, seeking for a cool place between the sheets in which to rest my hot feet, the sickness of fear returned to me, and I knew that I was lost. I shut my eyes tightly, but I could not shut out the vivid pictures of school life that my memory had stored up for my torment; I beat my head against the pillow, but I could not change my thoughts. I recalled all the possible events that might interfere with my return to school, a new illness, a railway accident, even suicide, but my reason would not accept these romantic issues. I was helpless before my destiny, and my destiny made me afraid.

And then, perhaps I was half asleep or fond with fear, I leapt out of bed and stood in the middle of the room to meet life and fight it. The hem of my nightshirt tickled my shin and my feet grew cold on the carpet, but though I stood ready with my fists clenched I could see no adversary among the friendly shadows, I could hear no sound but the drumming of the blood against the walls of my head. I got back into bed and pulled the bedclothes about my chilled body. It seemed that life would not fight fair, and being only a little boy and not wise like the grown-up people, I could find no way in which to outwit it.

IV

My growing panic in the face of my imminent return to school spoilt my holiday, and I watched my brother's careless delight in the Surrey pine-woods with keen envy. It seemed to me that it was easy for him to enjoy himself with his month to squander; and in any case he was a healthy, cheerful boy who liked school well enough when he was there, though of course he liked holidays better. He had scant patience with my moods, and secretly I too thought they were wicked. We had been taught to believe that we alone were responsible for our sins, and it did not occur to me that the causes of my wickedness might lie beyond my control. The beauty of the scented pines and the new green of the bracken took my breath and filled my heart with a joy that changed immediately to overwhelming grief; for I could not help contrasting this glorious kind of life with the squalid existence to which I must return so soon. I realised so fiercely the force of the contrast that I was afraid to make friends with the pines and admire the palm-like beauty of the bracken lest I should increase my subsequent anguish; and I hid myself

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in dark corners of the woods to fight the growing sickness of my body with the feeble weapons of my panic-stricken mind. There followed moments of bitter sorrow, when I blamed myself for not taking advantage of my hours of freedom and I hurried along the sandy lanes in a desolate effort to enjoy myself before it was too late.

In spite of the miserable manner in which I spent my days the fortnight seemed to pass with extraordinary rapidity. As the end approached the people around me made it difficult for me to conceal my emotions, the grown-ups deducing from my melancholy that I was tired of holidays and would be glad to get back to school, and my brother burdening me with idle messages to the other boys—messages that shattered my hardly formed hope that school did not really exist. I stood ever on the verge of tears, and I dreaded meal-times, when I had to leave my solitude, lest some turn of the conversation should set me weeping before them all, and I should hear once more what I knew very well myself, that it was a shameful thing for a boy of my age to cry like a little girl. Yet the tears were there and the hard lump in my throat, and I could not master them, though I stood in the woods while the sun set with a splendour that chilled my heart, and tried to drain my eyes dry of their rebellious, bitter waters. I would choke over my tea and be rebuked for bad manners.

When the last day came that I had feared most of all, I succeeded in saying good-bye to the people at the house where I had stopped, and in making the mournful train journey home without disgracing myself. It seemed as though a merciful stupor had dulled my senses to a mute acceptance of my purgatory. I slept in the train, and arrived home so sleepy that I was allowed to go straight to bed without comment. For once my body dominated my mind and I slipped between the sheets in an ecstasy of fatigue and fell asleep immediately.

Something of this rare mood lingered with me in the morning, and it was not until I reached the Meat Market that I realised the extent of my misfortune. I saw the greasy, red-faced men with their hands and aprons stained with blood. I saw the hideous carcases of animals, the masses of entrails, the heaps of repulsive hides; but most clearly of all I saw an ugly sad little boy with a satchel of books on his back set down in the midst of an enormous and hostile world. The windows and stones of the houses were black with soot, and before me there lay school, the place that had never brought me anything but sorrow and humiliation. I went on, but as I slid on the

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cobbles, my mind caught an echo of peace, the peace of pine-woods and heather, the peace of the library at home, and, my body trembling with revulsion, I leant against a lamp-post, deadly sick. Then I turned on my heels and walked away from the Meat Market and the school for ever. As I went I cried, sometimes openly before all men, sometimes furtively before shop-windows, dabbing my eyes with a wet pocket-handkerchief, and gasping for breath. I did not care where my feet led me, I would go back to school no more.

I had played truant for three days before the grown-ups discovered that I had not returned to school. They treated me with that extraordinary consideration that they always extended to our great crimes and never to our little sins of thoughtlessness or high spirits. The doctor saw me. I was told that I would be sent to a country school after the next holidays, and meanwhile I was allowed to return to my sofa and my dreams. I lay there and read Dickens and was very happy. As a rule the cat kept me company, and I was pleased with his placid society, though he made my legs cramped. I thought that I too would like to be a cat.

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The Musician

By A. C. Benson

THERE are many ways of conveniently dividing the human race for the purposes of conversation and reflection. But after long and careful study I have come to the conclusion that there are really only three divisions that matter—Occidentals, Orientals, and Musicians; and perhaps it would be pleasanter and more technically euphonious if I called the latter Accidentals, for I will not go so far as to divide the race more simply still, as a musician of my acquaintance suggested, into Shunamites and Schumannites. By this simpler subdivision he meant that either people were inside the sacred realm of music or outside it, and among Shunamites he included a good many connoisseurs, and even performers.

Now I have enjoyed and enjoy the friendship of several accomplished and even eminent musicians, and I have always found them to be eminently human and guileless people, quite willing to make friends, and even ready to talk very humbly and kindly about their magical art. Indeed, though I know very little about music, except that I have the tiresome desire always to lay hands upon any keyed instrument without the smallest symptom of improvement in my powers of performance, I still believe that I am of the initiated, and understand music. It speaks to me with the voice of a spirit. I do not indeed know what it says, but it has a strange intoxicating power, on due occasions, and I always feel that I am deeply concerned with the message that it is trying to deliver.

But though I can in a way join hands with musicians, and though I listen with a thrill of delight to technical musical talk, and though—which is more important still—I am afflicted with a sense of shame and dreariness when I hear people talk about music who do not understand it, yet I am not of the blessed number. But one who, like myself, does just stand on the threshold of the vestibule, within hearing of the palace door, has perhaps an inkling of what is going on within, which I should like to put into words.

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Now the characteristics of the musical temperament are these—a great simplicity of nature, an abundant sensitiveness, an extreme eagerness, a curious hankering after humorous things combined with a singularly elementary sense of humour, and last of all that sort of rather grand stubbornness which comes from the instinctive consciousness of the possession of a real and great truth, a truth which is not apparent to all. It is the sort of aloof independence of mind possessed by Jews, Roman Catholics, men of science, and men of large wealth. It is the sense of great possessions, magnificent certainties, unquestionable advantages, in the background; and this causes men who have it not so much to mingle with the world on equal terms, but to come down into it for certain seasons, and at other times to be withdrawn into a secret stronghold. This consciousness is entirely beyond the reach of persuasion and argument. It is not necessary to assert it or to parade it or even to claim it. It is simply *there*, and if any one disputes it, so much the worse for him. It is of course rather a dangerous possession, if there is anything in the least fanatical or ambitious about the mind of its possessor; because then it becomes necessary to make proselytes; and to do that one must condescend to arts, and ensnare the birds that flutter about the enclosure. But the great musicians whom I have known have no desire to make proselytes, because they know that the truth which they perceive is not an objective truth which all could share, but a gift which some have and which some have not. They do not want people to be musical, they do not desire to convert them, they do not wish them to try to understand or sympathise. They give prodigally of their own riches to the unthankful and the ignorant; and they have no use for unintelligent praise, any more than a dignified school-inspector desires the praise of village children. They are far away and above all that.

The reason why they are so simple-minded is because their life has the due proportion. Their work, their dreams, their ideals are all so clear, so sufficing, that the rest of life is for them but a pleasant passing of leisure hours. They are contented with little in the way of wealth and comfort, because all that they desire is just a certain liberty, a quiet room for their holy service, food and raiment enough for life and simple dignity. They have no social ambitions, no uneasy desires. If they can but say what is in them it is enough. Labour and joy, which are the natural aims of all wholesome-minded people, are given them in rich abundance by their art; and they are

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happy in this, that they need no apparatus of books or scientific instruments, no material resources, no ceremonial pomp—one of the best composers I ever knew had the worst piano I ever heard creak and clang! They are independent of scene and weather; they can ply their art in a railway train or in the coffee-room of a country inn. And thus they have little use for the elaborate pleasures or contrivances of life, because their art satisfies at once the emotions and the mind and the soul.

Then as to their sensitiveness. I do not mean, of course, that they are sensitive to tone and pitch and chord—of course they are that; and I have seen the face of a great musician close at hand when an aria was being sung flat, and it was as if red-hot needles were being run into his brain—he suffered what I call pain. But I mean a sensitiveness about the relations of life. I somehow doubt whether great artists *can* love very passionately, for the simple reason that they have not the time or the strength. One who is fed all day long on the heavenly manna cannot have much occasion for boiled mutton. They are superficially sensitive, however, not deeply sensitive; because the core of the heart in all great artists must by the nature of things be hard. But they are easily wounded by discordant words and inharmonious views; they feel disrespect and rudeness and incivility more than most men. And there must be a good deal of this in the life of most musicians, because unmusical persons cannot feel or bring themselves to behave as if they felt that music is a serious thing. Music to the unmusical is just one of the conventional accompaniments of life, a phenomenon which, for some reason that they do not inquire, tends to occur in church and at ceremonies and after dinner—just a usage to be borne patiently and courteously; and therefore to such gross persons a musician must always be a more or less elegant trifler, and only to be respected if he makes money, or gets a knighthood, or earns any other of the rewards of civic respectability.

Thus the conversation of the unmusical must always be rather a wounding thing to the musician, because they are bound to let slip, now and then, that music all seems to them rather a silly, fussing thing, a mess of noises, a fabric of meaningless rules. There must always be a kind of war between the musician and the unmusical, the war that is always waged between the man and the woman, the wise and the foolish, the ignorant and the learned, the old and the young, all the people, in fact, who by the nature of the case cannot understand what the other is about.

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And then there is the question of humour. This may seem a small point, but it is not, because it is absolutely true that all the people in this world who are in eager pursuit of the beautiful—whether it be what is beautiful in conduct, or in emotion, or in art, or in thought—are by the nature of the case cut off from the perception of humour; because the essence of humour is contrast, the contrast between the lofty programme and the mean performance, between the pretensions of people and their deserts, between the solemnity of men and their absurdity. But the man or woman whose soul is set upon the beautiful is merely jarred and disgusted by what is stupid or ugly or mean; he cannot be amused by it, he can only grieve and wonder. And musicians are above all things amiable and companionable; they see the faces of other men distorted by a strange convulsion, called a smile, while their grinning mouths utter the primal cries of pleased humanity. They see this and they know that it stands for a sense of pleasure and delight; and thus they ardently desire to be able to produce this pleasure-giving effect and to share in so comfortable an emotion. And so they carefully observe what are the kinds of sayings and sights which produce these effects, and administer their reminiscences of them as a physician might administer a pill to a patient, but with no real perception of what the joy of it all consists in. And if any further argument is needed I would refer any one to the autobiography of Spohr, which is the aptest illustration of what I mean. I was in the company the other day of a musician who had been trained by a great master of the art. Others were laughing around us, and so he must needs tell me of the jokes which the great master made in private and in public, and of the merry things he did. I cannot here bring myself even to repeat them, they were so shamefully dreary and grotesque; but meanwhile I saw a pathetic look in the eyes of the recounter, the look of a soul making signals of goodwill to another soul, and finding those signals unrecognised.

Now I think it may well be that if any musician comes to read this he will be vexed with me for saying what is not true. And I do not mean that there are not exceptions, or what may seem to be exceptions. But it is mainly true; and if musicians are, as they are, the inheritors of a mysterious secret in which others can take no part, a province which none can invade, a region which the ignorant can pass through without even seeing what is going forward there, then they must be content that other men should have secret regions too, which the musician cannot enter. They must be content to be unaware of humour,

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which is really as near to tears as to laughter, and they must no more despise and ridicule the symptoms of the complaint than the unmusical may despise the smiles and sighs, the starts and writhings of the man who is *sous le charme*. They must alike beware of falling into the sin of Michal, who, when she saw David dancing before the Lord with all his might, despised him in her heart—for to despise, in life alike as in art, is the unpardonable sin; or rather it is the most fatal of all the diseases of the mind, because it claims pre-eminence and supremacy, and forbids the soul to stretch out her hands to the unknown.

And last of all there is the stubbornness of which I spoke, which lies at the bottom of all artistic temperaments. This is often disguised from others because of the superficial sensibility of the artist. He is so desirous of the untroubled peace of mind, which is for most a condition of true art, that he takes an infinity of trouble to conciliate and win his fellow pilgrims. They find him so welcoming, so deferential, so eager for smiling and friendly converse, in his anxiety to avoid all that would trouble or depress him, that they think of the artist as a man of deep and warm affections, whose inner lovableness bursts out on the surface of his talk and gestures, as the gushing spring dimples the still pool in which it rises. But the artist has given his heart away; if he loves, it is with a kind of lesser love for the comfort and delight of his leisure hours. For down in the depth of his heart there is an irresistible instinct to do a certain thing, and to do it in a certain way, which no rebuffs or humiliations can quench or lessen. And this is why the true artist is often the despair of his friends, especially if he be not exactly in tune with the commoner taste of the age. They see him at his dreams, or hammering away at his craft, and they grow impatient because he is for ever producing something which the time does not require. And thus they tell him that he is misusing his gifts, and that if he would but drop the foolish making of songs which no one will sing, or the futile repetition of thoughts which no one cares to think, he would be a happier and a more prosperous man. And the artist knows it too, but he cannot desert his track among the stars; or if he does desert it, as some great artists have done, to paint and write what people will buy rather than what he believes to be the truth, then he has his reward, and he is a traitor to his art. But this stubbornness of which I speak has a dreadful way of suddenly breaking across human relations and comfortable arrangements; and those who have to suffer from the discovery find that the artist has a sort of fierce strength like the strength

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of the drunkard and the madman, which is impervious to reason and persuasion alike.

And I think it is true that musicians have this quality in a more naked and severe form than other artists, because with other artists there are attendant qualities alloying their work, which are not really artistic qualities, but outer things which may distract and deceive gazers and hearers. In painting, a good craftsman may find a great subject which will appear to be of the nature of inspiration; and in writing there are many attractive qualities which are not of the nature of art at all, which may serve to recommend an author's work, such as an ingenious plot, or a gift of humour or pathos, which may beguile a reader. But in music this is not so, because a man is there at close quarters with art, and its values have an almost mathematical precision of concord and form. Music is the undisguised essence of art, and, as a great writer said, all arts increase in value the more they aspire to the conditions of music. So that a painter or a writer can achieve a certain success, using painting or writing to touch quite other springs than the springs of art; but if a musician tries to do this he is nothing except a mere grinder-out of jigging measures and amusing sounds.

I wish I could go further and say something of the secrets of music; but here I halt upon the threshold, because I understand perpendicular music, so to speak, a little, but horizontal music not at all. By which I mean that I can comprehend the chord and its resolution, but not the counterpoint of subject and theme. I can admire the detail, but not the design. But I know enough to understand that it is a great mystery which underlies far more things than we suspect. It lies behind many of the secrets of admiration and love; it governs all the harmony of colours in the first place. I have seen, for instance, gardens, made by people who understood the forms and hues of flowers, which have seemed to me like the striking of chords and the march of fugues; and I have seen gardens, too, the work of simple minds, that seemed like chants and hymns; and again I have seen great gardens made by vulgar souls which were like a clash of unmeaning sounds. And music lies, too, behind the graceful movements of beautiful persons, and still more nearly in the cadences of noble voices. Trees, too, and buildings, hills and valleys, woods and wide prospects have a musical quality. I saw a quiet place but a few days ago, where some wide meadows ran to a point among streams and coverts, which I knew had the value of a quiet movement of a great symphony. It may seem fantastic to speak so; but it is true for all that.

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For all the arrangement of matter is but a question of ordered vibrations; and though I do not know why an admixture of certain vibrations seems orderly and sweet, yet there can be no doubt that we are instinctively attuned to the pleasure of some mixtures and as instinctively adverse to other mixtures. And I expect, too, that the thing goes deeper yet, and that all our happy thoughts and joys move in unison to some heavenly music, while the things which hurt and jar the spirit are the effect of some discordant blending of elements. Our very sins are most of them but a misuse and a disproportioned admixture of elements in themselves noble, and the whole building-up of the world's hopes and joys is but the harmonising of strong elements to some heavenly theme.

And thus, as I have said, the musician must be as a man apart from other men, because all his nature is under the domination of one precise and cogent kind of perception and expression. In science, the pure mathematician is in the same case; and I know of no men whose other qualities are so apt to be attenuated and undeveloped as musicians and mathematicians. Because the difficulty is that they cannot attempt even the least explanation of their art to those who do not naturally comprehend it. The very elements are unintelligible to those that are without; and when I pester a great mathematician with questions, and he patiently replies, I feel like a blind man trying to understand from a normal man what it is to see. But with music it is not quite the same. There I feel like a humble worshipper present at the celebration of some great and solemn mystery. I do not comprehend all the words that are said, or all the movements of the vested priests. But what little I understand is so beautiful and awe-inspiring that I am more than content to think that the heart of the mystery and its divine significance is more beautiful still. I feel as a tired traveller might do who had fared for days through a trackless waste, and coming out at last in the golden sunrise of the fresh morning, discerns lying beneath the hill's misty brow a great, quiet city, with domes and steeples, high houses and silent market-places, and envies the men who do their peaceful duty in so stately a place, and all the ordered life of labour and delight lived in those dreaming thoroughfares and under those chiming towers.

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On a Racecourse

By G. C. Street

In civilised societies, as they call themselves—it is a pathetically conceited expression—what is most disastrously absent from the lives of average men and women, with the daily round and common task, is excitement. If I am never to be dogmatic again, I will be dogmatic about that. Sameness and the lack of expectancy dull the brain and make sluggish the blood. Variety, in itself a mild excitement at least, uncertainty, if there is any chance of a good result, surprise—these quicken our senses and stir our thoughts. Oh, has not one nearly shrieked aloud with dulness when for some days running one's work has been the same and one's leisure spent in the same way with the same people—if they happened not to be our chosen—and nothing novel has happened nor anything decided which we cared should be thus or otherwise? Yet your and my work, reader, has some variety and interest in it and we have many entertaining acquaintances. Think of the clerk and the artisan, in this day of minutely specialised employment, and the chances of variety and interest in *their* work, and think of the narrow orbit into which circumstances most often thrust their leisure. Can you deny that the crying need of their lives is excitement, and yet more excitement?

So cannot I, and herein I find the explanation, if not the excuse, of our working man's habit of betting. Of course it would be much better if the excitement he sought and found were of an intellectual sort. If he could get it out of refuting Nietzsche, or discovering a new element, or writing a perfect sonnet, it would be better. But since he is what he is, and his circumstances are what they are, and the need of which he is most conscious is money, he seeks excitement in gambling. I won't repeat the truism that all life is more or less of a gamble: the degree makes all the difference, I admit. Still, there is a vast amount of gambling in the world other than betting on races, and if you say that much of it is less sordid than this, because it goes with large ambitions, I ask you why you should

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deny them to the working man who bets. If I understand his psychology at all there is generally at the back of his mind the hope of miraculous and accumulative good luck: that his five shillings will make a pound, and the pound ten, and the ten a hundred, and the hundred a thousand, and so on, until he is fabulously rich. Oh yes, indeed, there is a sort of romance about him, I assure you. And think how sorely he wants money; how many even to his vision are the enviable things he could buy with it. It is not difficult to explain the widespread evil of betting.

Gamble for gamble, there is to be said for betting, even for betting done away from the course, that there is, or can be, more imagination about it than about almost any other form. To draw a given card at poker, or to see the ball at roulette settle on a given number is the excitement of the chance and nothing more: apart from that it is jejune and childish. A man who gambles in rubber shares may think of the Congo with its beautiful associations, but most stocks and shares necessarily mean nothing to the gambler but his profit or loss. To hear that a given horse has won a race is to see in the mind's eye a beautiful animal with a skilful rider in a gay jacket tearing along the grass. The betting man reads the account of the race, and, unless he has never seen racing at all and has no interest in horses except as gambling machines—in which case I agree there is nothing to be said for him in this connection—he can picture the whole affair; how there was a perfect start, or how this or that horse was left at the post; how the horse of his choosing made all the running, or came with a rush at the end; how it won easily, or was only beaten by a head. Some part he may have in the wonderful exhilaration there is in watching a close finish. There is, or may be more, much more, even in betting at home than the mere material result. It is as though we could gamble on the last act of a play, if it were not known and if there were ever any doubt.

It is natural, then, that gambling should be widespread in the grey and inadequate lives of the unfortunately average English, and in my opinion it is not necessarily or wholly an evil thing, since I believe in the uses of excitement. Further, there is something to be said for betting on races as a form of gambling. The real mischief of it is that there is far too much of it; I do not mean that it is too widely spread, but that the same people bet too often. Some people will bet on anything, and I am told that in the North it is common for people to bet all day long, on anything about which there can be a

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doubt, like the bloods of the eighteenth century at Brooks's or White's. Most people, however, will only bet when there are professional facilities, and it is a pity—so far as this is concerned—that there should be horseraces—if you include steeplechasing—nearly every weekday of the year. There is far more betting than can be wholesome. Young clerks, and others, are for ever considering chances and following tips and waiting for results, and that is altogether vicious. It would be well if they could bet only on the principal races—the "ante-post" betting races, the Lincoln Handicap, Derby, Hunt Cup, and so on. They could study the form of horses—an interesting and delusive occupation—at their leisure, and the losses would not come with too fatal a frequency. But I am inclined to suggest, as an alternative, that the stay-at-home betting people should be deprived of the imaginative pleasures I have described, and that the State, recognising that gambling is inevitable and accepting (I suggest this modestly) my opinion that in the dreadful dulness of our average lives some amount of it is even helpful, should re-establish public lotteries. It is painful to me to shock people, and I think that fewer will be shocked now than a few years ago, for the mixture of Pharisaism and individualism run mad, which forbids the State to control any human interests disapproved of by anybody, is losing its attractiveness. The lotteries might happen often enough to keep the poor gambler "going," as it were, and not often enough to take too much of his attention; say once a week. For a few shillings a month he might indulge his golden dreams, and the odds against him would be fairer, on the whole. All would be better with him. But I doubt I shall be pooh-poohed.

Now, this widespread betting of the working man and others on races they never see is a parasite of racing, has nothing vital to do with it, and is not at all necessary for the continuance of a fine sport. I have chatted about it at so much length, partly, of course, because I had something to say and it was a convenient opportunity to say it, and partly that the matter—with its undoubted evils—should not depress your mind when you come racing with me. We have cleared it out of the way and can take our pleasure with an untroubled mind and a free conscience. Let us go.

I do not propose to eulogise racing for its services to the breed of horses or for the employment it gives to thousands of people. I am just slightly afraid that some obscure fallacy may lurk in that, and, in any case, it is done sufficiently by

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the enthusiasts of the sporting papers. I wish to eulogise it only as a fine sport and a jolly and wholesome holiday. If it is your business, reader, by any chance—if you are a professional backer—you will read me with a supercilious air, I am afraid. I don't give you back the raised eyebrow, for I think there are many as useless businesses as yours, which has the advantages of fresh air, intelligence in judgment, swiftness of decision, and other valuable qualities. I much prefer you to a publisher. But I talk of racing as a holiday amusement, representing in a humble way many thousands who take that view of it. And I think the best way of praising is to record my own happy emotions and impressions when I go racing.

Truth to tell, I can make no claim to count for anything as a racing man. I am too poor to join racing clubs or to go on long journeys. A Cockney racegoer, in fact, who has been, when by chance I had the means for so mild a spree, to a good many meetings near London. One, however, who takes some trouble about the matter, who has looked up the record of the horses running and knows something of what to expect. I like my companions to be holiday-makers, but holiday-makers with a purpose and an intelligent regard to the matter in hand. I don't like them to be too holidayish. The Derby crowd is a great sight to see once in a way, but it distracts one and makes things too difficult. A fashionable crowd, too, is a nuisance. But I love my fellow racegoers to Kempton or even to Alexandra Park. It is all nonsense to talk of their rowdyism. They are much too intent on the real pleasure of the occasion for that, and I have never been pushed about so much, even at the railway station going to and fro, as I have on a crowded night at the Opera. There is some amount of chaff, but, on the whole, if there is a fault, it is a too great solemnity. So . . . give me a meeting near London, where a sovereign takes me into the ring and paddock and everywhere except the members' enclosure, and the company of other humble seekers of interest and excitement in the open air. Give me, above all, Newbury, which is not very near, but is brought near by a practical railway company; and, while I am about it, a day at Newbury last year will serve my purpose as well as anything else. So it's ho! for my experiences and emotions at Newbury. I won't apologise for egotism. It would be easy to write that you feel this or that one does that; but I am honouring you with a rather intimate revelation, and I will stick to the honest first person.

The hour's journey down was made in silence. I was without a friend—my few racing friends go by members' trains

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and only patronise me in the paddock—and that was the case with all but two of us in my carriage, and, friends or strangers, we were all intent on the programme and the sporting papers. Not a jolly company, perhaps, but at least a decorous one. Newbury station and refreshing air, and the brief and crowded, but not hustled, walk to the course, payment, and entrance to the enclosure, and then, ah, then! I felt my spirits rise indeed. Whatever the sombre or stupid chances of life behind and before me, here at least was a respite, an assurance of some happy hours. Win or lose, they would be happy, though I do not mean to deny that the chance of winning had something to do with the exhilaration. . . . The paddock at Newbury greets one immediately on one's arrival—everything is comfortably compact there—and I noticed a few dear horses being led about in it. I glanced affectionately at them, but hurried past them to refresh my forces with washing and beef and beer, and then to the ring, for the first race was near being run. I notice that we all enter the ring importantly, as though we were going to ruin it, even though our bet, like mine, is to be but half a sovereign. Up the steps and into the ring. Ah! that babel of bawling bookmakers! I remember my friend, George Steevens, wrote wonderingly of it, but he was not a lover of racing, and, I doubt, missed the sweetness of the noise. Surely a great triumph of the soul over the senses, for I hate noises more than most people: the motor omnibuses make the main thoroughfares of London a torture to me, I could slay all cab-whistlers, and my nerves are shattered by piano-organs. But the "Six to four the field," "Three to one this," "Five to one that," as one bookmaker goes steadily down the list at the top of his brazen lungs, the frenzied "*Two to one* the field," of a more daring colleague—ah! that is music to me. I had chosen my horse and approached a bookie, who stopped his shouting to answer curtly, "Six to one." "Oh, I want eight." "Dessay you do, so do I. Two to one the field, four to one bar one," he resumed his shouting. "Seven?" "Very well, seven to *you*"—this compliment always sounds ironical to me. I produced the first of my few poor half-sovereigns and went down the ring close to the course to see the race.

It was an unimportant affair of two-year-olds, and I fully expected my outsider to lose: still a race is a race. Down they cantered, and I observed my animal with a moderate satisfaction: still, a race is a race, and there is always hope when moderate two-year-olds are concerned, and as we waited for the start my excitement grew. Ah, that waiting for the

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start! In a race one has really studied and stands to win something comfortable on, a race—let us be just to ourselves—which has a strong sporting interest for the excellence of its horses, how intense, almost intolerable, are those waiting moments! More especially in a short race, when it will be all over in less than a minute from the clang of the starting bell; in a longer the start is less important, and one has not the same "Now! Now!" feeling when it happens. In a short sprint race, when the fateful bell clangs, one's eyes seek intently one's horse's colours to see if it is well away: then one is conscious of nothing else in the world but those horses, in the few moments before they are thundering on one in a rush, and then what ecstasy if one's own is leading or making a race of it. "Go on! Go on! Go on!" some of us can't help shouting, and it is always wonderful to me how any of us refrain, but all are willing that "Go on" with bursting hearts. I have written as though I owned racehorses myself, a lot that is never likely to be mine; but in truth when one has looked over an animal carefully in the paddock and backed it, one's own it is for the time being. "Go on! Go on!" The horse you have backed is not leading—no, but see, it is close up, it "challenges" with a brilliant rush—yes, it got its head in front, surely, didn't it? No one about you is quite sure; a really feverish moment till the number goes up on the board—then, "Thank goodness!" or "Alas!" let us say. It is mere human nature, not racing nature only, believe me, that the chagrin of neighbouring losers pleases one if one has backed the winner, more especially if it was an outsider which just beat the favourite. I remember a little two-year-old race at Epsom one day last year. The favourite was at too short a price for me to back, and I chose an outsider, a filly who was running her first race, on her comely appearance, her breeding, which was first-rate, and the fact that the draw had given her the place next the rails, an important thing at Epsom. As they tore up to the ring I was sure my filly was winning, but two rough fellows beside me thought otherwise, and it was a near run thing. "Favourite wins!" shouted one of them. "It's all right. We win!"

"No, she don't," said I. I couldn't help myself.

"No, she don't!" wailed the other one, "that ——— on the rails wins, by ——, it does!"

And so it did.

"What is it?" he growled, and I informed him blandly, pleased, as I frankly admit, with his displeasure.

I declare there is no such excitement, of a common and

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easily bought kind, as a close finish in a horserace. I don't compare it with the great excitements of life, with first love accepted, with a chief place in the honours list, with the attainment of a life's ambition, though with some keen sportsmen or heavy gamblers it may have gone near one of them. But for an excitement that may be cheaply bought most days of the year, and which at least need leave no bad taste afterwards, commend me to a horserace over and over again. How many times over again, I would not say. With me, as I have explained, the pleasure is infrequent, and I know not if repetition might ever stale it; not, I am sure, for many a long day's racing. And I maintain that such an excitement, such an intense sensation, in a life that must needs contain a good deal of tedious sameness, is wholesome and vitalising and altogether jolly. I trust the kill-joys will not stop it in my time. . . . This first race at Newbury was not such an exciting affair, however, but neither was it much of a disappointment, and when it was over I made my way cheerfully to the paddock.

At a businesslike meeting, such as this, everybody looks knowing in the paddock. Nobody lounges about as though at a garden-party, listlessly killing time. People walk rather quickly to the place where the horses for the next race are being led round, consult their cards eagerly to identify a horse by the number on his boy's jacket, and then look critically at him—oh, so critically!—their heads on one side, their brows puckered. I wonder with how many of them it is all humbug. I confess it is all humbug, or nearly all humbug, with me, who was not brought up among horses and do not readily seize on their points for myself. Vanity, dear reader, mere vanity: this knowingness is in the atmosphere. Round and round go the horses, knowing and yet more knowing become the spectators. They speak to each other in low tones, they nod significantly, they change their positions to get a better view. Then one by one the horses are led away to be saddled for the race, and we follow the animals which interest us most, and as we watch the saddling and patting and soothing and perhaps the administration of a pick-me-up—champagne on a sponge or what not—our knowingness becomes wonderful to behold. Of course, some of us do really understand the points of a horse, and even I can tell the difference, if I can do no more, between one which is highly trained and one which is in a *very* untrained state. Moreover, it has once or twice happened to me that having thought of backing a horse for some reason or other—probably a bad reason—I have found it in the paddock and been struck

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with a keen or businesslike appearance, and made up my mind, and the horse won. Surely after that I have a right to a knowing air ?

But the saddling is done, the numbers are up, and we knowing ones make our way back to the ring, I fingering my second half-sovereign in my pocket, and the roar of voices meets us on the top of the stairs. And so it went on, ring, race, paddock, some half-dozen times over. One race only, that day, went in my favour, but that happily was enough to prevent the weak-minded repining at fortune men call regret for folly, for I won more than I lost altogether. And so back to London, in a carriage full of tired, but wholesomely tired, racegoers. We had been in the open air all the afternoon ; our spirits had risen before every race, and if they fell, 'twas but to rise again before the next ; we had had sensations, excitements, and in our simple way we had lived. For my part as I left Paddington I felt I could face imminent worries and failures with a serener spirit. The moment of release and forgetting was over, but at least that moment I had had, and I blessed the jolly sport and detested those who would end it.

Are you a racegoer, reader ? You are not, and all this makes no appeal to you, this praise of mine, this brief record of impressions ? Then, alas ! I have done my work ill. But if you are one, reader, at least you will sympathise with my effort and forgive its falling short : for you that was inevitable.

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What Tchekhof Thought of It

By Maxim Gorki

He once invited me to his house, in the village of Kutchouk-Koij, where he owned a small white, two-storeyed house and a small strip of land. There, while showing me over his " estate," he said to me with animation :

" If I had plenty of money, I would build here a sanatorium for the teachers of this country. It would be an immense edifice—bright, very bright, with large windows and high ceilings. I would have a beautiful library, purchase a small variety of musical instruments, a beehive, and cultivate a kitchen-garden and an orchard. Then one could hold conferences on Agrarianism, on Meteorology. The teacher must be omniscient, my friend—yes, omniscient ! "

He suddenly became silent, and then began to cough. He eyed me sideways, and smiled the sweet, tender smile which drew people so irresistibly towards him and riveted their attention to what he said.

" I suppose it must be wearisome to listen to my fantasies ? I love to speak of them. If you only knew how necessary the good, educated, intelligent schoolmaster is to the Russian people ! Without the wide education of the people the State will crumble like a house of rotten bricks. We must ascribe with the utmost possible speed a position for the teacher. What do we see to-day ? Instead of an artist passionately devoted to his vocation, he is a half-educated craftsman who makes the round of the villages to teach the children, with as much ardour as if he were on his way to exile. He is hungry, he is oppressed ; he is scared by the idea of losing his earnings. And it is essential that he be the head of the village, that he be competent to answer all the questions of the peasant, so that the latter may recognise in him a force worthy of attention and respect ; that no one dare lower him, abuse him, as every one does to-day : from the officer, the rich banker, the priest, the sergeant, the curate, the bailiffs, down to the functionary who carries the title of ' Inspector of Schools,' but who is more concerned with the carrying out of

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his instructions to the letter than with the betterment of education. . . .

"It is foolish to pay heavily to the man who is called upon to educate the people, you see! Ed-u-cate the people! No; it must not be that such a man should go in rags for much longer, that he should tremble from cold in damp, unhealthy class-rooms, that he should have rheumatism and consumption at thirty! It is a disgrace to us! For eight or nine months of the year, he lives like a hermit, without a solitary person with whom to exchange a word; he grows stupid in solitude, without books, without distractions; and if he should invite a few friends to his lodgings, he is instantly accused of 'conspiring' against the Government—that idiotic word with which the artful frighten the foolish! It is said that the man who accomplishes a great, noble mission is treated with contumely and contempt. Do you know that when I come across a schoolmaster I feel uneasy before him, because of his timidness and because of his tattered dress? It seems to me that I am myself the cause of his indigence. I believe it seriously." He reflected for a while, and then began again in a husky voice:

"What a stupid and maladroit nation we are, to be sure!"

The shadow of a deep sorrow veiled his kindly eyes. Then, laughing at himself, he added:

"You see, I have given you an article wholly from a Liberal newspaper. But—I shall now give you some tea instead, to reward you for your patience."

It so happened that he often spoke in that manner: with heat, gravity, and sincerity, then, suddenly, would fall to ridiculing his own remarks. And one felt that beneath the gentle, ironically-sad smile there lay the refined scepticism of a man who knew the cost of words, the price of dreams. And there was also much delicacy in that irony, as well as a modest kindliness.

We entered the house in silence. The weather was bright and warm; the waves playing under the rays of the sun beat against the foot of the mountain. A dog yelped with contentment. Tchekhof took me by the arm and said slowly, with a cough:

"It is sad and shameful but it is true: there are crowds of human beings who envy the dogs. . . ."

And he added soon after, smilingly:

"To-day I can only speak platitudes. I am getting old."

* * * * *

Often, he would say to me:

"Do you know, Gorki, there arrived here a teacher the other

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day—ill, married, &c. &c. Is it not possible for you to help him? Meanwhile, I have already put him up."

Or:

"Listen, there is a schoolmaster here who wished to make your acquaintance. He cannot leave his room, he is ill. . . . You ought to go to his house. Would you care to?"

Or again:

"Here are the names of teachers who ask for books to be sent them."

One day, I met one of those "schoolmasters" at his house. He was sitting on the edge of a chair, blushing at his awkwardness, searching for words and perspiring frightfully. He tried to speak—now in a stiff grammatic manner, now with the artificial ease of the timid. He seemed to be animated by one desire, that of not appearing stupid in the eyes of the author, and assailed Tchekhof with a flood of questions which had never without doubt occurred to his mind before. The writer listened attentively to the disconnected, though scarcely amusing, utterance; in his sad eyes there shone at times a smile; the wrinkles on his forehead deepened, and in his strong, rich voice he answered in simple, clear, living words—words which led back his interlocutor to a more natural and reasonable state of mind.

I also recall a hungry-looking schoolmaster—tall, thin, with a yellowish face, and long nose inclining in a melancholy way towards his chin. He was sitting opposite to Tchekhof, and said in a gloomy voice, staring at him through his black eyes:

"The impressions of an existence of this kind ferment in the space of the pedagogic season a psychic conglomeration which absolutely stifles all possibility of treating objectively the ambient reality. Doubtlessly, the world is naught else but what our own imaginations make of it."

Throwing himself thus into Transcendentalism, he strayed about like a blind man on a frozen river.

"Tell me," said Tchekhof in a soft, caressing voice, "who then beats the children in your district?"

The schoolmaster rose quickly and answered:

"What say you? I? Never! Beat the children!!"

He looked furious.

"Calm yourself," continued Anton with an assuring smile; "am I speaking of you? But I remember having read in the newspapers that some one had beaten the children in your district."

The schoolmaster sat down, wiped his forehead and, with a sigh of relief, answered in a deep bass voice:

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" It's true. There has been such a case. It was Makarof. It was savage, but comprehensible. His wife is ill and he himself is consumptive. His pay is twenty roubles a month. He has a cellar for a school, a corner of which is his private residence. Under such conditions, one might slap the face of an angel of God and it could not be called a sin. And the schoolboys are not angels by a long way, I assure you ! "

Strange sight ! This man, who had just pitilessly submerged Tchekhof beneath a sea of learned words, this man began to utter simple syllables weighty as rocks, but ardent and permeated with sincerity. He showed in all its hideous reality the life led by the Russian countryman. And taking leave of his guest, the schoolmaster shook with his two hands the small, dry slim-fingered hand of Tchekhof, and said :

" I came to you as if I were going to the house of a superior person, with timidity and trembling. I swelled myself up like a turkey ; I wanted to show you that I too am somebody ! And I leave you as if you were a man who is near to me and who understands everything. Thanks ! I carry away with me a fine thought : people of your kind are more simple and understand better, they are nearer the soul of the people than all those so-called superiors among whom we live. Good-bye ! I shall never forget you."

His nostrils quivered, his lips wore a frank smile, and he added :

" It is true : cowards are much to be pitied. May the devil take them ! "

When he left, Tchekhof, looking through the window in the direction in which he sped, smiled and said :

" He is a fine fellow. He will not teach for long."

" Why ? "

" He will be flung into the street."

Then he added in a soft, low voice :

" In Russia, the honest man is like the sweep with whom the nurses frighten the children to sleep. . . ."

* * * * *

In Tchekhof's presence, every man felt a desire to be more simple, more truthful, of being himself. Many a time have I seen how, in his presence, people would abandon the blatant garments of bookish phrases, fashionable words, and all the rest of the cheap futilities with which the Russian provides himself when wishing to pass for a European—as the savage adorns his body with all manner of glittering shells, and the teeth of fish. Anton Pavlowitch Tchekhof cared neither for the teeth of fish nor the feathers of the peacock ; everything that was high-sounding,

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factitious, all things which man covets " to appear more important," revolted him, he felt a desire to strip him of those vain adornments which deform his real face and soul. During the whole of his lifetime, Tchekhof was always himself, spiritually free, never paying the least heed to the behests of some, or to what others, less civil, claimed from him. He did not care for conversations on " high " themes with which the Russian amuses himself so freely, forgetful that it is ridiculous to speak of velvet costumes in which the future will be garbed when one is in want of ordinary attire for the present.

Possessing himself a beautiful simplicity, he loved everything that was simple, real, sincere, and he had a way of making others love the simple, too.

I remember an occasion when three elegant ladies came to see him, filling the room with the frou-frou of their skirts and their violent perfumes. They sat down ceremoniously before the host, pretending to feel deeply interested in politics, and began to " put questions."

" Anton Pavlowitch, how will the war end, do you think ? "

Tchekhof coughed, reflected an instant, and replied in a serious tone :

" In peace, without doubt ! "

" Oh ! evidently ! But who do you think will win, the Turks or the Greeks ? "

" It seems to me that the victory will be with the strong."

" And who are the strong, according to your opinion ? " asked all the three ladies at once.

" Those who have more supplies and are better armed."

" How clever ! " exclaimed the first lady.

" And whom do you like better, the Greeks or the Turks ? " inquired the second lady.

Anton Pavlowitch gave her a kindly look, and replied with a smile :

" I like—marmalade. Do you ? "

" Very much ! " answered the lady ecstatically.

" Apricot marmalade ! " added the first, smacking her lips.

And the third lady, with half-closed eyes, exclaimed :

" It's so lovely ! "

The three of them then began to speak with much volubility, manifesting an astonishing erudition in the art of making jam. One saw that they were happy to have been freed from the mental torture of feigning a deep interest for the Turks or the Greeks whom they had not given a single thought before. They then took leave of Anton Tchekhof.

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" We shall send you some marmalade ! "

" You have spoken well ! " I remarked when the door had closed.

" Each one must speak his own language," Tchekhof replied.

On another occasion, I chanced to meet at his house a handsome-looking young man, the deputy-attorney. He stood in front of Tchekhof and, shaking his curls, said with vivacity :

" In your novel *The Ill-affected* you pose a very complicated question. If I admit in Dennis Gregorief a criminal character, I must, unhesitatingly, cast him into prison in the interests of society. If, on the other hand, he is a brute who is incapable of appreciating the effect of his own actions, I merely pity him. But, in treating him as a subject acting without understanding, how can I assure society that he will not unscrew the nuts from the rails a second time in order to cause a catastrophe ? That is the question ! What am I to do ? "

He paused, straightened his neck and stared at Tchekhof. His uniform was red, and the buttons glittered on his chest with as much assurance as the eyes in the ruddy face of the young defender of Justice.

" If I were a judge," replied Tchekhof, " I should have acquitted Dennis."

" Why ? "

" I would have said : ' Dennis, you are not yet a type of the thorough criminal ; go, and try and become one.' "

The young man laughed, and checking himself said : " No ; honoured Pavlowitch ; the question that you have raised can only be resolved in the interest of the society which I am called upon to defend. Dennis is a brute, but he is also a criminal. That is the truth ! "

" Do you like gramophones ? " asked Tchekhof suddenly, in a feeble voice.

" Oh ! yes ! very much ! astonishing discovery ! " answered the young man quickly.

" And I cannot suffer them ! " avowed Tchekhof sadly.

" Why ? "

" Because they speak and sing without feeling. They distort everything to caricature. It is death. Do you take any interest in photography ? "

It happened that the young man was a passionate amateur of that art. He began to speak of it enthusiastically, forgetting all about the gramophone, in spite of the resemblance of the " astonishing discovery " to himself, which Tchekhof had judged with such subtlety to be his favourite hobby. Again I saw

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beneath the uniform, the living, though rather amusing, man instead of an articulate automaton.

As soon as the young man had left, Anton Pavlowitch said sadly :

" And those are the kind of clowns who adjudge the lot of man in the name of Justice ! "

After an instant's silence, he added : " One must believe that the attorneys like sin greatly, especially the sin of the jumping frog ! "

* * * * *

Tchekhof possessed the art of discovering the banality in all things and of attenuating it. It is an art accessible to him alone who makes high claims of life and who is animated by the desire of seeing his fellow men more simple, beautiful, agreeable. In him, platitude found always a pitiless and subtle critic.

Some one related in his presence that the editor of a popular daily—a man who continuously discoursed on the necessity of love and mercy towards others—had gravely offended a railway official, and that in general he treated with coarseness all those who were dependent upon him.

" It is quite natural," said Tchekhof with a smile of constraint ; " he is an aristocrat ; he is educated, he has had a college education. His father wore straw-plaited slippers, but he himself wears patent-leather boots."

And there was in the voice and the reflection something which at once pictured the aristocratic parvenu, the ridiculous nullity.

" He is a man of great talent ! " he once said of a certain journalist. " His articles are marked in the corner of his conscience ; they breathe the free humanitarian breath ; but before his friends, the author treats his wife as an inferior, and at his house the servants' room is damp, and the servants catch rheumatism through it."

" Does N—— please you, Anton Pavlowitch ? "

" Yes, very much. He makes very agreeable company," acquiesced Tchekhof, coughing. " He has read very much, he is a man of learning. He has borrowed from me three books which he has not yet returned. He is distracted. To-day he will tell you that you are a wonderful man, and to-morrow he will declare to all comers that you rob your servants and that you have stolen the silk slippers from the husband of your mistress—black slippers striped with blue. . . . For he will give details."

And when one complained to him of the dulness of the weighty " serious " articles published in the important reviews :

" Do not read those things ; it is the literature of friends ; it is

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arranged beforehand. It is written by Messrs. Red, White, and Black. One writes an article, the other replies, and the third reconciles the contradictions of the first two. It's like playing cards with a corpse. No one asks: 'Of what use is all that to the reader?'"

One day, a stout, well-dressed lady, brimming over with health, thought it her duty to speak to him *à la* Tchekhof:

"Life wearies me, Anton Pavlowitch. Everything is so grey: the people, the sky, the sea. . . . Even the flowers wear a grey look. And I am bereaved of all desire, my soul floats in a kind of eternal languor. It's like a malady."

"It *is* a malady!" exclaimed Tchekhof with conviction, "it is a malady. In Latin it is called *morbus feignibus*."

Luckily for herself, the lady evidently did not know Latin—or did she conceal her knowledge?

"The critics resemble the gadflies which prevent the horses from ploughing the fields," said he one day. "The horse works, all his muscles are strained as the strings on a contre-basse, and, of a sudden, the accursed insect settles down on his neck, annoying and torturing him. It has to be driven away with a sweep of the tail. Why does the gadfly torture him? The gadfly hardly knows why itself; it is in the nature of things to give annoyance to others, and it must make itself felt, that its existence may not be ignored. 'Do you see,' it seems to say, 'how I can drone about everything?' I have been reading literary criticisms of my work for twenty years, but I cannot recall any precious indication or good advice. Only once has a remark uttered in that way struck me—it was by Skabitchevski. He had declared that I was dying in a hedge. . . ."

In his sad, sweet eyes there shone nearly always a fine irony; but at times his look became cold and sharp. In those moments it seemed to me that this modest, delicate man could, when he judged it useful, oppose energetically a hostile force and vanquish it.

At times it also seemed to me that mankind inspired him with a feeling of doubt which bordered on despair.

"What a strange being is the Russian!" said he one day. "In him, not more than in a sieve, nothing remains. In his youth, he fills his soul with everything he can lay his hands on, and, at thirty, there is nothing left in him but shapeless *débris*. To live well, to live humanly, one must work, work with love, with faith! And in our land, work is unknown. The architect who has constructed two or three nice houses begins to play at cards for the rest of his days, or haunts the stage-doors of

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music-halls. When he has acquired a large practice, the doctor ceases to occupy himself with science, reads nothing save the *Family Doctor*, and, at forty, seriously declares that all illness is the result of cold. I have not met a single functionary who understands, much or little, the importance of his work; generally, he lives in the capital or in one of the chief provincial towns; he edits the circulars that are sent out here and there. But all these musty writings: can they deprive one of the freedom to do as he likes? The official is as much concerned about it as the atheist is for the tortures in hell. After he has achieved fame as a clever pleader, the advocate cares little for the defence of Truth; he is content with the study of the Rights of Property. He goes to the races, feeds on oysters and champagne, and passes for a connoisseur in the fine arts. The actor who has created two or three "parts" no longer cares to study any new *rôles;* he buys a large sombrero and thinks himself a genius. Russia is the country of all sorts of idle people who eat and drink to excess, who dream and idle away their days and nights. They marry so as to have some one to keep their house in order, and keep mistresses to maintain their prestige in society. They have a kind of dog-psychology: when they are beaten, they whine softly and hide in their kennel; when they are caressed, they laze on their back, paws in the air, and wag their tail."

There was a cold and painful contempt in those words. But his soul was always full of pity, and when some one was blamed in his presence Anton Pavlowitch also interceded for the guilty:

"Why are you angry? He is old, he is seventy——"

Or again:

"But he is yet young, he has done it more through folly than——"

And when he thus spoke, there was never a trace of disdain on his face.

* * * * *

In youth, banality is excusable and even amusing; but little by little it begins to percolate into you and fills your blood and brain with a grey cloud, and one becomes like an old, rusty sign-board: one would say that there is something written on it, but what? One cannot tell. Already in his early works, Tchekhof knew how to distinguish the tragic even when hidden beneath a commonplace or comic exterior. It suffices but to carefully read his "humerous" works to observe how many cruel, repulsive, tragic things the author has allowed the reader to see beneath his quips and pleasant fripperies.

He has a sort of chastity, he does not allow himself to cry to

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his fellow men: "But wherefore are ye not more righteous?" For he hopes (moreover, in vain) that they will themselves understand now needful it is to lead a pure life. Detesting everything which is trivial and obscene, he has described the turpitudes of existence in beautiful, poetic language, with the smile of a humourist, and one can scarcely divine from their splendid exteriors the bitter phrases of inner reproach.

The good public, in reading *The Daughter of Albion*, were content to laugh, without knowing that the story hinged on one of the most abominable wrongs a lord, sated with luxury, could inflict upon an outcast. And on each page of Tchekhof I hear the deep sigh of the true human heart, the sigh of despair for the beings who, instead of being conscious of their natural dignity, are the prey to some evil power, and live as the fish in the sea. They believe in naught, save in eating each day to satiety, and feel naught, unless it be the fear of being beaten by some one stronger than themselves.

No one has seized as clearly and finely as Tchekhof the tragic side of life's mediocrities. No one before him was able to draw with such pitiless realism the shameful picture of the dull bourgeois existence. Banality! that was his enemy. All his life he fought against it; he has ridiculed it with his biting, restless pen; he knew how to lay naked the rottenness of this or that at first sight, though everything seemed arranged in the most comfortable and luxurious order. And banality avenged itself in causing his body—the body of the poet—to be put in a waggon destined for the "Transport of Live Oysters."

The grey, dirty stain of that waggon appeared to me as the immense smile of ironic triumph of the banality that had vanquished its tired enemy. As for the numerous "Memoirs" in the newspapers, I seem to see in them a hypocritic sadness, behind which I feel the fœtid cold breath of that same banality, secretly ravishing over the death of its persecutor.

* * * * *

In reading Tchekhof, one feels the impressions of a dismal day towards the end of autumn, when the leafless trees, the dingy houses, the dull people, stand out mistily against the humid air. Everything is strange, lifeless, pulseless, strengthless. The blue horizon is deserted, and the pale sky sends to the mud-covered, frozen earth a cold and anguishing breath.

Like the autumn sky, Tchekhof lit up with a cruel light the beaten tracks, the crooked alleys, the mean, squalid houses where pitiable creatures suffocate from weariness and idleness, dragging out a languorous, meaningless existence. There you have

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Douchetchka scampering to and fro as nimbly as a mouse; she is the good, kind wife who knows to love so tenderly. She can be struck in the face and she does not even budge, the mild slave! At the side of her stands the unhappy Olga of the *Three Sisters*. She, too, is lovable, and gives herself up without demur to the trifling caprices of the debauched wife of her worthless brother. Under her eyes are broken the lives of her sisters. She weeps, but can come to no one's rescue; from her lips escapes no word of protest against banality.

Then you have Madame Ranievsky, the weeping woman, and the other old inhabitants of the *Cherry-bay*, selfish as children and fatuous as dotards. They have forgotten to die at the opportune moment and moaningly linger on without seeing what is passing around them, without understanding anything. The wicked little student Trofimof speaks eloquently of the necessity of work, but he himself lazes about, and finds distraction from his ennui in brutally persecuting Varia, who sacrifices herself unselfishly to the well-being of that idler. Verscinine dreams of the beauty of life as it will be in three hundred years; he lives without seeing that around him everything is crumbling, that, under his eyes, Soleny, driven by folly and boredom, is ready to kill the miserable Baron Touzenbach.

Thus, there files before one a whole procession of serfs, enslaved to their own desires, to their stupidity, to their laziness, to their greed; slaves who are filled with terror before the face of life, who vegetate in troubled uneasiness and fill the air with their disjointed utterances on the future, for they feel that in the present there is no place for them.

At times, in this dull troop a shot is fired: it is Ivanof or Treplef, who have understood what they had to do and died.

Many among them dream beautiful dreams, tell themselves that in two centuries life will be beatific, but no one among them asks himself this simple question: "Who then will make life beautiful if all that we do is to dream about it?"

In the midst of that sad, weak crowd has passed a man highly intelligent and attentive to all things; he has examined the poor citizens of his native land, and with a saddened smile, with a tender but strong voice of reproach, with infinite despair on his face and in his heart, he has said to them in a firm, vibrating voice:

"You live very badly, gentlemen! It is shameful to live in that way."

(*Translated by* David Weinstéin)

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Yarner

By Eden Phillpotts

WHERE certain high-climbing hills take leave of the lowlands, there spread, beneath the eastern frontiers of Dartmoor, extended ranges of forest; and amid these far-flung groves, lifted mightily upon the bosom of her proper mount, crested with the ragged wilderness and bound on north and south by little valleys, where streamlets draw a silver thread through the fringes of her robe, lies Yarner—a fair kingdom peopled by many myriads of the unconscious.

Approached at the epact of a vanished year, and viewed from the naked hill-tops before entering her precincts, she shone at early morning under hibernal colours brightly, and the low sun not only gilded the drab and iron-grey contours of her woods, but wakened also a warmth of wine-colour therein, where spread the growth of young birches in a straggling stain amid the sobriety of adult trees. The physical proportions of Yarner were clearly manifested under these conditions; the great main mass bosomed upon one rounded hill in close-fitting garment of wintry ash and silver, warmed to russet and chilled to lead; then on the right hand and on the left the land, falling nobly, descended into deep ravines, beyond which the earth climbed again. The northern heights, making abrupt ascent, threw off the last straggling arms of birches and swept upward to the stark Moor; but where southern hills arose beyond the valley there mingled pine and fir, in dim green and blue, that melted together under the dayspring. Descending then upon Yarner, after long declivities of heath and eagle fern, with sentinel spinneys standing like islands in a sere sea of the fallen brake, there appeared a broken hedge of earth and sprang a giant company of oaks, whose arms touched here, laced there, and so made a cincture of many boughs for the margin of the wood. The scene changed, and the light changed, as when one enters some great, shadowy building, to rest mind and body from the din and glare without.

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The planes of the morning sunshine were broken up, barred, and scattered by branch and trunk. Interspaces of darkness spread between the floods of light; and a level carpet of dead, dry leaves was wrought into one harmony of design, and diapered and fretted with delicate blue shadow. Morning made music here, and above the prattle of animate life persisted an eternal murmuring of trees. For to them belongs a soul of melody, born dryad-like with their birth, destined to endure while their forest lyres shall stand for the harper of the ages to play upon. Their songs continue; their silences are but interval and pause between the great movements of an everlasting symphony; and the orchestra of the trees, with its melodies, now leaf-borne and lisping, now bough-borne and fierce; now throbbing through the deep diapason of summer; now furious, shrieking, lashed out by tempest from the naked ramage of tree-tops—ceases never.

Under the great leafless things shone hollies, and the masses of them, though aglint with fire and aglow with fruit, yet made mounds of darkness in the winter light of the woods. Through a cool radiance of visible air—the breath of sleeping earth—there threaded and filtered the genial glow of day, where sunshine broke on trunks and great ash-coloured boles. Seen under the morning, behind the lacework of the woods, the farther hillside flung itself across the east like a cloud of shining smoke—dark indeed by contrast with the sky above it, yet full of light, drenched in a haze of opal air, spacious and pure, decorated with the finials of the spruce and the larch, where they spired above a sapphire gloom that still haunted the depths of the valley beneath them.

Her immense slopes and sudden descents added sublimity to Yarner. There lay, indeed, within her frontiers many a level acre, where the trees stood shoulder to shoulder, branch locked in branch; but abrupt declivities often scattered the forest regions and broke up their order, so that through the boughs of a great oak one might perceive the crown of his neighbour; or, in precipitous places, the feet of some poised tree twining silver roots vainly upon air above the head of another more safely anchored below. At this season, in the lustrous, untinctured splendour of still mornings, the plan of the forest was spread in light upon the shining hills, and, seen against the sunshine, every tree and harmonious embrace of trees, every leaf-strewn glade, every heathery clearing, every pinnacle and arch and column, flashed out nakedly. Here were they outlined with flame, where stood parent trunk and main

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edifice of limb; here they were scrawled and splashed in with naught but quivering fire to the limits of the lesser branches and feathery twigs as they leapt in a radiant network against the blue. The forest roofs thus caught pure splendour of sunlight and irradiated a white, aerial glitter that dazzled the eyes and made them content to seek the more genial, more gentle glow of earth.

Life manifested itself everywhere, and the diurnal creatures on wings and paws minded their business above and below. There was a subdued, perpetual noise, not of singing but of talking birds. No romance touched the multitudes—only the stir, bustle, chatter of every day. They followed the never-ceasing, necessary business of preserving life by hard work of beak and tooth and claw. Food, food, and more food was all the matter; food, food, and more food, that each small body might keep well clothed with fur or feathers against the assault of the season. Some moved aloft in twittering companies and flocked and flew together; some fed in the wet places by stream-side; some were busy among the dead leaves; some ransacked the earth, or the bark of the rotting tree. Their food in every case meant the destruction of animate or inanimate life—either living organism or the promise of seed. There were acorns and beech-mast for the pigeon, berries for the thrush and blackbird, invisible insects for the snipe and woodcock in the marsh; grub and beetle for the great green woodpecker and nuthatch and wryneck, where they explored branch and bough and sent moss and bark falling to earth from aloft. There were cones for the squirrel, humped red on the red pine bough; lesser life than his own for the raptorial bird hawking at wood-edge; for the jay, who screamed and flashed from one thicket to another; for the halcyon, perched like a jewel on the dead branch above stream. The folk made pattering and hopping, a rustle in the dry leaves below and a movement overhead; they sought their meat for the moment without knowledge or care of to-morrow, or the stern months to come, through which they must need more and find less as the supply diminished. They lived in lusty rivalry; they moved in their environment after the ordered plan and wist not whence or why or whither. Some were fearful of others and fled before them; some flourished side by side and made no quarrel. But war was the recognised state; all were fighting; none knew that it was so. The feeble met the powerful and might was pitted against guile, or the single strength of the strong challenged the combined strength of the weak.

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The spectacle as a whole transcended human values in every relation; it escaped all conscious measurements and evaded every sort of human standard. The thing in itself lay outside conception; its significance could nowhere and in no wise be estimated; it flouted all conclusions, and pessimist and optimist alike were destined to lose themselves in the labyrinth of it. Because of futilities there is none greater than that which would estimate unconscious life in the terms of consciousness and give a human heart and brain to those heartless, brainless necessities of matter regulating life and death that we call "laws." Yet how impossible is it to escape from the anthropomorphic standpoint—for what is left? How can we appraise anything in other values than our own? How can we even formulate other values or find a lever-point of Archimedes outside our world of experience from which to operate?

Here in the forest "good" and "bad" meant less than last night's dew. The crooked tree and the straight, the green tree and the dry, the dove and the falcon, the fox and the rabbit had their being neither above nor below "good" and "evil," but merely in a category where they can never obtain. One might as easily formulate values for the rain-cloud and the frost, the thunder and the lightning, as for them.

Even to speak of the "thing in itself" is vain, since to arrive thereat lies beyond human power. No two minds can ever bring the same mirror of seeing to this place; no two, therefore, can carry the same image away. The true image we know not. For us it must lurk only in the forest's relations to all other things, and amid those relations must we seek the truth, if anywhere. No logical process, no formula will help us here; and he who looks at forest, or universe, through the eyes of his intellect finds only a riddle without an answer. Intellect, indeed, serves but to slough man in the pathetic fallacy; a forest beggars intellect at every turn, and those who would remotely comprehend it must enter through a far older and deeper psychologic channel.

The "perpetual mythology" of words makes them at best an imperfect vehicle for pure reason, and language itself is a bar to that finality of statement science seeks; yet words remain great enough for the poet and seer whose utterance soars above exactitude. Even as Nature's self, they possess power to flash different truths from different facets to different minds. It is by an ancient pathway, then, that we approach the forest, and through the deep dark waters of being, through an accumulated

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inheritance of feeling and emotion, seek to unite therewith and understand.

Feeling is the sole password here, and by fellow-feeling alone may a man come into sympathy with the observed phenomena. That is the master-key, if such exists; by that road one stretches hands to the unconscious and perceives how thin is the partition separating the least from the greatest. Here are all our beginnings and sure foundations in the nest of the ant, the hive of the bee, the hoard of the prevenient squirrel, the holt, the dray, the den. Here are migration and incursion and war unceasing for the cause of that blind, frantic, irrational will to live that actuates all unconscious existence. Out of it spring suspicion and fear, the gregarious instinct of the feeble folk and the segregation of the strong. But there are no names for these states in the forest; one cannot speak of "social" and "anti-social"; one cannot condemn the solitary hawk, or applaud the communion of the coneys. One can but perceive that weakness ever runs to weakness, that strength suffices itself. So did the palæolithics herd; but their prophet and saga-singer dwelt in a hut apart and might not be met as common man to man in the way. Here, moreover, as in the conscious world, there is a tendency giving victory to the herd, for might lies in numbers and the finest things are fewest.

Thinkers are coming to deny this eternal struggle of adjustment and to suspect the battle is more apparent than real; but no question obtains about that here. Life in the forest is a ceaseless battle and the outcome of rigid selection that extends from the least insect to the mightiest tree. The tattered and the ill-shapen tell it; the broken and perishing tell it; the eyes of bird and beast tell it; the frost and lightning and storm tell it. We move through a mighty battle-field, yet know not what constitutes the fruit of victory, for life itself is only a casual condition of all this matter. There is perhaps more death than life in the forest. The acorn carries life to earth; its cup perishes; life makes a brave, beautiful show, yet seems little more than a long-drawn, panic terror after all—a rainbow on ambient darkness, a running away before death. The aged oak, yielding up existence bough by bough, till vitality has retreated within the last hiding-place and fortress of trunk and root, is a symbol of all things.

But we set out with certain postulates based on common sense. These once admitted without challenge, and the forest becomes an objective fact to be stated in many different terms.

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We may, for example, regard it as a cycle of cause and effect. One selects, first, a few more data from the innumerable data at disposal and perceives evidences of a new driving force and a superior activity not before apparent. From the mass of all that wills to live there emerges a being above the rest—one who wills not only to live, but also to enjoy living. The others struggle to exist, not knowing that they are alive; this one is conscious of that paramount fact, and so must needs probe all its possibilities.

Now irregular open spaces appeared in Yarner, and among the trees there extended long, winding scratches whereon nothing was permitted to grow. The bald places lay like wales and wounds inflicted upon the forest by violence or disease. They were poisoned ground, whereon no life flourished; the inanimate creatures had deserted them; the animate hasted across them as quickly as they might. To the edges of these open sores the hearty timber and undergrowth crept and the ivy bounded them; then stretched the gash and gaped the blot—to show where collided conscious and unconscious, to mark where the last-born had conquered that older order of primeval forest and cut his own way through the midst.

Natural, therefore, were these tracks and clearings—natural as the timber they destroyed; and Pan might be conceived as watching the arrival of mankind in the wood with absolute indifference. The scroll unrolls for ever, and while matter continues to be eternal, every form of it is ephemeral, so that the genesis of a new thing or the exodus of an old are alike events of transient consequence in themselves. They sound indeed the watchword; they proclaim that all is well with the law and that evolution proceeds upon its cosmic plan; busy alike with greater and lesser galaxies, forgetting neither the sand of the shore nor the drops of the ocean nor the grey brain pulp and matrix of conscious intelligence; but these passing forms are of no supreme account: the eternal principle alone is precious. And the law reigns universal; it forges every link; while for the length of the chain, that doubtless varies and depends, in the last resort, on duration of suns, since life is only the unweaned child of fire and water.

While, however, the clearing and the pathway hacked by man through the forest are of small importance to the wood-god; while only a dying dryad weeps her fallen oak; while there is begotten but an added interest and fearful joy in Pan's

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forest court of fauns and fays, upon unconscious Nature the coming of man falls otherwise. Fur and feathers retreat before him; nothing trusts him wholly, and the prosperity or affliction of beast or bird depend upon his attitude. Himself a predatory creature, he does evil in the sight of all other predatory creatures, and the children of the night, who claim closest kindred with him, suffer most severely at his hand. Accident, indeed, sanctifies the fox and otter, since they minister to his happiness, and their hunting and their death give joy to him; but the hawk and the jay, the jackdaw and raven, the stoat and weasel, destroy for their life what he destroys for his pleasure; their will to live challenges his will to enjoy; and therefore he exterminates them. For the same reason he fells the timber and modifies the architecture of the forest; he reorganises it and improves it on a human value; he plants certain trees and evergreen undergrowths and establishes certain beasts and birds; while others he banishes and deports as things undesirable or worse than useless. Under a different scale of values he cuts down the woods, turns them into gold and silver; or lays the forest bare and lifts human homes upon it. His purpose is always the same: that his will to enjoy may be furthered.

He is the king of the forest, and animate life long since learned that lesson, for generations of experience have stored within the intelligence of the greatest and least of his unconscious subjects a distrust profound. They retreat before him, and his coming is marked by hurtle of wings and hurry of feet. No triumphal entry is his; no welcome awaits him here; no wood-dove alights upon his shoulder; no green-eyed catamountain purrs and rubs her spotted pelt about his knees. All wild creatures familiar with the monarch hurry from sight and sound and scent of him; because the hereditary spirit brooding in them links him with danger and points to him as another obstacle in the path of their will to live.

What, then, does one glean in good ripe grain from this winter wood? Is there any lifting of Nature's veil here, any permanent and imperishable glimpse of the absolute that homes beyond the haunts of men? Perhaps there is if one cultivates a sense above the senses—a sense capable of showing reality as a spirit flying forward for ever and resting upon no solid earth; as a being that in Winter sojourns with Spring, and, when Spring is come, belongs to the Summer. For reality can only be felt, not seen, not heard, not verified; she roams far from the substantial, the sure-founded, the proven; she dwells rather

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with motion and emotion; with anticipation and suspension; with the rising and setting stars; with that purple glory of the distant hills all men have seen, none trodden. She harbours not with darkness, but light; a frozen soul is no habitation for her; she wings with the dayspring and the rainbow; she shares the substance of human dreams and inspirations; she is one with the ideals and beacons and golden hopes that reign for ever in mankind's unconquerable heart.

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Under Western Eyes*

By Joseph Conrad

PART THIRD

I

The water under the bridge ran violent and deep. Its slightly undulating rush seemed capable of scouring out a channel for itself through solid granite while you looked. But had it flowed through Razumov's breast, it could not have washed away the accumulated bitterness the wrecking of his life had deposited there.

"What is the meaning of all this?" he thought, staring downwards at the headlong flow so smooth and clean that only the passage of a faint air-bubble, or a thin vanishing streak of foam like a white hair, disclosed its vertiginous rapidity, its terrible force. "Why has that meddlesome old Englishman blundered against me? And what is this silly tale of a crazy old woman?"

He was trying to think brutally on purpose, but he avoided any mental reference to the young girl. "A crazy old woman," he repeated to himself. "It is a fatality! Or ought I to despise all this as absurd? But no! I am wrong! I can't afford to despise anything. An absurdity may be the starting-point of the most dangerous complications. How is one to guard against it? It puts to rout one's intelligence. The more intelligent one is the less one suspects an absurdity."

A wave of wrath choked his thoughts for a moment. It even made his body leaning over the parapet quiver; then he resumed his silent thinking, like a secret dialogue with himself. And even in that privacy, his thought had some reservations of which he was vaguely conscious.

"After all, this is not absurd. It is insignificant. It is absolutely insignificant—absolutely. The craze of an old woman—the fussy officiousness of a blundering elderly Englishman. What devil put him in the way? Haven't I treated him

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cavalierly enough? Haven't I just? That's the way to treat these meddlesome persons. Is it possible that he still stands behind my back, waiting?"

Razumov felt a faint chill run down his spine. It was not fear. He was certain that it was not fear—not fear for himself—but it was, all the same, a sort of apprehension as if for another, for some one he knew without being able to put a name on the personality. But the recollection that the officious Englishman had a train to meet tranquillised him for a time. It was too stupid to suppose that he should be wasting his time in waiting. It was unnecessary to look round and make sure.

But what did the man mean by his extraordinary rigmarole about the newspaper, and that crazy old woman? he thought suddenly. It was a damnable presumption anyhow, something that only an Englishman could be capable of. All this was a sort of sport for him—the sport of revolution—a game to look at from the height of his superiority. And what on earth did he mean by his exclamation, "Won't the truth do?"

Razumov pressed his folded arms to the stone coping over which he was leaning with force. "Won't the truth do? The truth for the crazy old mother of the——"

The young man shuddered again. Yes. The truth would do! Apparently it would do. Exactly. And receive thanks, he thought, formulating the unspoken words cynically. "Fall on my neck in gratitude, no doubt," he jeered mentally. But this mood abandoned him at once. He felt sad, as if his heart had become empty suddenly. "Well, I must be cautious," he concluded, coming to himself as though his brain had been awakened from a trance. "There is nothing, no one, too insignificant, too absurd to be disregarded," he thought wearily. "I must be cautious."

Razumov pushed himself with his hand away from the balustrade and, retracing his steps along the bridge, walked straight to his lodgings, where, for a few days, he led a solitary and retired existence. He neglected Peter Ivanovitch, to whom he was accredited by the Stuttgart group; he never went near the refugee revolutionists, to whom he had been introduced on his arrival. He kept out of that world altogether. And he felt that such conduct, causing surprise and arousing suspicion, contained an element of danger for himself.

This is not to say that during these few days he never went out. I met him several times in the streets, but he gave me no recognition. Once, going home after an evening call on the

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ladies Haldin, I saw him crossing the dark roadway of the Boulevard des Philosophes. He had a broad-brimmed soft hat, and the collar of his coat turned up. I watched him make straight for the house, but, instead of going in, he stopped opposite the still lighted windows, and after a time went away down a side-street.

I knew that he had not been to see Mrs. Haldin yet. Miss Haldin told me he was reluctant; moreover the mental condition of Mrs. Haldin had changed. She seemed to think now that her son was living, and she perhaps awaited his arrival. Her immobility in the great armchair in front of the window had an air of expectancy, even when the blind was down and the lamps lighted.

For my part, I was convinced that she had received her death-stroke; Miss Haldin, to whom, of course, I said nothing of my forebodings, thought that no good would come from introducing Mr. Razumov just then, an opinion which I shared fully. I knew that she met the young man on the Bastions. Once or twice I saw them strolling slowly up the main alley. Perhaps they met every day. I don't know. I avoided passing that way during the hour when Miss Haldin took her exercise there. One day, however, in a fit of absent-mindedness, I entered the gates and came upon her walking alone. I stopped to exchange a few words. Mr. Razumov failed to turn up, and we began to talk about him—naturally.

"Did he tell you anything definite about your brother's activities—his end?" I ventured to ask.

"No," admitted Miss Haldin, with some hesitation. "Nothing definite."

I understood well enough that all their conversations must have been referred mentally to that dead man who had brought them together. That was unavoidable. But it was in the living man that she was interested. That was unavoidable too, I suppose. And as I pushed my inquiries I discovered that he had disclosed himself to her as a by no means conventional revolutionist, contemptuous of watchwords, of theories, of men too. I was rather pleased at that—but I was a little puzzled.

"His mind goes forward, far ahead of the struggle," Miss Haldin explained. "Of course, he is an actual worker too," she added.

"And do you understand him?" I inquired point-blank.

She hesitated again. "Not altogether," she murmured.

I perceived that he had fascinated her by an assumption of mysterious reserve.

"Do you know what I think?" she went on, breaking through

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her reserved, almost reluctant attitude: "I think that he is observing, studying me, to discover whether I am worthy of his trust. . . ."

"And that pleases you?"

She kept mysteriously silent for a moment. Then with energy, but in a confidential tone:

"I am convinced," she declared, "that this extraordinary man is meditating some vast plan, some great undertaking; he is possessed by it—he suffers from it—and from being alone in the world."

"And so he's looking for helpers?" I commented, turning away my head.

Again there was a silence.

"Why not?" she said at last.

The dead brother, the dying mother, the foreign friend, had fallen into a distant background. But, at the same time, Peter Ivanovitch was absolutely nowhere now. And this thought consoled me. Yet I saw the gigantic shadow of Russian life deepening around her like the darkness of an advancing night. It would devour her presently. I inquired after Mrs. Haldin—that other victim of the deadly shade.

A remorseful uneasiness appeared in her frank eyes. Mother seemed no worse, but if I only knew what strange fancies she had sometimes! Then Miss Haldin, glancing at her watch, declared that she could not stay a moment longer, and with a hasty handshake ran off lightly.

Decidedly, Mr. Razumov was not to turn up that day. Incomprehensible youth! . . .

But less than an hour afterwards, while crossing the Place Mollard, I caught sight of him boarding a South Shore tramcar.

"He's going to the Château Borel," I thought.

* * * * *

After depositing Razumov at the gates of the Château Borel, some half a mile or so from the town, the car continued its journey between two straight lines of shady trees. Across the roadway in the sunshine a short wooden pier jutted into the shallow pale water, which further out had an intense blue tint contrasting unpleasantly with the green orderly slopes on the opposite shore. The whole view, with the harbour jetties of white stone underlining lividly the dark front of the town to the left, and the expanding space of water to the right with jutting promontories of no particular character, had the uninspiring, glittering quality of a very fresh oleograph. Razumov turned his back on it with contempt. He thought it odious—oppressively odious—in its

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unsuggestive finish: the very perfection of mediocrity attained at last after centuries of toil and culture. And turning his back on it, he faced the entrance to the grounds of the Château Borel.

The bars of the central way and the wrought-iron arch between the dark weather-stained stone piers were very rusty; and, though fresh tracks of wheels ran under it, the gate looked as if it had not been opened for a very long time. But close against the lodge, built of the same grey stone as the piers (its windows were all boarded up), there was a small side entrance. The bars of that were rusty too; it stood ajar and looked as though it had not been closed for a long time. In fact, Razumov, trying to push it open a little wider, discovered it was immovable.

"Democratic virtue. There are no thieves here, apparently," he muttered to himself, with displeasure. Before advancing into the grounds he looked back sourly at an idle working man lounging on a bench in the clean, broad avenue. The fellow had thrown his feet up; one of his arms hung over the low back of the public seat; he was taking a day off in lordly repose, as if everything in sight belonged to him.

"Elector! Eligible! Enlightened," Razumov muttered to himself. "A brute all the same."

Razumov entered the grounds and walked fast up the wide sweep of the drive, trying to think of nothing—to rest his head, to rest his emotions too. But arriving at the foot of the terrace before the house he faltered, affected physically by some invisible interference. The mysteriousness of his quickened heart-beats startled him. He stopped short and looked at the brick wall of the terrace, faced with shallow arches, meagrely clothed by a few unthriving creepers, with an ill-kept narrow flower-bed along its foot.

"It is here!" he thought, with a sort of awe. "It is here—on this very spot. . . ."

He was tempted to flight at the mere recollection of his first meeting with Natalie Haldin. He confessed it to himself; but he did not move, and that not because he wished to resist an unworthy weakness, but because he knew that he had no place to fly to. Moreover, he could not leave Geneva. He recognised, even without thinking, that it was impossible. It would have been a fatal admission, an act of moral suicide. It would have been also physically dangerous. Slowly he ascended the stairs of the terrace, flanked by two stained greenish stone urns of funereal aspect.

Across the broad platform, where a few blades of grass sprouted on the discoloured gravel, the door of the house, with

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its ground-floor windows shuttered, faced him, wide open. He believed that his approach had been noted, because, framed in the doorway, without his tall hat, Peter Ivanovitch seemed to be waiting for his approach.

The ceremonious black frock-coat and the bared head of Europe's greatest feminist accentuated the dubiousness of his status in the house rented by Mme. de S——, his Egeria. His aspect combined the formality of the caller with the freedom of the proprietor. Florid and bearded and masked by the dark blue glasses, he met the visitor, and at once took him familiarly under the arm.

Razumov suppressed every sign of repugnance by an effort which the constant necessity of prudence had rendered almost mechanical. And this necessity had settled his expression in a cast of austere, almost fanatical, aloofness. The "heroic fugitive," impressed afresh by the severe detachment of this new arrival from revolutionary Russia, took a conciliatory, even a confidential tone. Mme. de S—— was resting after a bad night. She often had bad nights. He had left his hat upstairs on the landing and had come down to suggest to his young friend a stroll and a good open-hearted talk in one of the shady alleys behind the house. After voicing this proposal, the great man glanced at the unmoved face by his side, and could not restrain himself from exclaiming:

"On my word, young man, you are an extraordinary person."

"I fancy you are mistaken, Peter Ivanovitch. If I were really an extraordinary person, I would not be here, walking with you in a garden in Switzerland, Canton of Geneva, Commune of—what's the name of the commune this place belongs to? . . . Never mind—the heart of democracy, anyhow. A fit heart for it; no bigger than a parched pea and about as much value. I am no more extraordinary than the rest of us Russians, wandering abroad."

But Peter Ivanovitch protested emphatically:

"No! No! You are not ordinary. I have some experience of Russians who are—well—living abroad. You appear to me, and to others too, a marked personality."

"What does he mean by this?" Razumov asked himself, turning his eyes fully on his companion. The face of Peter Ivanovitch expressed a meditative seriousness.

"You don't suppose, Kirylo Sidorovitch, that I have not heard of you from various points where you made yourself known on your way here? I have had letters."

"Oh, we are great in talking about each other," interjected

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Razumov, who had listened with great attention. "Gossip, tales, suspicions, and all that sort of thing, we know how to deal in to perfection. Calumny even."

In indulging in this sally, Razumov managed very well to conceal the feeling of anxiety which had come over him. At the same time he was saying to himself that there could be no earthly reason for anxiety. He was relieved by the evident sincerity of the protesting voice.

"Heavens!" cried Peter Ivanovitch. "What are you talking about! What reason can *you* have to . . .?"

The great exile flung up his arms as if words had failed him in sober truth. Razumov was satisfied. Yet he was moved to continue in the same vein.

"I am talking of the poisonous plants which flourish in the world of conspirators, like evil mushrooms in a dark cellar."

"You are casting aspersions," remonstrated Peter Ivanovitch, "which as far as you are concerned——"

"No!" Razumov interrupted without heat. "Indeed, I don't want to cast aspersions, but it's just as well to have no illusions."

Peter Ivanovitch gave him an inscrutable glance of his dark spectacles, accompanied by a faint smile.

"The man who says that he has no illusions has at least that one," he said, in a very friendly tone. "But I see how it is, Kirylo Sidorovitch. You aim at stoicism."

"Stoicism! That's a pose of the Greeks and the Romans. Let's leave it to them. We are Russians, that is—children; that is—sincere; that is—cynical, if you like. But that's not a pose."

A long silence ensued. They strolled slowly under the lime-trees. Peter Ivanovitch had put his hands behind his back. Razumov felt the ungravelled ground of the deeply shaded walk, damp and as if slippery under his feet. He asked himself, with uneasiness, if he were saying the right things. The direction of the conversation ought to have been more under his control, he reflected. The great man appeared to be reflecting on his side too. He cleared his throat slightly, and Razumov felt at once a painful reawakening of scorn and fear.

"I am astonished," began Peter Ivanovitch gently. "Supposing you are right in your indictment, how can you raise any question of calumny or gossip, in your case? It is unreasonable. The fact is, Kirylo Sidorovitch, there is not enough known of you to give hold to gossip or even calumny. Just now you are a man associated with a great deed, which had been hoped for,

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and tried for too, without success. People have perished for attempting that which you and Haldin have done at last. You come to us out of Russia, with that prestige. But you cannot deny that you have not been communicative, Kirylo Sidorovitch. People you have met imparted their impressions to me; one wrote this, another that, but I form my own opinions. I waited to see you first. You are a man out of the common. That's positively so. You are close, very close. This taciturnity, this severe brow, this something inflexible and secret in you, inspires hopes and a little wonder as to what you may mean. There is something of a Brutus . . ."

"Pray spare me those classical allusions," burst out Razumov nervously. "What comes Junius Brutus to do here? It is ridiculous! Do you mean to say," he added sarcastically, but lowering his voice, "that the Russian revolutionists are all patricians and that I am an aristocrat?"

Peter Ivanovitch, who had been helping himself with a few gestures, clasped his hands again behind his back, and made a few steps, pondering.

"Not *all* patricians," he muttered, at last. "But you, at any rate, are one of *us*."

Razumov smiled bitterly.

"To be sure my name is not Gugenheimer," he said in a sneering tone. "I am not a democratic Jew. How can I help it? Not everybody has such luck. I have no name, I have no . . ."

The European celebrity showed a great concern. He stepped back a pace and his arms flew in front of his person, extended, deprecatory, almost entreating. His deep bass voice was full of pain.

"But, my dear young friend!" he cried. "My dear Kirylo Sidorovitch . . ."

Razumov shook his head.

"The very patronymic you are so civil as to use when addressing me I have no legal right to—but what of that? I don't wish to claim it. I have no father. So much the better. But I will tell you what: my mother's grandfather was a peasant—a serf. See how much I am one of *you*. I don't want any one to claim me. But Russia *can't* disown me. She cannot!"

Razumov struck his breast with his fist.

"I am *it!*"

Peter Ivanovitch walked on slowly, his head lowered. Razumov followed, vexed with himself. That was not the right sort of talk. All sincerity was an imprudence. Yet one could not

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renounce truth altogether, he thought, with despair. Peter Ivanovitch, meditating behind his dark glasses, became to him suddenly so odious that if he had had a knife, he fancied he could have stabbed him not only without compunction, but with a horrible, triumphant satisfaction. His imagination dwelt on that atrocity in spite of himself. It was as if he were becoming light-headed. "It is not what is expected of me," he repeated to himself. "It is not what is—I could get away by breaking the fastening on the little gate I see there in the back wall. It is a flimsy lock. Nobody in the house seems to know he is here with me. Oh, yes. The hat! These women would discover presently the hat he has left on the landing. They would come upon him, lying dead in this damp gloomy shade—but I would be gone and no one could ever . . . Lord! Am I going mad?" he asked himself in a fright.

The great man was heard—musing in an undertone.

"H'm, yes! That—no doubt—in a certain sense——" He raised his voice. "There is a deal of pride about you——"

The intonation of Peter Ivanovitch took on a homely, familiar ring, acknowledging, in a way, Razumov's claim to peasant descent.

"A great deal of pride, brother Kirylo. And I don't say that you have no justification for it. I have admitted you had. I have ventured to allude to the facts of your birth simply because I attach no mean importance to it. You are one of us—*un des nôtres*. I reflect on that with satisfaction."

"I attach some importance to it also," said Razumov quietly. "I won't even deny that it may have some importance for you too," he continued, after a slight pause and with a touch of grimness of which he was himself aware, with some annoyance. He hoped it had escaped the perception of Peter Ivanovitch. "But suppose we talk no more about it?"

"Well, we shall not—not after this one time, Kirylo Sidorovitch," persisted the noble arch-priest of Revolution. "This shall be the last occasion. You cannot believe for a moment that I had the slightest idea of wounding your feelings. You are clearly a superior nature—that's how I read you. Quite above the common—h'm—susceptibilities. But the fact is, Kirylo Sidorovitch, I don't know your susceptibilities. Nobody, out of Russia, knows much of you—as yet!"

"You have been watching me," suggested Razumov.

"Yes."

The great man had spoken in a tone of perfect frankness, but

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as they turned their faces to each other Razumov felt baffled by the dark spectacles. Under their cover, Peter Ivanovitch hinted that he had felt for some time the need of meeting a man of energy and character, in view of a certain project. He said nothing more precise however; and after some critical remarks upon the personalities of the various members of the committee of revolutionary action in Stuttgart, he let the conversation lapse for quite a long while. They paced the alley from end to end. Razumov, silent too, raised his eyes from time to time to cast a glance at the back of the house. It offered no sign of being inhabited. With its grimy weather-stained walls and all the windows shuttered from top to bottom, it looked damp and gloomy and deserted. It might very well have been haunted in traditional style by some doleful, groaning, futile ghost of a middle-class order. The shades evoked, as worldly rumour had it, by Mme. de S—— to meet statesmen, diplomatists, deputies of various European Parliaments, must have been of another sort. Razumov had never seen Mme. de S—— but in the carriage.

Peter Ivanovitch came out of his abstraction.

"Two things I may say to you at once. I believe, first, that neither a leader nor any decisive action can come out of the dregs of a people. Now, if you ask me what are the dregs of a people—h'm—it would take too long to tell. You would be surprised at the variety of ingredients that for me go to the making up of these dregs—of that which ought, *must* remain at the bottom. Moreover, such a statement might be subject to discussion. But I can tell you what is *not* the dregs. On that it is impossible for us to disagree. The peasantry of a people is not the dregs; neither is its highest class—well—the nobility. Reflect on that, Kirylo Sidorovitch! I believe you are well fitted for reflection. Everything in a people that is not genuine, not its own by origin or development, is—well—dirt! Intelligence in the wrong place is that. Foreign-bred doctrines are that. Dirt! Dregs! The second thing I would offer to your meditation is this: that for us at this moment there yawns a chasm between the past and the future. It can never be bridged by foreign liberalism. All attempts at it are either folly or cheating. Bridged it can never be! It has to be filled up."

A sort of sinister jocularity had crept into the tones of the burly feminist. He seized Razumov's arm above the elbow, and gave it a slight shake.

"Do you understand, enigmatical young man? It has got to be just filled up."

Razumov kept an unmoved countenance.

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"Don't you think that I have already gone beyond meditation on that subject?" he said, freeing his arm by a quiet movement which increased the distance a little between himself and Peter Ivanovitch, as they went on strolling abreast. And he added that surely whole cartloads of words and theories could never fill that chasm. No meditation was necessary. A sacrifice of many lives could alone—— He fell silent without finishing the phrase.

Peter Ivanovitch inclined his big hairy head slowly. After a moment he proposed that they should go and see if Mme. de S—— was now visible.

"We shall get some tea," he said, turning out of the shaded gloomy walk with a brisker step.

The lady companion had been on the look-out. Her dark skirt whisked into the doorway, as the two men came in sight round the corner. She ran off somewhere altogether, and had disappeared when they entered the hall. In the crude light falling from the dusty glass skylight upon the black and white tessellated floor covered with muddy tracks, their footsteps echoed faintly. The great feminist led the way up the stairs. On the balustrade of the first-floor landing, a shiny tall hat reposed, rim upwards, opposite the double door of the drawing-room, haunted, it was said, by evoked ghosts, and frequented, it was to be supposed, by fugitive revolutionists. The cracked white paint of the panels, the tarnished gilt of the mouldings, permitted one to imagine nothing but dust and emptiness within. Before turning the massive brass handle, Peter Ivanovitch gave his young companion a sharp, partly critical, partly preparatory glance.

"No one is perfect," he murmured discreetly. Thus, the possessor of a rare jewel might, before opening the casket, warn the profane that no gem perhaps is flawless.

He remained with his hand on the door-handle so long that Razumov assented by a moody "No."

"Perfection itself would not produce that effect," pursued Peter Ivanovitch, "in a world not meant for it. But you shall find there a mind—no!—the quintessence of feminine intuition which will understand any perplexity you may be suffering from by the irresistible, enlightening force of sympathy. Nothing can remain obscure before that—that—inspired, yes, inspired penetration, this true light of feminity."

The gaze of the dark spectacles in its glossy steadfastness gave his face an air of absolute conviction. Razumov felt a momentary shrinking before that mysterious door.

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"Penetration? Light," he stammered out. "Do you mean some sort of thought-reading?"

Peter Ivanovitch seemed shocked.

"I mean something utterly different," he retorted with a faint pitying smile.

Razumov began to feel angry, very much against his wish.

"This is very mysterious," he muttered through his teeth.

"You don't object to being understood, to being guided?" queried the great feminist.

Razumov exploded in a fierce whisper.

"In what sense? Be pleased to understand that I am a serious person. Who do you take me for?"

They looked at each other very closely. Razumov's temper was cooled by the impenetrable earnestness of the blue glasses meeting his stare. Peter Ivanovitch turned the handle at last.

"You shall know directly," he said, pushing the door open.

A low-pitched but harsh voice was heard within the room.

"*Enfin. Vous voilà.*"

In the doorway, his black-coated bulk blocking the view, Peter Ivanovitch boomed in a hearty tone with something boastful in it.

"Yes. Here I am!"

He glanced over his shoulder at Razumov, who waited for him to move on.

"And I am bringing you a proved conspirator—a real one this time. *Un vrai celui là.*"

This pause in the doorway gave the "proved conspirator" time to make sure that his face did not betray his angry curiosity and his mental disgust.

These sentiments stand confessed in Mr. Razumov's memorandum of his first interview with Mme. de S——. The very words I use in my narrative are written where their sincerity cannot be suspected. At any rate, the sincerity of their self-revealing intention cannot be. Out of those pages, summarising months here, detailing days there with an almost incredible precision, out of the record of contradictory, incoherent thoughts emerges a personality struggling for existence both against truth and falsehood; a personality rising to a symbolic significance by the revealing nature of its individual fate. The record, which could not have been meant for any one's eyes but his own, was not, I think, the outcome of that strange impulse of indiscretion common to men who lead secret lives, and accounting for the invariable existence of "compromising documents" in all the plots and conspiracies of history. Mr. Razumov

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looked at it, I suppose, as a man looks at himself in a mirror, with wonder, perhaps with anguish, with anger or despair. Yes, as a threatened man may look fearfully at his own face in the glass, formulating to himself reassuring excuses for his appearance marked by the taint of some insidious hereditary disease.

II

The Egeria of the "Russian Mazzini" produced, at first view, a strong effect by the death-like immobility of an obviously painted face. The eyes appeared extraordinarily brilliant. The figure, in a close-fitting dress, admirably made, but by no means fresh, had an elegant stiffness. The harsh voice inviting him to sit down; the rigidity of the upright attitude with one arm extended along the back of the sofa, the white gleam of the big eyeballs setting off the black fathomless stare of the enlarged pupils, impressed Razumov more than anything he had seen since his hasty and secret departure from St. Petersburg. A witch in Parisian clothes, he thought. A portent! He actually hesitated in his advance, and did not even comprehend, at first, what the harsh voice was saying.

"Sit down. Draw your chair nearer me. There——"

He sat down. At close quarters the rouged cheek-bones, the wrinkles, the fine lines on each side of the vivid lips, astounded him. He was being received graciously, with a smile which made him think of a grinning skull.

"We have been hearing about you for some time."

He did not know what to say, and murmured some disconnected words. The grinning skull effect vanished.

"And do you know that the general complaint is that you have shown yourself very reserved everywhere."

Razumov remained silent for a time, thinking of his answer.

"I, don't you see, am a man of action," he said huskily, glancing upwards.

Peter Ivanovitch stood in portentous expectant silence by the side of his chair. A slight feeling of nausea came over Razumov. What could be the relations of these two people to each other? She like a galvanised corpse out of some Hoffman's Tale, he the preacher of feminist gospel for all the world and a super-revolutionist besides! This ancient painted mummy with unfathomable eyes and this burly, bull-necked, deferential . . . what was it? Witchcraft, fascination. . . . It's for her money," he thought. "She has millions!"

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The walls, the floor of the room were bare like a barn. The few pieces of furniture had been discovered in the garrets and dragged down into service without having been properly dusted even. It was the refuse the banker's widow had left behind her. The windows without curtains had an indigent, sleepless look. In two of them the dirty yellowy-white blinds had been pulled down. All this spoke, not of poverty, but of sordid penuriousness.

The hoarse voice on the sofa uttered angrily:

"You are looking round, Kirylo Sidorovitch. I have been shamefully robbed, positively ruined."

A rattling laugh, which seemed beyond her control, interrupted her for a moment.

"A slavish nature would find consolation in the fact that the principal robber was an exalted and almost a sacrosanct person—a Grand Duke in fact. Do you understand, Mr. Razumov? A Grand Duke—No! You have no idea what thieves those people are! Downright thieves!"

Her bosom heaved, but the arm remained rigidly extended along the back of the couch.

"You will only upset yourself," breathed out a deep voice, which to Razumov's startled glance seemed to proceed from under the steady spectacles of Peter Ivanovitch, rather than from his lips, which had hardly moved.

"What of that? I say thieves! *Voleurs! Voleurs!*"

Razumov was quite confounded by this unexpected clamour, which had in it something of wailing and croaking, and more than a suspicion of hysteria.

"*Voleurs! Voleurs! Vol . . .*"

"No power on earth can rob you of your genius," shouted Peter Ivanovitch in an overpowering bass, but without stirring, without a gesture of any kind. A profound silence fell.

Razumov remained outwardly impassive. "What is the meaning of this performance," he was asking himself. But with a preliminary sound of bumping outside some door behind him, the lady companion, in a threadbare black skirt and frayed blouse, came in rapidly, walking on her heels, and carrying in both hands a big Russian samovar, obviously too heavy for her. Razumov made an instinctive movement to help, which startled her so much that she nearly dropped her hissing burden. She managed, however, to land it on the table, and looked so frightened that Razumov hastened to sit down. She produced then from an adjacent room four glass tumblers, a teapot and a sugar-basin, on a black iron tray.

The harsh voice spoke from the sofa abruptly.

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"*Les gateaux?* Have you remembered to bring the cakes?"

Peter Ivanovitch, without a word, marched out on to the landing, and returned instantly with a parcel wrapped up in white glazed paper, which he must have extracted from the interior of his hat. With imperturbable gravity he undid the string and smoothed the paper open on a part of the table within reach of Mme. de S——'s hand. The lady companion poured out the tea, then retired into a distant corner out of everybody's sight, and a conversation began. From time to time, Mme. de S—— extended a claw-like hand glittering with costly rings towards the paper of cakes, took up one and devoured it, displaying her big false teeth ghoulishly. Meantime, she talked in a hoarse tone of the political situation in the Balkans. She built great hopes on some complication in the peninsula for arousing a great movement of national indignation in Russia against "these thieves—thieves—thieves."

"You will only upset yourself," Peter Ivanovitch interposed, raising his glassy gaze. He smoked cigarettes and drank tea in silence, continuously. When he had finished a glass, he flourished his hand above his shoulder. At that signal the lady companion ensconced in her corner, with round eyes like a watchful animal, would dart out to the table and pour him out another tumblerful.

Razumov looked at her once or twice. She was anxious, tremulous, though neither Mme. de S—— nor Peter Ivanovitch paid the slightest attention to her. "What have they done between them to that forlorn creature?" Razumov asked himself. "Have they terrified her out of her senses with ghosts or simply have they only been beating her?" When she gave him his second glass of tea, he noticed that her lips trembled in the manner of a scared person about to burst into speech. But of course she said nothing, and retired into her corner, as if hugging to herself the smile of thanks he gave her.

"She may be worth cultivating," thought Razumov suddenly.

He was calming down, getting hold of the actuality into which he had been thrown—for the first time perhaps since Viktor Haldin had entered his room . . . and had gone out again. He was distinctly aware of being the object of the famous—or notorious—Mme. de S——'s ghastly graciousness.

Mme. de S—— was pleased to discover that this young man was different from the other types of revolutionist members of committees, secret emissaries, vulgar and unmannerly fugitive professors, rough students, ex-cobblers with apostolic faces, consumptive and ragged enthusiasts, Jewish youths, common fellows of all sorts that used to come and go around Peter

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Ivanovitch—fanatics, pedants, proletarians all. It was possible to talk to this young man of notably good appearance—for Mme. de S—— was not always in a mystical state of mind. Razumov's taciturnity only excited her to a quicker, more voluble utterance. It still dealt with the Balkans. She knew all the statesmen of that region, Turks, Bulgarians, Montenegrins, Roumanians, Greeks, Armenians, and nondescripts, young and old, the living and the dead. With some money an intrigue could be started which would set the Peninsula in a blaze and outrage the sentiment of the Russian people. A cry of abandoned brothers could be raised, and then, with the nation seething with indignation, a couple of regiments or so would be enough to begin a military revolution in St. Petersburg and make an end of these thieves. . . .

"Apparently I've got only to sit still and listen," the silent Razumov thought to himself. "As to that hairy and obscene brute" (in such terms did Mr. Razumov refer mentally to the popular expounder of a feministic conception of social state), "as to him, for all his cunning he too shall speak out at last."

Razumov ceased to think for a moment. Then a sombre-toned reflection formulated itself in his mind, ironical and bitter. "I have the gift of inspiring confidence." He heard himself laughing aloud. It was like a goad to the painted, shiny-eyed harridan on a sofa.

"You may well laugh!" she cried hoarsely. "What else can one do! Perfect swindlers—and what base swindlers at that! Cheap Germans—Holstein-Gottorps! Though indeed it's hardly safe to say who and what they are. A family that counts a creature like Catherine the Great in its ancestry—you understand!"

"You are only upsetting yourself," said Peter Ivanovitch, patiently but in a firm tone. This admonition had its usual effect on the Egeria. She dropped her thick, discoloured eyelids and changed her position on the sofa. All her angular and lifeless movements seemed completely automatic now that her eyes were closed. Presently she opened them very full. Peter Ivanovitch drank tea steadily, without haste.

"Well, I declare!" She addressed Razumov directly. "The people who have seen you on your way here are right. You are very reserved. You haven't said twenty words altogether since you came in. You let nothing of your thoughts be seen in your face either."

"I have been listening, Madame," said Razumov, using French for the first time, hesitatingly, not being certain of his accent. But it seemed to produce an excellent impression. Mme. de S——

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looked meaningly into Peter Ivanovitch's spectacles, as if to convey her conviction of this young man's merit. She even nodded the least bit in his direction, and Razumov heard her murmur under her breath the words, "Later on in the diplomatic service," which could not but refer to the favourable impression he had made. The fantastic absurdity of it revolted him because it seemed to outrage his ruined hopes with the vision of a mock-career. Peter Ivanovitch, impassive as though he were deaf, drank some more tea. Razumov felt that he must say something.

"Yes," he began deliberately, as if uttering a meditated opinion. "Clearly. Even in planning a purely military revolution the temper of the people should be taken into account."

"You have understood me perfectly. The discontent should be spiritualised. That is what the ordinary head of revolutionary committees will not understand. They aren't capable of it. For instance, Mordatiev was in Geneva last month. Peter Ivanovitch brought him here. You know Mordatiev? Well, yes—you have heard of him. They call him an eagle—a hero! He has never done half as much as you have. Never attempted—not half. . . ."

Mme. de S—— agitated herself angularly on the sofa.

"We, of course, talked to him. And do you know what he said to me? 'What have we to do with Balkan intrigues? We must simply extirpate the scoundrels.' Extirpate is all very well—but what then? The imbecile! I screamed at him, 'But you must spiritualise—don't you understand?—spiritualise the discontent.' . . ."

She felt nervously in her pocket for a handkerchief; she pressed it to her lips.

"Spiritualise?" said Razumov interrogatively, watching her heaving breast. The long ends of an old black lace scarf she wore over her head slipped off her shoulders and hung down on each side of her ghastly rosy cheeks.

"An odious creature," she burst out again. "Imagine a man who takes five lumps of sugar in his tea. . . . Yes, I said spiritualise! How else can you make discontent effective and universal?"

"Listen to this, young man." Peter Ivanovitch made himself heard solemnly. "Effective and universal."

Razumov looked at him suspiciously.

"Some say hunger will do that," he remarked.

"Yes. I know. Our people are starving in heaps. But you can't make famine universal. And it is not despair that we

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want to create. There is no moral support to be got out of that. It is indignation. . . ."

Mme. de S—— let her thin extended arm sink on her knees.

"I am not a Mordatiev," began Razumov.

"*Bien sûr!*" murmured Mme. de S——.

"Though I too am ready to say extirpate, extirpate! But in my ignorance of political work, permit me to ask: A Balkan—well—intrigue, wouldn't that take a very long time?"

Peter Ivanovitch got up and moved off quietly to stand with his face to the window. Razumov heard a door close; he turned his head and perceived that the lady companion had scuttled out of the room.

"In matters of politics I am a supernaturalist." Mme. de S—— broke the silence, harshly.

Peter Ivanovitch moved away from the window and struck Razumov lightly on the shoulder. This was a signal for leaving, but at the same time he addressed Mme. de S——, in a peculiar reminding tone:

"Eleanor!"

Whatever it meant, she did not seem to hear him. She leaned back in the corner of the sofa like a wooden figure. The immovable peevishness of the face, framed in the limp rusty lace, had a character of cruelty.

"As to extirpating," she croaked at the attentive Razumov, "there is only one class in Russia which must be extirpated. Only one. And that class consists of only one family. You understand me? That one family must be extirpated."

Her rigidity was frightful, like the rigour of a corpse galvanised into harsh speech and glittering stare by the force of murderous hate. The sight fascinated Razumov—yet he felt more self-possessed at that moment than at any other since he had entered that weirdly bare room. He was interested. But the great feminist by his side again uttered his appeal:

"Eleanor!"

She disregarded it. Her carmine lips moved with an extraordinary rapidity. The liberating spirit would use arms before which rivers would part like Jordan, and ramparts fall down like the walls of Jericho. The deliverance from bondage would be effected by plagues and by signs, by wonders and by war. The women . . .

"Eleanor!"

She ceased; she had heard him at last. She pressed her hand to her forehead.

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"What is it? Ah, yes! That girl—the sister of . . ."

It was Miss Haldin that she meant. That young girl and her mother had been leading a very retired life. They were provincial ladies—were they not? The mother had been very beautiful—traces were left yet. Peter Ivanovitch, when he called there for the first time, was greatly struck. . . . But the cold way they received him was really surprising.

"He is one of our national glories," Mme. de S—— cried out, with sudden vehemence. "All the world listens to him."

"I don't know these ladies," said Razumov loudly, rising from his chair.

"What are you saying, Kirylo Sidorovitch? I understand that she was talking to you here, in the garden, the other day."

"Yes, in the garden," said Razumov gloomily. Then, with an effort: "She made herself known to me."

"And then ran away from us all," Mme. de S—— continued, with ghastly vivacity. "After coming to the very door! What a peculiar proceeding! Well, I have been a shy little provincial girl at one time. Yes, Razumov" (she fell into this familiarity intentionally, with an appalling grimace of graciousness. Razumov gave a perceptible start), "yes, that's my origin. A simple provincial family."

"You are wonderful," Peter Ivanovitch uttered in his deepest voice.

But it was to Razumov that she gave her death's-head smile. Her tone was quite imperious.

"You must bring the wild young thing here. She is wanted. I reckon upon your success—mind!"

"She is not a wild young thing," muttered Razumov, in a surly voice.

"Well then—that's all the same. She may be one of these young conceited democrats. Do you know what I think? I think she is very much like you in character. There is a smouldering fire of scorn in you. You are darkly self-sufficient, but I can see your very soul."

Her shiny eyes had a dry intense stare, which, missing Razumov, gave him an absurd notion that she was looking at something which was visible to her behind him. He cursed himself for an impressionable fool, and asked with forced calmness:

"What is it you see? Anything resembling me?"

She moved her rigidly set face from left to right, negatively.

"Some sort of phantom in my image?" pursued Razumov slowly. "For, I suppose, a soul when it is seen is just that. A vain thing. There are phantoms of the living as well as of the dead."

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The tenseness of Mme. de S——'s stare had relaxed, and now she looked at Razumov in a silence that became disconcerting.

"I myself have had an experience," he stammered out, as if compelled. "I've seen a phantom."

The unnaturally red lips moved to frame a question harshly.

"Of a dead person?"

"No. Living."

"A friend?"

"No."

"An enemy?"

"I hated him."

"Ah! It was not a woman then?"

"A woman!" repeated Razumov, his eyes looking straight into the eyes of Mme. de S——. "Why should it have been a woman? And why this conclusion? Why should I not have been able to hate a woman?"

As a matter of fact, the idea of hating a woman was new to him. At that moment he hated Mme. de S——. But it was not exactly hate. It was more like the abhorrence that may be caused by a wooden or plaster figure of a repulsive kind. And she moved no more than if she were such a figure; even her eyes, whose unwinking stare plunged into his own, though shining were lifeless as though they were as artificial as her teeth. For the first time Razumov became aware of a faint perfume; but faint as it was it nauseated him exceedingly. Peter Ivanovitch tapped him slightly on the shoulder. Thereupon he bowed, and was about to turn away when he received the unexpected favour of a bony inanimate hand extended to him, with the two words in hoarse French:

"*Au revoir!*"

He bowed over the skeleton hand and left the room, escorted by the great man, who made him go out first. The voice from the sofa cried after them.

"You remain here, *Pierre.*"

"Certainly, *ma chère amie.*"

But he left the room with Razumov, shutting the door behind him. The landing was prolonged into a bare corridor, right and left, desolate perspectives of white and gold decoration without a strip of carpet. The very light, pouring through a large window at the end, seemed dusty; and a solitary speck reposing on the balustrade of white marble—the silk top-hat of the great feminist—asserted itself extremely, black and glossy in all that crude whiteness.

Peter Ivanovitch escorted the visitor without opening his lips.

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Even when they had reached the head of the stairs Peter Ivanovitch did not break the silence. Razumov's impulse to continue down the flight and out of the house without as much as a nod abandoned him suddenly. He stopped on the first step and leaned his back against the wall. Below him the great hall with its chequered floor of black and white seemed absurdly large and like some public place where a great power of resonance awaits the provocation of footfalls and voices. As if afraid of awakening the loud echoes of that empty house, Razumov adopted a low tone.

"I really have no mind to turn into a dilettante spiritualist."

Peter Ivanovitch shook his head slightly, very serious.

"Or spend my time in spiritual ecstasies or sublime meditations upon the gospel of feminism," continued Razumov. "I made my way here for my share of action—action, most respected Peter Ivanovitch! It was not the great European writer who attracted me, here, to this odious town of liberty. It was somebody much greater. It was the idea of the chief which attracted me. There are starving young men in Russia who believe in you so much that it seems the only thing that keeps them alive in their misery. Think of that, Peter Ivanovitch! No! But only think of that!"

The great man, thus entreated, perfectly motionless and silent, was the very image of patient, placid respectability.

"Of course I don't speak of the people. They are brutes," added Razumov, in the same subdued but forcible tone. At this, a protesting murmur issued from the "heroic fugitive's" beard. A murmur of authority.

"Say—children."

"No! Brutes!" Razumov insisted bluntly.

"But they are sound, they are innocent," the great man pleaded in a whisper.

"As far as that goes, a brute is sound enough." Razumov raised his voice at last. "And you can't deny the natural innocence of a brute. But what's the use of disputing about names. You just try to give these children the power and stature of men and see what they will be like. You just give it to them and see. . . . But never mind. I tell you, Peter Ivanovitch, that half a dozen young men do not come together nowadays in a shabby student's room without your name being whispered, not as a leader of thought, but as a centre of revolutionary energies—the centre of action. What else has drawn me near you, do you think? It is not what all the world knows of you, surely. It's precisely what the world at large does not know. I was irresistibly drawn—

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let us say impelled, yes, impelled; or rather compelled, driven—driven," repeated Razumov loudly, and ceased, as if startled by the hollow reverberation of the word "driven" along two bare corridors and in the great empty hall.

Peter Ivanovitch did not seem startled in the least. The young man could not control a dry uneasy laugh. The great revolutionist remained unmoved with an effect of commonplace, homely superiority.

"Curse him," said Razumov to himself, "he is waiting behind his spectacles for me to give myself away." Then aloud, with a satanic enjoyment of the scorn prompting him to play with the greatness of the great man:

"Ah, Peter Ivanovitch, if you only knew the force which drew—no, which *drove* me towards you. The irresistible force."

He did not feel any desire to laugh now. This time Peter Ivanovitch moved his head sideways, knowingly, as much as to say: "Don't I?" This expressive movement was almost imperceptible. Razumov went on in secret derision.

"All these days you have been trying to read me, Peter Ivanovitch. That is natural. I have perceived it and I have been frank. Perhaps you may think I have not been very expansive? But with a man like you it was not needed; it would have looked like an impertinence, perhaps. And besides, we Russians are prone to talk too much as a rule. I have always felt that. And yet, as a nation, we are dumb. I assure you that I am not likely to talk to you so much again—ha! ha!——"

Razumov, still keeping on the lower step, came a little nearer to the great man.

"You have been condescending enough. I quite understood it was to lead me on. You must render me the justice that I have not tried to please. I have been impelled, compelled, or rather sent—let us say sent—towards you for a work that no one but myself can do. You would call it a harmless delusion: a ridiculous delusion at which you don't even smile. It is absurd of me to talk like this, yet some day you shall remember these words, I hope. Enough of this. Here I stand before you—confessed! But one thing more I must add to complete it: a mere blind tool I can never consent to be."

Whatever acknowledgment Razumov was prepared for, he was not prepared to have both his hands seized in the great man's grasp. The swiftness of the movement was aggressive enough to startle. The burly feminist could not have been quicker had his purpose been to jerk Razumov treacherously up on the landing and bundle him behind one of the numerous closed doors near by.

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This idea actually occurred to Razumov; his hands being released after a darkly eloquent squeeze, he smiled, with a beating heart, straight at the beard and the spectacles hiding that impenetrable man.

He thought to himself (it stands confessed in his handwriting): "I won't move from here till he either speaks or turns away. This is a duel." Many seconds passed without a sign or sound.

"Yes, yes," the great man said hurriedly, in subdued tones, as if the whole thing had been a stolen, breathless interview. "Exactly. Come to see us here in a few days. This must be gone into deeply—deeply, between you and me. Quite to the bottom. To the . . . And, by-the-bye, you must bring along Natalie Victorovna—you know, the Haldin girl . . ."

"Am I to take this as my first instruction from you?" inquired Razumov stiffly.

Peter Ivanovitch seemed perplexed by this new attitude.

"Ah! h'm! You are naturally the proper person—*la personne indiquée*. Every one shall be wanted presently. Every one."

He bent down from the landing over Razumov, who had lowered his eyes.

"The moment of action approaches," he murmured.

Razumov did not look up. He did not move till he heard the door of the drawing-room close behind the greatest of feminists returning to his painted Egeria. Then he walked down slowly into the hall. The door stood open, and the shadow of the house was lying aslant over the greatest part of the terrace. While crossing it slowly, he lifted his hat and wiped his damp forehead, expelling his breath with force to get rid of the last vestiges of the air he had been breathing inside. He looked at the palms of his hands, and rubbed them gently against his thighs.

He felt, bizarre as it may seem, as though another self, an independent sharer of his mind, had been able to view his whole person very distinctly indeed. "This is curious," he thought. After a while he formulated his opinion of it in the mental ejaculation: "Beastly!" This disgust vanished before a marked uneasiness. "This is an effect of nervous exhaustion," he reflected with weary sagacity. "How am I to go on day after day if I have no more power of resistance—moral resistance?"

He followed the path at the foot of the terrace. "Moral resistance, moral resistance"; he kept on repeating these words mentally. Moral endurance. Yes, that was the necessity of the situation. An immense longing to make his way out of

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these grounds and to the other end of the town, of throwing himself on his bed and going to sleep for hours, swept everything clean out of his mind for a moment. "Is it possible that I am but a weak creature after all?" he asked himself, in sudden alarm. "Eh! What's that?"

He gave a start as if awakened from a dream. He even swayed a little before recovering himself.

"Ah! You stole away from us quietly to walk about here," he said.

The lady companion stood before him, but how she came there he had not the slightest idea. Her folded arms were closely cherishing the cat.

"I have been unconscious as I walked, it's a positive fact," said Razumov to himself in wonder. He raised his hat with marked civility.

The sallow woman blushed duskily. She had her invariably scared expression, as if somebody had just disclosed to her some terrible news. But she held her ground, Razumov noticed, without timidity. "She is incredibly shabby," he thought. In the sunlight her black costume looked greenish, with here and there threadbare patches where the stuff seemed decomposed by age into a velvety, black, furry state. Her very hair and eyebrows looked shabby. Razumov wondered whether she were sixty years old. Her figure, though, was young enough. He observed that she did not appear starved, but rather as if she had been fed on unwholesome scraps and leavings of plates.

Razumov smiled amiably and moved out of her way. She turned her head to keep her scared eyes on him.

"I know what you have been told in there," she affirmed, without preliminaries. Her tone, in contrast with her manner, had an unexpectedly assured character which put Razumov at his ease.

"Do you? You must have heard all sorts of talk on many occasions in there."

She varied her phrase, with the same incongruous effect of positiveness.

"I know to a certainty what you have been told to do."

"Really?" Razumov shrugged his shoulders a little. He was about to pass on with a bow, when a sudden thought struck him. "Yes. To be sure! In your confidential position you are aware of many things," he murmured, looking at the cat.

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That animal got a momentary convulsive hug from the lady companion.

"Everything was disclosed to me a long time ago," she said.

"Everything," Razumov repeated absently.

"Peter Ivanovitch is an awful despot," she jerked out.

Razumov went on studying the stripes on the grey fur of the cat.

"An iron will is an integral part of such a temperament. How else could he be a leader. And I think that you are mistaken in——"

"There!" she cried. "He tells me that I am mistaken. But I tell you all the same that he cares for no one." She jerked her head up. "Don't you bring that girl here. That's what you have been told to do—to bring that girl here. Listen to me; you had better tie a stone round her neck and throw her into the lake."

Razumov had a sensation of chill and gloom, as if a heavy cloud had passed over the sun.

"The girl," he said. "What have I to do with her?"

"But you have been told to bring Natalie Haldin here. Am I not right? Of course I am right. I was not in the room, but I know. I know Peter Ivanovitch sufficiently well. He is a great man. Great men are horrible. Well, that's it. Have nothing to do with her. That's the best you can do, unless you want her to become like me—disillusioned! Disillusioned!"

"Like you," repeated Razumov, glaring at her face, as devoid of all comeliness of feature and complexion as the most miserable beggar is of money. He smiled, still feeling chilly: a peculiar sensation which annoyed him. "Disillusioned as to Peter Ivanovitch! Is that all you have lost?"

She declared, looking frightened, but with immense conviction: "Peter Ivanovitch stands for everything." Then she added, in another tone: "Keep the girl away from this house."

"And are you absolutely inciting me to disobey Peter Ivanovitch just because—because you are disillusioned?"

She began to blink.

"Directly I saw you for the first time I was comforted. You took your hat off to me. You looked as if one could trust you. Oh!"

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She shrank before Razumov's savage snarl of, "I have heard something like this before."

She was so confounded that she could do nothing but blink for a long time.

"It was your humane manner," she explained plaintively. "I have been starving for, I won't say kindness, but just for a little civility, for I don't know how long. And now you are angry . . ."

"But no, on the contrary," he protested. "I am very glad you trust me. It's possible that later on I may . . ."

"Yes, if you were to get ill," she interrupted eagerly, "or meet some bitter trouble, you would find I am not a useless fool. You have only to let me know. I will come to you. I will indeed. And I will stick to you. Misery and I are old acquaintances—but this life here is worse than starving."

She paused anxiously, then in a voice for the first time sounding really timid, she added:

"Or if you were engaged in some dangerous work. Sometimes a humble companion—I would not want to know anything. I would follow you with joy. I could carry out orders. I have the courage."

Razumov looked attentively at the scared round eyes, at the withered, sallow, round cheeks. They were quivering about the corners of the mouth.

"She wants to escape from here," he thought.

"Suppose I were to tell you that I am engaged in dangerous work," he uttered slowly.

She pressed the cat to her threadbare bosom with a breathless exclamation. "Ah!" Then not much above a whisper: "Under Peter Ivanovitch?"

"No, not under Peter Ivanovitch."

He read a scared admiration in her eyes and made an effort to smile.

"Then—alone?"

He held up his closed hand with the index raised.

"Like this finger," he said.

She was trembling slightly. But it occurred to Razumov that they might have been observed from the house, and he became anxious to be gone. She blinked, raising up to him her puckered face, and seemed to beg mutely to be told something more, to be given a word of encouragement for her starving, grotesque, and pathetic devotion.

"Can we be seen from the house?" asked Razumov confidentially.

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She answered, without showing the slightest surprise at the question:

"No, we can't, on account of this end of the stables." And she added, with an acuteness which surprised Razumov: "But anybody looking out of an upstairs window would know that you have not passed through the gates yet."

"Who's likely to spy out of the window?" queried Razumov. "Peter Ivanovitch?"

She nodded.

"Why should he trouble his head?"

"He expects somebody this afternoon."

"You know the person?"

"There's more than one."

She had lowered her eyelids. Razumov looked at her curiously.

"Of course. You hear everything they say."

She murmured without any animosity:

"So do the tables and chairs."

He understood that the bitterness accumulated in the heart of that helpless creature had got into her veins, and, like some subtle poison, had decomposed her fidelity to that hateful pair. It was a great piece of luck for him, he reflected; because women are seldom venal after the manner of men, who can be bought for material considerations. She would be a good ally, though it was not likely that she was allowed to hear as much as the tables and chairs of the Château Borel. That could not be expected. But still . . . And at any rate, she could be made to talk.

When she looked up her eyes met the fixed stare of Razumov, who began to speak at once.

"Well, well, dear . . . but upon my word, I haven't the pleasure of knowing your name yet. Isn't it strange?"

For the first time she made a movement of the shoulders.

"Is it strange? No one is told my name. No one cares. No one talks to me, no one writes to me. My parents don't even know if I'm alive. I have no use for a name, and I have almost forgotten it myself."

Razumov murmured gravely: "Yes, but still . . ."

She went on much slower, with indifference:

"You may call me Tekla, then. My poor Andrei called me so. I was devoted to him. He lived in wretchedness and suffering and died in misery. That is the lot of all us Russians, nameless Russians. There is nothing else for us, and no hope anywhere, unless . . ."

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"Unless what?"

"Unless all these people with names are done away with," she finished, blinking and pursing up her lips.

"It will be easier to call you Tekla, as you direct me," said Razumov, "if you consent to call me Kirylo, when we are talking like this—quietly—only you and me."

And he said to himself: "Here's a being who must be terribly afraid of the world, else she would have run away from this situation before." Then he reflected that the mere fact of leaving the great man abruptly would make her a suspect. She could expect no support or countenance from any one. This revolutionist was not fit for an independent existence.

She moved with him a few steps, blinking and nursing the cat with a small balancing movement of her arms.

"Yes—only you and I. That's how I was with my poor Andrei, only he was dying, killed by these official brutes—while you! You are strong. You kill the monsters. You have done a great deed. Peter Ivanovitch himself must consider you. Well—don't forget me—especially if you are going back to work in Russia. I could follow you, carrying anything that was wanted—at a distance, you know. Or I could watch for hours at the corner of a street if necessary, in wet or snow—yes, I could—all day long. Or I could write for you dangerous documents, lists of names or instructions, so that in case of mischance the handwriting could not compromise you. And you need not be afraid if they were to catch me. I would know how to keep dumb. We women are not so easily daunted by pain. I heard Peter Ivanovitch say it is our blunt nerves or something. We can stand it better. And it's true; I would just as soon bite my tongue out and throw it at them as not. What's the good of speech to me? Who would ever want to hear what I could say? Ever since I closed the eyes of my poor Andrei I haven't ever met a man who seemed to care for the sound of my voice. I should never have spoken to you if the very first time you appeared here you had not taken notice of me so nicely. I could not help speaking of you to that charming dear girl. Oh, the sweet creature! And strong! One can see that at once. If you have a heart don't let her ever set her foot in here. Good-bye!"

Razumov caught her by the arm. Her emotion at being thus seized manifested itself by a short struggle, after which she stood still, not looking at him.

"But you can tell me," he spoke in her ear, "why they—

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these people in that house there, are so anxious to get hold of her?"

She freed herself to turn upon him, as if made angry by the question.

"Don't you understand that Peter Ivanovitch must direct, inspire, influence? It is the breath of his life. There can never be too many disciples. He can't bear thinking of any one escaping him. And a woman too! There is nothing to be done without women, he says. He has written it. He——"

The young man was staring at her passion when she broke off suddenly and ran away behind the stable.

(*To be continued*)

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Zubbazindo: Mayday 1911

ROUND and round the maypole the children were dancing on the green, and the sun shone down upon the daisies and buttercups which they wore as chaplets upon their heads, and away upon the sloping meadows flowing in the light breeze like a sea of green and gold. There was a May Queen, too, a slim, laughing wench with long, black hair falling all about her shoulders and quite astonishingly far down upon her white maiden frock, and all the elders and folk of the village, and some of the squirearchy, were gathered together—the oldest man of the parish who remembered Waterloo, the parson whose little daughter would join in the revels, the blacksmith, the sexton, and old Mrs. Humpeltody, who once upon a time had been Queen of the May herself and now was a faded, wrinkled crone, and the usual village idiot. And these people danced and talked and made laughter as in the old times of Merry England, so that there was palpably joy in the land.

ALL the morning and throughout the afternoon the frolic went on to the vast delight of the children, the scampering, yelping dogs, and the old people, but towards sundown the bells of the church began to toll, and though the children heeded them not, all the elders, the young men and the young women made for the quaint little cemetery cushioned against the wooded knoll where, they say, the Ironsides once made fire and breakfasted. Quite a concourse were assembled, for there is nothing like a good funeral in the countryside to cap a blithe day's pleasure; besides, the dead man was not of the parish, nor, so far as any one within a radius of ten miles could tell, had he had any traffic or communion with those that were of it. There was no occasion for tears then, though tears at such ceremonies are no doubt becoming, and, in consequence, an unusual proportion of the young met at the graveyard to listen to the funeral oration which, they understood, a strange man from London had journeyed down that day especially to deliver.

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THERE was thus a sensational element about the ceremony—there was also a distinct mystery. It was the sexton's wife who first started the rumour which, within a few hours, became the talk of the entire community, so that she had the day of her life, repeating and enlarging upon the story. Men went to the gravedigger for confirmation, but he was of a silent and wary nature, and beyond an admission that the "size" of it was unusual no positive information could be extracted. The curious, therefore, went to see, while those that were not curious followed after the sequacious manner common both to man and beast.

AT the open grave all doubt vanished. It was a big grave, a huge cavity, deeper, longer, wider even than that which the coffin of Jim Haliday had rendered necessary, he, too, the biggest man in the Army in his time, "come now some two score years." Even the blacksmith shook his head, as he stepped boldly forward in front of the others and peered into the big pit. "I never see'd the like of 'e," he told his wife deliberately, and the words went round in a whisper. Boys gaped into it, for once in a way awestruck. The young men took counsel of the old men, but the wisest of the gaffers could "say nought fer a cartainty." It was so big and cavernous that all the girls and young women caught hold of the sleeves of their young men and began to giggle, and all, wise, old and young felt that they stood there before the presence of a mystery the like of which had never come within the recollection of any single one there.

TENSION was at high pitch when the little procession filed out of the church, and then there ensued a deflation. Everything took place in the ordinary way. The coffin was certainly enormous, yet it did not appear to be of an unusual weight. There were no mourners. Only a short thick-set man with very broad shoulders followed with a wreath of primroses in his hand, but there was nothing particular about him except that he looked keen and determined, and then the coffin was lowered into the deep pit.

THE stranger with the broad shoulders advanced, let the wreath fall into the grave, turned round square to the people and spoke.

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"FRIENDS," he said, quietly but clearly, so as to be heard by all, "before we perform the last offices I should like to say a few words about an epoch we are now burying. It was a great spirit, let me tell you, perhaps I should say rather a great idea. It was the outcome and epitome of the Victorian Era. Let me explain. This dear land of ours, this England, our island home, had fallen, if I may say so, rather behind the times, as the result of long years, decades, of unrivalled prosperity due, in part, to our position and the sense of security afforded by our Navy but chiefly to the spirit and industry of our fathers. Towards the close of the last century, we occupied in the world a place unique in history—greater than the Empire of Rome at her summit, wealthy as no other people ever were before, powerful, apparently all-powerful, the cynosure of all nations and peoples. Then there came our first fall—the war. I need not dwell upon that here in this place. But you all know what a surprise the march of events was to us, how it revealed many weaknesses we had never even guessed at, how, in short, we English were at last 'found out,' and how other nations—rising, eager, industrious, jealous people—thought that the great fabric of the British Empire was crumbling and crashing to its fall, which, I need not here remind you, would, in our case, inevitably imply our doom.

"THE Victorian Era went down on that revelation, a real one, I admit, of national decay. It was real, because in our pride of being we had grown lethargic, ignorant, opiniated, self-satisfied, self-complacent, and there was no longer the goodness of life among us. We despised the foreigner, we refused to learn their languages, we refused to learn from them. Everything that was of foreign origin—education, science, thought, invention—we regarded from our insular standpoint of intolerance, of ignorant scorn. We were over-rich, over-pampered with the material things of life. England had become too much a playground. We had grown lazy. We were on the edge of a stupendous national disaster.

"ENGLAND has never lacked initiative—here, my friends, was such a spirit. No, it was not a friend of yours. You never saw it. I dare say no one here present ever heard of it directly. But it came at a great crisis and served the guns, like one of

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Nelson's sailors, with the fighting heart of this Island. I have come here to do it reverence. What it did for you, I may say, for all of us, was this. It realised the necessity of action. It understood, and it is a great thing to understand, the need of change, of fresh vitality in the nation, of lining up, so to speak, the people, of some moving and centralising idea. It saw the Army and that it was not well. It saw the rising Navy of Germany and the fierce combative industry and ambition of the German people. It looked at our trade and saw that we were behind the times, backward, too insular in our methods, everywhere losing ground because we were no longer able to compete with the cleverer and more ingenious foreigner, and, seeing and understanding all this, it breathed its spirit upon the island and galvanised us into new life.

"Let us do it honour, here in this spot. It stood for reform, which is admirable; for progress, which is quintessential to the national life; for order, without which there can be no progress and no reform. With position, birth, money, industry, and the supreme power of class ascendancy and co-operation, it was able to fly on the wings of what is called public opinion. Under its sceptre there congregated the aristocracy of the country, the conservative forces of the land, as all who serve and are dependent upon the great—You, my friends, though possibly you never realised it. From a spirit, an idea, it became a fetish. And that was its undoing. It found a heritage, noble and wise and proud, and turned it into a political inquisition. It became a bubble, and then in the maelström of controversy that it provoked it was caught in the whirling eddies of passion and reaction and itself sank and perished. It failed in one indispensable estimate—the Zeitgeist, or spirit of the age.

"The psychology of peoples plays a larger part in the making of history than most historians allow, and it was there that this new force, this vitalising idea, foundered helplessly. The idea was lacking in idealism. Now ideals, as you well know, are the fuel of all creation. Behind the idea there was no humanity, to put it in another way. Or to be perfectly plain, the humanity that was of it belonged to another century, to the habits and governance of another generation, of a more ignorant and servile epoch. It became the creed of a class, of capitalism, of

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plutocracy, antagonistic to all that is inherently strong and noble in this English life, to all the blood industry and expenditure that have gone to found and build up our matchless Empire. As it grew and touched men's minds, reason fled from it. From a philosophy of State reason, of wise directing thought, it degenerated into a rich man's policy of self-interest and greed. Instead of a head it grew into a bonnet. It was taken up as a panacea; it became the fashion, like the snatch of a vulgar song; it became vested with the aureola of the Jingo.

"NEW thoughts demand new methods—they were not long in appearing. The new spirit became the shibboleth of the Halls, of the small shopkeepers, of the church and services, of the landed gentry and their dependents, of 'society,' because one and all imagined that there was money in the idea and that it was well to flow with the tide. What may be called a fenian type of journalism arose, un-English and ugly. It became a noisy, blatant, brass-band affair in which, as usual, some poets joined and some philosophers, for the big drum is always an inspiring instrument and poets are inspiring fellows. So the idea, like a giant, stalked the country:

Fee-faw-fum
Ho, the big, big drum!

and those that were not wise clapped their hands in foolish fond acclaim, while those that were drew back into their tents and wondered.

"FOR a decade and more the idea ran riot. Other things got swept up in the turmoil, of the same category, emanating from the same principle: of Feudalism, of retrograde rank conservative despotism, so that the very spirit which had roused the country out of its Victorian coma sank into a vicious and antiquated design upon the whole spirit and life of the English people. Nobody was responsible. It had no single brain, no leader, no heart. It spread like German measles and ended by infecting even the Lords—those peers of the realm who have so often fought shoulder to shoulder with the people for the common interest of the country, who have grown up with them, side by side, tolerant and tolerated, respected and respecting, ruling and yet ruled, out of which strange amalgam of blood and sweat that English phenomenon, snobbery, has been evolved,

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which all these years has been the cognisance and the bar sinister of our social life and polity. My friends, I must pause for a moment, for I do feel this matter sorely. I have come here not to praise or disparage, but to bury an era. I would have you bear with me for an instant. There was much good in it all, and I would fain do it justice."

The May Queen looked rather bored at this unduly long oration, though merely, perhaps, because for the first time that day no one paid any attention to her, with such rapt attention did they all follow the discourse pronounced by the strange man from London upon what he persistently and strangely styled an "idea." Nor did any one venture to speak aloud while the orator mopped his brow, and when, a moment later, he resumed his speech there was not a mouth that was not agape with expectation in the whole Cromwellian cemetery.

"My friends," he began, and as he spoke they all noted how that he appeared to grow, and from a rather stuggy shape to assume majestic and even beautiful proportions. "I have been talking to you about an idea, whereas you, I doubt not, expected me to speak about a man. But ideas are greater than men, even as life is sweeter than death. You will grant me that, I think, as that men are governed by ideas rather than by force or authority. First of all there was the patriarchal idea of husbandry, then, as men grew, the idea of conquest ruled humanity and men fought grandly and chivalrously for the right of the fittest. Then came the idea of kingship, the policy of Princely warfare and dominion, which forms the staple, I may say, of most history books, so that while at school we have to 'get up' the battles, the dates and names of most of the nobles whose heads their kings politely cut off, we are told nothing whatever about the customs, the manners, the thought, social life —art, music and dress—of the great mass of the populace, whose soul remains solemnly unrecorded. Well, there was the Cromwellian idea; there was the French Revolution, out of which came the Napoleonic idea; latterly we have seen the Bismarckian conception of history—all things which have influenced continents; and to-day we have the democratic idea which, again, may be said to be the purified offspring of Marx's materialistic teaching of history, as an inevitable economic evolution.

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"Let me go back a little into our own history to explain my meaning. You all know how many wives the bluff King Hal beheaded. We have a faithful record of the hump on Richard's back. The stomacher of Good Queen Bess, the hose of Leicester, the wit of 'Steenie,' the tang of Hanover—these things are the national property known to every schoolboy in the kingdom. But while we learn all about these people, do we know anything personal or real about the greatest man born in this island, the greatest mind in all history, he whose very name is one for all time with that of England? Practically nothing. The very woman he loved is subject to conjecture, and there are some who dispute his existence. My friend, we have no record of Shakespeare because in those days there was no democratic idea. Think of that great man dying there in England almost without a trace! Yet we all know the name of the man who murdered Buckingham. And witness, for it must be said, what has been called the 'snobbery' of Shakespeare himself. He is concerned mostly with kings and courts. In all his plays there is no sign of democratic enthusiasm, for Coriolanus was a portrait of history. It means that in those lackey days Shakespeare was regarded as a mere commoner who had a pretty wit and wrote plays.

"Forgive me if I have digressed, but I wanted to bring home to you the nature of the new idea which has laid this old one here in its grave. If it arose and grew out of a decadent spirit, it has now itself been ousted, as is the way of all things in this wonderful life, by a newer idea, which is that of democracy and scientific enlightenment. Like motors, submarines and aeroplanes, it is a foreign conception, though we, with our traditional good sense and moderation, have sifted the scoriæ of revolution, adapting it to our conditions and exigencies.

"Two decades ago there was not a trace of it in the kingdom. A decade back it was but a limpet dogma, furtive as a shadow in the night, ridiculous even in its reason and tenuity. But to-day it is a big and powerful thing. It is the twin of the other, born of the other in the natural polarity of things, interest for interest, just as there can be no top without a bottom. Without the other, the class, capitalistic aggression of the other, it might never have been. Men sow that they may reap. The harvest of this one has been gathered.

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"In attempting a 'corner' in ideas, the old idea spent itself. It disappeared by process of self-combustion, as it were, being over-inflated for the thin integument which covered it. You see, there was not much, after all, in it. So long as the country was sick, it was well and stimulating. It came at the right time. It awoke, buoyed us up. To be sure, it did us all good. We began to learn a little German, to study German methods, to take an interest in the Army, in scientific invention on the Continent, to travel with our eyes open instead of in the old and grand way with a rascally cicerone. But the new idea it perforce opened up reacted and swamped it. Men found that instead of teaching them a new thing they were asked to consent to the imposition of an old thing, to a school of economics fatal to the greatness of the country, to a yoke of class-born policy that they had shaken off in the days of Wellington. Spirits invoke spirits, they say. Certainly the feudal class idea that lies encoffined here perished on its own merits, of itself. It had all the power, the euchre, the status of the country behind it. It sank finally, like the evening sun, from fading light, for the redder and more glorious it seemed to glow, the more the brains of the country left it, until it was without lead or learning.

"In some ways it is to be regretted. Its departure must mean a change in the life of the country, the nature of which it is too early yet to foresee. On a day like this, on Mayday, men think kindly towards one another. Tradition, too, plays a vital part in our public life, and tradition is all on the side of compromise. So, too, is reason. For there is nothing now to fight against. The new idea—and I would impress upon you that it is quite as much scientific as political, social, that is, educational and economic—cannot now be supplanted, nor does it necessarily clash with what is rational and desirable in the other. Behind it there is an ideal. More. There is science—science which is what one may call the new religion of the age.

"Do you see, up there, soaring, flitting against the clouds like some strange monster bird, that is an aeroplane? Look how beautifully it behaves. It is coming down. No, it is rising higher, right up there, sweeping the air with the majesty of an eagle in its flight. Now, yes, it is already out of sight. Do

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you realise that that thing is one of the wonders of the world, infinitely more marvellous than the Pyramids, in comparison with which the old colossi of the ancients sink into insignificance.

"YES, that is the modern ram in the bush. The mind that invented, the spirit that steers that flying machine, such is the altar upon which men sacrifice to-day: it is the deity of science. Consider what it means and you will understand. It means man's conquest of the air, his triumph over the winds we breathe, as he has triumphed over the waters. Can men who witness that go back? Are men who fly ever again to accept the principle of heredity, the value of birth as against that of merit, the soul and bondage of mediæval superstition? It is unthinkable, because it would be unscientific. That is why the old idea collapsed. It might have endured for a while, heading against the winds of knowledge, battling like that good airship we have just seen, it might have flown still with its absence of idealism, but it was wanting, too, in the very foundations of modern life—without which it could never live—scientific design and construction.

"FOR the world is opening up so rapidly that thought cannot keep pace with it. Scientific force is humanising, civilising, enlightening, vitalising mankind. It is changing utterly and irrevocably the old order of things—religions, beliefs, traditions, ideas, principles and superstitions. It is the mob that reads to-day, and the readers are the thinkers of the morrow. Without the support of the populace no theatre can pay, no concert, no book. A few years ago men accepted what laws Parliament made for them without demur, provided that they did not unduly pinch their pockets. To-day the masses follow the Parliamentary debates, the newspapers, as the classes follow the columns on the sports. England has become literate, a thinking mind. In the old days it was the hunger of bread that made revolutions. To-day it is the quality of the bread that puts a millstone round the necks of bakers—it is not hunger, it is the scientific nature of the material.

"OBVIOUSLY, it must be so. We can no more return to feudal principles than Germany, say, will go back to triremes. Given an ignorant, ignorant because illiterate, country, it is

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plain that those who are literate, and only those, must be in charge of the State, as has been the case from the Dark Ages onwards in England and elsewhere. It answered well enough because so long as a people had only a stomach to care about, repletion was the standard of contentment and hunger its sole barometer. The mind then ruled rightly and happily over the stomach, but to-day the people have both. That is the change that has come into the quite modern world. That is the new idea against which the old idea that we are burying clashed, and went under. That is the democratic idea of this new scientific age.

"It has been called revolution, but wrongly so. In reality it is peaceful and evolutionary. I have not come here to you in this peaceful village with a red necktie to preach. Propaganda is neither my concern nor office. I am here, too, if I may say so, as an idea, the new and the old, not in any spirit of contention or partisanship, but rather as a symbol, as to-day is a symbol of happiness. I belong to no rigid Party belief. I am not even of you, as the demagogues say, nor am by any means always for you. I stand here before you as the humble interpreter of a spirit, the spirit of our time, come to do honour to that which has departed, and can never return to this country. It closes a whole book of history. It has gone out naturally with its conditions.

"I am glad to have found you all so happy—it shows me how sound the basis of our English life is. Here, on this very spot, I am told that Cromwell once stood and looked out across those golden fields, and he, as you know, was a great Englishman. There are men like him to-day, there will be others as great. This idea that I am taking leave of was the one that he fought. It is the idea that denies Byron a resting place in Poets' Corner, that would turn Westminster into the cloak-room of St. Stephen's. Lacking in idealism, unscientific, anachronistic, it has gone the way of all unsound ideas—it has consumed itself. Nor do I feel at all concerned as to the immediate future. There are things to be done—there always are. There is need of grit, determination, character—well, Englishmen have never yet lacked in these qualities. They say there is a reaction—my friends, that cannot be. Here, as you see, the thing, the idea, lies—against it there stand science, the life and the literate force of England."

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A MURMUR resembling applause greeted these last words of the stranger who stood watching the earth being shovelled into the grave as if in meditation. But it was obvious that something was amiss. The sexton whispered to the gravedigger, the gravedigger spoke to the clerk, and the clerk looked over his spectacles uncomfortably towards the stranger, then the blacksmith was consulted, and at last Tom, who was a cowman, slouched up before the grave. "Beg pardon, sir," he began, "but they do say as 'ow this 'ere idea wot is buried ain't got no name or epitaph, and they doesn't know as 'ow to call 'er." The stranger looked at the cowman thoughtfully. "Call her!" he said. "Well, she made a big noise in her time, she ought to have a big name. Why, call her Zubbazindo!"

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Proportional Representation

By Lord Courtney of Penwith

The idea of proportional representation now occupies a position that has often been paralleled in the history of political thought, which yet deserves observation. All men are practically agreed that it is theoretically just. It is even beginning to be felt that what has been and is called representation is really not representation at all. The representation that exists may be a useful institution worthy of being maintained for the purposes it serves. It may be so wrought into our habits and customs that to change it would involve much trouble, and, in the eyes of the cautious and the timid, something like a revolution. So they extol its antiquity and praise its excellences and magnify and multiply the difficulties of change, and appeal to all bystanders to confirm their opinion that their neighbours and friends who are not present would never consent to such an unheard-of innovation. The old thing must therefore stand as it has stood about and around us, but if the project does not concern ourselves, if a new departure is required elsewhere, if we have to construct plans for other people not encumbered by our use and wont, why then indeed we might adopt the new principle which we recognise to be just, and expedient, and easy enough in practice for those who are willing to receive it. So stands proportional representation where many another principle has stood in its time. We recommend its adoption by others. We wait for the little shock of change, the crisis, the inevitable and perhaps proximate hour which compels its adoption by ourselves—to our great relief after we have adopted it.

What is representation as it has been understood? You have a country with an army of persons living up and down in it who have got, somehow or other, the privilege of determining, somehow or other, by whom the government of the country shall be carried on and on what principles it shall be governed. The two questions are not quite the same, and it may be doubted which of the two should be answered first, if there is any priority between them. But it is commonly,

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if not quite accurately, assumed that the army of privileged persons first determine the principles of government they approve and then choose the spokesmen they find fit and ready to express these principles and to enforce them in practice. Let the point of priority pass for the moment. The army of privileged persons is a horde, a vast horde, a scattered horde. It may amount to as many as eight millions—far too huge a multitude to be drawn together and consulted on the details, item by item, of a political programme, or even as to the composition, member by member, of a committee of Ministers. We must learn their pleasure and their mind in some indirect fashion. What can be simpler, and in appearance more promising, than the scheme we have worked out step by step in the past, to the perfect embodiment of which we seem to be rapidly approaching? If we have as many as eight million privileged persons, or, in more customary words, Parliamentary electors, why not divide the country up as nearly as we can into 400 districts, each containing approximately 20,000 electors, and ask the 20,000 in each of these areas to choose one man who shall come to a central place of meeting where the 400 assembled together can tell us what Government the outer millions would have set up, and what action this Government should pursue? Can any plan be more simple, more thorough, more democratic? It offers equal electoral districts, one elector one vote. It gives the same power of expression to every citizen elector, and, in a word, it realises the dream of a Democratic Constitution. The 400 elected persons will show by the balance of judgment among themselves what is the balance of judgment of the community; they may be trusted to express the mind and purpose of the nation in the record of their own votes and conclusions.

Nothing of the kind. Such an electoral machinery as I have sketched cannot be trusted to serve even the primary purpose of its adoption, to wit, that of ascertaining, through the balance of judgment of the elected assembly, what is the balance of judgment of the electors at large. It may or may not give a true answer as to the way the balance is leaning, though this is uncertain, and if the answer as to the way of inclination is accurate, it habitually and almost universally distorts and misrepresents the degree, the quality, the power of this balance or inclination. It would be a matter of chance and of quite out-of-the-way chance how far our imaginary 400 would represent in their composition the division of opinion among the eight millions behind them, the chance depending

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on the infinitely varied ways in which the country could be chopped into areas containing about 20,000 electors in each of them. No matter with what profession of sincerity the country was parcelled out, the result would be a hazard, and if this is the bewildering outcome of the symmetrical scheme we have sketched what is the degree of worthlessness of such a plan of representation as we have installed amongst us with its overlapping franchises and its inequalities of electoral areas? Everybody has now learnt to look behind the show of strength in our Representative Chamber to inquire into the real balance of votes among the electorate. The discordance of ratios is always admitted, nay, it is suspected and sometimes more than suspected that the balance has now and then gone the wrong way.* What matters? it may be asked. We have got a result, and is not that enough for working purposes? A General Election is recognised in the United Kingdom at least as a national referendum to determine what set of persons shall govern us for a Parliamentary period. One set appears to be uppermost, and that is enough. It may not be in such

* It may be well to indicate in a note how these apparently anomalous results may be and are in fact produced. Suppose three of our imaginary equal areas side by side and a contest in each of them at the time of a General Election. Suppose in the first the Big-Endian party show at the poll a majority of 500, and the same party have in the second a majority of 1000, whilst in the third the Little-Endians are victorious with a majority of 2000. Taking the three divisions together, the Little-Endians would be shown to have a majority among the voters of 500, but their opponents would have won two seats against their single seat. This experience has been realised again and again in our elections. Thus, in the General Election of 1885, a majority of Liberal voters in Leeds obtained only two seats out of five; in 1906 a minority of Liberal voters in the county divisions of Warwickshire obtained three seats out of four; in January 1910 the same party, though outnumbered in votes, won five of the eight county divisions of Devonshire. In the same election and in the succeeding election of December, Unionist minorities in Nottingham and Sheffield won a majority of the seats. This also happened at Wolverhampton last December. In London itself, a minority of Liberals in Camberwell has two seats to the Unionists' one, and in all the sixty contested constituencies the Unionists, with a majority of 24,000 of the votes, obtain only twenty-nine of the seats.

These examples of miscarriage in limited areas make it at least a matter of doubt whether a miscarriage might not have happened affecting the representation of the United Kingdom. It is difficult to prove this since at every General Election some, and occasionally considerable, numbers of seats are not contested, and we must in these cases resort to hypothetical calculations as to the balance of political opinion among the voters in them. This much, however, is undisputed, that in the contested constituencies in the United Kingdom in the 1895 election, 1,785,372 Unionists obtained 282 seats, and 1,823,809 Liberals and Home Rulers obtained 202, and a careful and studiously impartial calculation leads to the conclusion that at least twice, viz. in 1874 and 1886, the balance of members shown at the end of a General Election lay on the opposite side from the balance of parties of the whole body of the electorate.

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strength as appearances suggest, but the error is probably in the right direction, and, so far as this is the case, the error is useful. As for the possibility that the balance may be shown on the wrong side, well, there is a chance that it may happen, perhaps it has happened. But it is very difficult to prove such a mishap, and the less said about it the better. What is wanted is that people should think that they are governing themselves, and if they do think so, let us be content with a little cajolery and reflect that here and now we are living in the best of all possible worlds.

If a General Election, conducted according to the methods we have as a nation developed, even though cleared of the imperfections which still clog them, fails to give a certainly true answer to the simple question, What set of persons do the majority of electors desire to instal in the Government? if it cannot be trusted even as a referendum, what are we to say of it as serving the further purposes to be attained in choosing a representative assembly? A confession of its failure in respect of these further purposes is even more generally admitted than its failure as a referendum, and is so notorious as to have led bolder spirits to declare that in reality we do not want a representative Chamber at all. The end of all our machinery, according to these advanced writers, is to get a set of men elected pledged to put a certain body of administrators in power, and by steadily voting to keep them there. This frank cynicism does not however carry universal assent. There are still lingering habits of mind embodied in a hundred phrases which point to a different conception of Parliament. As we speak of the House of Commons as representing the will of the people in the fond belief that a vote of a majority of its members represents the wish of the majority of the enfranchised nation, so also do we speak of it as a Deliberative Assembly, as a Grand Inquest, as a Great Council, as engaged in debates and consultations—in fine, as a living presentment of the outside community informed by direct connection with all sorts and conditions of men as to the ways of living and thinking, as to the needs and desires of all, and working in the light of this combined knowledge upon the continuous task of bringing national thought and feeling together into common use for the common good. 'Tis a great picture, and even if we have to confess that the real is somewhat away from the ideal, our customary phrases still betray what has been our aim and intention and our supposed achievement. Is that towards which we thought we had been working still to be desired,

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or must we, recognising our failure, accept the conclusion that the thing we have been pursuing is a foolish fancy? These questions can only be answered after a patient inquiry based on considerations of utility, of the relative advantages, on one side, of a really representative and consultative assembly embodying the varied elements of national society in due proportion to their strength, and of a committee of Ministers issuing out of such an assembly and executing its will; and, on the other side, of the present haphazard gathering of men, whose conclusions are generally an exaggeration and sometimes a falsification of the national sentiment, who have lost the temper and the habits of deliberative legislation, and are constrained to follow submissively the counsels of the masters whom the same haphazard has brought to the fore. To follow out this comparison requires some thought and some imagination, some courage and some caution. We may be under temptation to intensify the defects of what we see and to heighten the promise of the picture we create, but I have no doubt as to the conclusion to which open minds must arrive. We have to reckon with the formidable prepossession in favour of what is, and the equally formidable reluctance to entertain any proposals of radical change. But if we had to begin anew, if we had to determine afresh what lines we should adopt in the construction of our representative machinery, we should most of us turn with eagerness to the prospect of obtaining a Parliament reproducing as in a microcosm the forces that make up the life of the nation. Many men may not be able to brace up their minds to any departure from use and wont here and now, but if there is to be any change, if new fields have to be explored, they are ready to admit the authority of the new ideas from which they shrink.

I pass from speculation as to the advantages of proportional representation to the practical question how it can be best installed. The first necessity of all plans for adopting it is the substitution for single-member districts of areas returning a multiplicity of members. If we want to form an assembly containing within itself representatives of the different political elements of the community, we must begin by choosing electoral areas large enough to be entitled to a varied representation. No area should be adopted with less than three members, and it is indeed obvious that a three-member constituency does not afford scope for much variety. Practical considerations of the extent of change our neighbours may be persuaded to adopt require the admission of three-member

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areas, and similar practical considerations must determine the size to which electoral areas may be permitted to extend. If we were reconstructing the Parliamentary map of the United Kingdom, we should probably revive as constituencies the historical traditions of our great towns, excepting perhaps London. Glasgow, for example, might be made one constituency entitled to seven or more members according to the liberality of the boundary of the city we adopt. Manchester, especially if Salford were united with it, would have a large representation, and so also Liverpool, Birmingham, and the rest of our crowded cities. This partial survey may lead us to entertain the thought of constituencies large enough to return a baker's dozen of members; and, to go back to London, it might be found possible to group the existing Metropolitan constituencies so as to divide the Metropolis into five or six multiple-member areas. What has been done in other countries which have adopted proportional representation may be worth noting. In Belgium, Brussels is one constituency with twenty-one members and Ghent another with eleven. In Switzerland there are large constituencies in some of the cantons; Ticino, for instance, has four electoral areas electing respectively sixteen, thirty, twenty-two, and twenty-seven deputies to the cantonal council. In Finland the largest constituency returns twenty-three members, and the average is about twelve. In Würtemberg there are constituencies returning six and eight and nine members. In Tasmania all five constituencies return six members. So again where proportional representation has been introduced into municipal elections, as in Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, and the Transvaal, constituencies are of varying size. In Copenhagen one district returns fifteen members. In Stockholm a municipal council of fifty is elected in six constituencies. In Johannesburg at the first two elections under the single transferable vote in 1909 and 1910, ten members, forming a third of the whole council, were elected at one poll. It is proposed subsequently to divide the town into wards returning six or eight members apiece.

When the electoral map has been formed, the next necessity is to determine the process of election by which proportional representation shall be secured. Two schemes only need be considered. The first, the list system, has, with differences of detail, run through the continent of Europe. The second, the single transferable vote, has been adopted in our colonies, and generally favoured among ourselves. The Royal Commission of last year said of it: "Of schemes for producing

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proportional representation, we think that the transferable vote would have the best chance of ultimate acceptance." Under the list system the several political parties put out lists of candidates they recommend, each party arranging its candidates in its own order, and though the electors are enabled to indicate preferences among the candidates, they do, as a matter of fact, almost invariably adopt the order recommended by party managers. When the voting is completed candidates are declared elected from the several lists in proportion to the votes given to the lists, the method of working out this proportion varying in different countries in a way which need not be examined in detail. One advantage or disadvantage of this system is that it maintains party discipline and the correlative subservience to party. Another feature is that it affords an easy means of filling up casual vacancies occurring between General Elections, as in the event of an elected member on a list vacating his seat his place can be filled by the promotion to it of a supplementary candidate on the same list. This method of filling up a vacancy necessarily, however, fails to furnish any test of what we are accustomed to look for at a bye-election—the movement of public opinion since the General Election.

Under the system of the single transferable vote, the elector who enters a polling booth receives from the presiding officer a voting paper on which the names of all the candidates who have been proposed are arranged in alphabetical order with spaces opposite their names in which the elector is invited to indicate his preferences among them by putting the figures 1, 2, 3, and so on, against their names according to his choice. He need not indeed do more than put the figure 1 against the name of his first choice, but he will be pressed to do more, and he will certainly do more if he would make sure that his vote will tell in the result. When the poll is over, the number of votes given will be counted, and, the number of candidates to be elected being known, the quota or number necessary to secure the return of a candidate can be at once ascertained.*

When the voting papers are distributed among the candidates

* The quota in any case is the least number of votes necessary and sufficient to secure election. In a single-member constituency under present practice the quota is one more than half the votes, for only one candidate can get so many. If there were two candidates to be elected, the necessary and sufficient number of votes would be one more than a third, for only two candidates can exceed a third. So in any case the quota is obtained by dividing the total of valid votes by the number of candidates increased by one, and taking the next whole number.

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marked 1 upon them, it will probably be found that some of the candidates will have received more than the necessary quota, while the greater number will have fallen short of it. The surplus votes obtained by a candidate who has exceeded the quota will be divided among the candidates marked 2 on his voting papers, in proportion to the number on which each is marked 2, so as to avoid any unfairness in the chance distribution of this surplus. When all surpluses have been thus passed over a further process begins of taking the voting papers of the candidate who has got the least number of preferences, and of transferring these according to the second choice indicated upon them, and these processes are repeated until the requisite number of successful candidates is reached by building up the necessary quotas for their return, or until the number of candidates left just completes the number to be chosen. These processes of transfer may have some appearance of intricacy on paper, but they are simple enough in operation and are effected with great expedition, and the Royal Commission to which I have referred recorded their conviction that "the process is in fact sufficiently simple to be undertaken with safety by the usual staff of a returning officer with the assistance of two professional calculators to guarantee the accuracy of the easy sums involved."

The short statement I have given of the working of the single transferable vote shows first of all the limited nature of the strain it puts on the intelligence of the voter, and, next, the prudential motive he has for expressing more than one preference on his paper, and the nature of the pressure that will be brought upon him to do so. He must have a first choice, which indeed is essential under all kinds of voting, and he need have no more than one choice, but it may be that his first choice will be inoperative, either because the candidate he has favoured has too few supporters to be retained in the running, or because he has so much support that this particular vote becomes superfluous. In either way the question of transfer may arise, and if no second preference is indicated on the paper, the vote becomes spent and ineffective. The voter will generally wish to have his vote effective, and we may be sure that during the electioneering period he will be exorted, entreated, besought to carry on his preferences as far as possible, so that no fragment of support may be lost by his shortcoming. The party managers in a constituency will have no power of imposing their preferences on any voter, but they will probably put out a list of the candidates they favour and will implore the voter

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whom they believe to be friendly to go through this list at least in his preferences, and in any order he likes so long as he goes through the list. If voters will only respond to their prayers, they know that the whole voting strength of their party will sooner or later be brought together to secure the return of as many candidates of the party as its strength can carry, the successful individuals being those whom the voters themselves bring to the front by the operation of their wishes as expressed on their voting papers.

The practicable and assured success of the single transferable vote in securing the proportional representation of the electorate at a General Election is frankly admitted. There remains the interesting but comparatively unimportant question of the treatment of casual vacancies arising during the existence of a Parliament. These vacancies would, of course, be less in number if Parliaments should be shortened, and it is now pretty well agreed upon by all parties that the time has come for doing away with the vacation of seats on taking political office. A sufficient number of vacancies would, however, remain, and several methods of treating the contingency have been proposed. The simplest would appear to be that in the case of three-member constituencies a writ should be issued for the filling of the vacancy whenever it occurred, all electors being entitled to vote. This was the law and practice in three-member constituencies as they existed among us before 1885, and if the member whose seat is vacated represented a minority in the constituency, there is an evident possibility that the seat may be lost. The majority of the voters in the constituency could fill the third seat and thus command the whole representation until the next dissolution. Experience, however, showed a tendency to allow such a vacancy to be filled without opposition by the election of another representative of the minority. It would generally be hopeless to retain all three seats after the next General Election, and the two members left representing the majority were not unwilling to escape the embarrassment which might attend the addition of a third member of the same political association. If all three stood together, the newcomer might possibly displace one of the older occupants. The cumulative effect of the considerations, that there was not much to be gained by a temporary addition, that there was a chance of a subsequent unpleasant situation, and that after all it was fair to allow a minority to retain their representation, was to produce a tendency to allow the third seat to be filled in the circum-

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stances stated without opposition; and the same reasons would probably operate in the same way if three-member constituencies reappear. In the case of constituencies returning more than three members it is suggested that elections for chance vacancies should be withheld until two vacancies had occurred, which would secure the maintenance of the principle of proportional representation, though in a modified form. The problem is not one of such cardinal importance as to justify a peremptory demand for an immediate solution, and the method of dealing with it which has been suggested should be accepted *ad avizandum*, for final determination when necessity requires.

A voter can easily play his part in an election under a scheme of proportional representation, nor is there any difficulty in the way of counting votes which a returning officer of ordinary capacity could not overcome. Why then does not proportional representation make its way among ourselves as it has done and is doing on the Continent? I have already repudiated the answer that it is of no moment that a representative assembly should be representative. This is occasionally hinted by some one who contemns Parliaments altogether, but it is foreign to our thoughts, feelings, and traditions, and is belied by our habitual language. The difficulty lies in a deep-rooted conservatism which turns away from new proposals and even resents the labour of examining them. It would seem as if our only hope of proselytism arose when some new departure is recognised as inevitable. Admit that the House of Lords must be recast, and everybody is at once ready to examine the best way of bringing proportional representation into it. Admit that Ireland must have Home Rule, and straightway proportional representation becomes a live question. There will of course still be difficulties. Some Irishmen may murmur with Mr. Dillon that they ought not to be saddled with a principle not accepted elsewhere; Ireland must not be the *corpus vile* of a new experiment. To this it may be sincerely rejoined that the distinction would be a privilege and not an injury. If proportional representation is incorporated in the new Irish constitution, Ireland would be leading the way for us, whilst following in the wake of some of the most thoroughly self-governed countries of Europe, and treading on the heels of France. A voice of more titular authority raises another difficulty. Mr. John Redmond protests that he, and all Nationalists, strongly desire to have in the new Irish Parliament a representation of all the elements of Irish life—merchants, business men, professional men, gentry, every

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contributory section of Irish society—but he inquires whether proportional representation is the best way of securing this result; if he were sure proportional representation were the best means to this end, he would support it. In what other way, he may be asked, can it be got? We are agreed upon the end, and a way to the end is shown. If he rejects it, let him at least show another. Nomination is out of the question. It is condemned before it can be mentioned. The hope of getting a varied representation of the political components of a community inspired the adoption of single-member seats in the Act of 1885. It was then thought that if the United Kingdom were cut up into a sufficient number of single-member areas, the operations of chance would counteract one another, and there would come out at the end a fair representation of the dispersed elements of political life. It was hazard at best, and the hazard has not succeeded. Seriously, I know no way of getting what Mr. Redmond says we all want except the way of proportional representation. And in this way I submit it would certainly be got. The principle is simple and easy, its practical embodiment in a Draft Bill is not difficult—not difficult if we kept the new Irish House of Commons at the number now sent to Westminster, and still less difficult if, as Mr. Redmond seems to favour, this number were increased. It is admitted as beyond controversy that if Belfast were an undivided constituency there would be a Nationalist element in its representation. And so if Dublin were undivided there would be a Unionist member or members for Dublin. But take the city and county of Cork. There exists, as we all know, a diversity of elements in Cork. A Unionist has, before now, slipped in as minority member for the city. The voters who in the old days of restricted franchises sent members of differing complexions from Cork and adjacent Waterford have not perished out of the land without leaving kindred spirits behind them, though they are sometimes hastily judged to be lost altogether, as, outnumbered by newer voters, they disappear from view. Were encouragement given them through the possibility of their obtaining one seat out of many, they would emerge again as factors in politics. The city and county of Cork could be divided up into three constituencies of three members apiece, or in two constituencies of five members apiece, or (if the total number of the House be enlarged) into one constituency of three members and two of five, or even into three constituencies of five members. It is perhaps unwise to suggest any specific rearrangement of this kind, as I know how

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partial is my knowledge and how easy is criticism; but I want to press the truth that various strains of political association did appear here and there in the south and west of Ireland in a former generation and would come to the front again were freedom given them to blossom forth. It must be remembered this is not a question of Home Rulers and of Unionists only. There are Irishmen of many shades in both camps, and, as Mr. Redmond admits, it is expedient that representatives of all should be brought into counsel in the future. If we start from this concession, and if, looking around, we find no other way of realising the desired end than that I have sketched, we shall have to go on to draw up an electoral map of Ireland according to the wisdom of the best-informed experts, and I believe the task would prove easy and free indeed from the temptation to " gerrymandering " which usually besets labourers in this field.

There is only one more word that need now be said. The determination of the organisation of a new House of Commons in Ireland must rest with Irish leaders. A Bill may be submitted to the Imperial Parliament by the Government of the United Kingdom, but Ministers at Westminster will be bound to consult and respect Irish opinion in devising its framework. They may privately make suggestions, they may even indicate lines they would preferentially pursue, but they could impose no novel departure on recalcitrant friends. Irishmen have their fate in their own hands. In the interests of Ireland, for the well-being of the population whose fortunes may be confided to their administration, I would implore Irishmen of all kinds to consider my pleading with singleness of mind and with a courage and elevation of temper befitting the task of re-forming a nation.

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The Psychology of Tariff Reform

By Herbert Flowerdew

It has always seemed to me that a man has no right to feel any security in the faith he holds until he has fully explained to himself why other people, as sincere as himself, can hold an antagonistic belief. He must understand clearly why they are mistaken, or remain doubtful whether he may not be mistaken himself. He must not remain content with reasons for his own belief: he must find the reason why that belief is not shared by every sincere and intelligent soul, or else he must admit that there may be a justification for the antagonistic belief which he has not yet considered, and which, if he considered it, might lead to a change in his own views.

That is why, as a sincere believer in Free Trade, I am so anxious to understand the fundamental belief of the sincere Tariff Reformer, a belief which forbids him to be convinced by arguments that appear to me to be not only convincing but patently irrefutable.

The fact that these arguments appear to me irrefutable serves only to suggest that some serious and weighty reason must lie at the basis of his belief to render him unmoved by them. The strongest proof, if you come to think of it, of the immortality of man is that the belief in it exists when its disproof is so palpably apparent. If when we put our dead in the ground, we found some visible residue of the body that remained permanent and indestructible, then one could understand how the doctrine of immortality had arisen, and if scientific analysis showed that this residue was not the soul, one might feel justified in declaring that the doctrine of immortality was probably false. But when every atom of the body perishes, and everybody knows that it does, then one realises that there must be some tremendous argument for the belief to enable it to triumph over all the evidence of appearance.

In the same manner, though in a lesser degree, the argument which tells most seriously in favour of the Tariff Reformer is that he appears to have so little argument. It is apparent to

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everybody who is not a Tariff Reformer that to put a tax on corn will not cheapen bread. If there was no Tariff Reform debate raging, it would be taken as a self-evident axiom that a tax placed on an imported article is paid by the consumer. What then must be the force of the conviction which compels a sincere and intelligent man to deny these self-evident propositions?

The power of sincerely believing that one believes a palpable absurdity is much commoner than is generally supposed. I question, indeed, whether it is not a natural and necessary attribute of the human mind to enable it to act with conviction, as it must do, on the authority of its available half-truths. At the basis of every belief is an impression, which is neither questioned nor produced as an argument because it is taken as an axiom of human experience, and its possessor imagines it accepted as such and unquestioned by every human being. Taking that unquestioned impression as his axiom, every logical deduction from it had to be accepted also even though it be a palpable absurdity. If you take it as an unquestioned axiom that human morality is impossible without a supernaturally revealed and absolutely infallible code, then you have to believe that Jonah was swallowed by a whale, and you sincerely believe that you believe it, although a whale cannot swallow a man. If you are induced to reconsider your axiomatic impression and realise that the infallible code may not be infallibly translated you know that it was not a *whale* that swallowed the prophet. If you find that historical accuracy is not essential to an inspired code, you know that the story was an allegory, and if you accept it as an axiomatic truth that a supernaturally revealed code is not necessary to morality you know that the whole story is a myth. The record does not alter, nor its credibility. Only your view of the necessity of crediting it. In the same way, I have not the least doubt that the Tariff Reformer would be proving that unemployment is more rife in Germany than in England and the Free Trader denying it, if some unexpressed axiom of belief that lies behind the faith of each made it a logical necessity.

The arguments and statistics are not the reason of the belief. The belief is the reason of the arguments, and that is why the current arguments are so futile.

In order to discover why the Tariff Reformer and I differ, I must discover the instinctive impressions which lie at the basis of his belief. Instead of weighing his arguments or his statistics against mine, I must find out why the same argument and the same statistics affect us differently.

And to do this, I have only to examine my own mind. For

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the mere fact that the Tariff Reform proposals met with an instant acceptance from a considerable proportion of the people of this country is sufficient proof that they appeal to impressions which in some degree are natural and instinctive in the mind of everybody, and the examination of them is made rather fascinating as a psychological study by the fact that they became conscious and articulate at a distinct date still recent enough to be recalled without effort.

One can remember one's own decision, a moment at least, and possibly much longer, when we asked ourselves: "What do I believe?" And that memory, if it allows me to recall all the impressions and feelings which in the balance of my mind gave sufficient weight to the Tariff Reform argument to keep my decision even a moment in suspense, provides me with all the material I need in order to ascertain the final reason why other men who are as sincere as myself emerged from the decision Tariff Reformers.

I remember the feeling of dismay with which I realised for the first time clearly that the value of our imports exceeds that of our exports by a very large figure, and has done so for many years past. I conjured up at once the picture of a man who consumes more than he produces, who spends more than he earns. The bankruptcy of such a man is inevitable. It is only a question how long his capital will hold out.

It was the fact that, in the case of the nation, the capital has held out so long, and is giving no indication of its decrease, which reassured me, and proved to my mind at the outset that the simile was in some way wrong. The very immensity of the figures, the apparent seriousness of the position, showed that it was not serious. The rate at which, according to the proposition, we are approaching bankruptcy, taken in conjunction with the length of time we have been continuing the process without getting there, proves at the outset that the proposition is wrong. Our excess of imports over exports cannot mean that we are spending as a nation more than we earn.

The intelligent Tariff Reformer has, of course, realised this. What I suspect—and I am examining my own alarms, and imagining him still influenced by them—is that he has gone no further in reassuring himself. Although he has to admit that the original proposition was wrong, he would appear to be still affected by its argument to the extent of being prejudiced in favour of exports and against imports.

But if the original proposition was wrong, it calls for a new and complete readjustment of one's impressions with regard to

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our international exchange: and the readjustment, completely carried out, brings one to the conclusion that our imports are a measure of our strength, our exports a measure of our weakness—the original proposition not modified, but absolutely reversed.

And here is the reasoning of it. If we export one pound's worth of goods and import two pounds' worth, and find that our accounts still balance, it means that we have given to other nations a pound's worth of service. That service is represented by our shipping, our banking, our insurance, our lending of capital, roughly speaking, the best "jobs" that are going in the world. The amount then by which our imports exceed our exports in value shows the extent to which we are keeping these jobs, and if our exports began to approximate to our imports, it would show that we were losing them and were compelled to take on the inferior business of producing goods that can be entered and classified in a list of exports.

Instead of the picture of a man spending more than he earns, I see the picture of a professional man who pays with his brains for what he receives in material goods, of a doctor, say, who can take pride in comparing the insignificant value of the drugs he sends out of his house with the value of the groceries which enter it.

I imagine that the Tariff Reformer's prejudice against imports and his appreciation of material exports is increased by an impression that the advantage to this country of an international exchange depends upon the amount of labour called into requisition.

"Lending capital may be a better job for the man who lends it than making matches," he says, "but making matches employs a lot of labour and lending capital does not," and he infers that if in the balancing of our national accounts we set off a hundred pounds' worth of matches imported from Sweden against a hundred pounds' worth of use of capital given to Sweden, we have the worst of the bargain because it gives more employment to Sweden than to England.

This impression that the advantage of an industry to any country depends upon the number of people it employs in proportion to the value of their product is natural and instinctive so long as any labour in the country is unemployed. Whenever I hear of the introduction of some new machine, like the linotype, which enables one man to do the work that formerly employed two or more, I feel instinctively that the new machine is a calamity that has come to the country because it has lessened the demand for labour, and the feeling is justified to this extent, that the

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introduction of labour-saving machinery does immediately and for a time inflict great and undeniable hardships upon a particular set of workers

The fact that public sympathy for these sufferers has never yet led to the suppression of a machine, however, gives one a very strong reason for believing that what is a hardship for one certain set of workers is a benefit to the country at large.

The undeviating policy of this country which appears to have steadily increased its prosperity, a policy against which the Luddite Riots were the last real protest, and a policy against which I think no sane economist would dream of protesting to-day, is the policy of economising labour. Every machine or method by which the product of ten men's labour could be produced by one man has been unhesitatingly accepted with complete indifference to the interests of those particular workers who have been trained to a particular industry and find their labour no longer in demand.

That indifference has no doubt been too complete and too callous hitherto. The conscience of the community is awakening to the fact that it has a certain responsibility towards those who suffer individually from the introduction of a new machine which benefits the community generally, the motor vehicle for instance. But the worst and most expensive way in which we could exhibit our sympathy and acquit our responsibility as a community to the army of grooms, farriers, fly-masters and others who at the present moment are suffering through the introduction of motor traffic would be to suppress or limit the new industry which has caused their suffering. The interests of the men who are thrown out of work are not the interests of the country. They are diametrically opposed.

Now this policy of economising labour may be a good one for the country, or it may be a bad one (although it would take a brave man to pretend that it is bad), but it must be one or the other. It cannot be good for the country in one instance and bad in another.

If it is bad, then let us smash every machine by which labour is economised, let us till our fields and weave our fabrics by hand again, and so employ the greatest number of labourers to produce any given value of goods. But if the policy is good, then we cannot pretend that any particular international exchange is bad for the country on the ground that it economises labour in England.

If we could invent a machine or a method by which one man could produce as much wheat as is at present produced by the

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labour of ten, it would not only be accepted and used, but welcomed as an undoubted boon to the country and an aid to its advance in prosperity. And this in spite of the obvious and acknowledged fact that the first result of its introduction would be to throw a great number of agricultural labourers out of work.

Precisely the same economy is obtained by an international exchange which permits us to obtain an amount of wheat which would represent the work of ten men in this country for the actual work of one man engaged on a better employment. Whether he is simply lending his capital, or engaged on foreign banking, or making a first-class chronometer for export to the wheat-growing country, the result of the exchange to this country is precisely the same as if he were growing the wheat in his office or study with the sole aid of a machine or a chemical process.

If the economy of labour secured is a benefit to the country in one case, it must be in the other. If the immediate unemployment which it causes is overbalanced by the benefit to the country at large in one case, it must be in the other. And unless we are prepared to abolish every well-paid industry in the country in which the greatest value is produced by the minimum of labour we must reverse our instinctive feeling and admit that the value of an international exchange is proportionate, not to the amount of labour that it gives in this country, but to the amount that it economises.

This idea that the benefit of any industry to the country is dependent upon the amount of labour it employs, an idea which logically carried out would make us abolish the professions in favour of manufacture and the manufacturing industries in favour of agriculture, which would make us destroy all machinery for the prosperity of the country, is due to an instinctive feeling, as I said. I imagine that the Tariff Reformer has not yet brought it to the bar of reason and found that it must be absolutely reversed. It is founded, I think, upon another impression that is equally natural and instinctive, but equally fallacious: the idea that the demand for labour in this country is limited, and the supply unlimited.

This impression enables the Tariff Reformer to avoid the idea of international exchange altogether. Instead of deciding whether it is best for us as a country to employ one man to make chronometers or ten to produce the same value by growing wheat, he is able to imagine and infer that we should do both, make the chronometer and grow the wheat. The impossibility of what he proposes is not apparent to him because he looks at

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one industry at a time. Possibly if by State aid we made wheat-growing as profitable to the labourer employed on it as the making of chronometers we should draw sufficient labour from other industries to grow all the wheat we require without giving up our watch-making industry. But if we are considering all the industries of the country together, it is obvious, I think, that we have not sufficient labour available to produce all that we at present import, and at the same time continue to produce all that we at present export and all we use at home. We are compelled to consider, therefore, which industries we shall preserve and which we shall "fling away to the foreigner."

How is the selection to be made? At present it makes itself automatically by the single action of that unhesitating instinct which compels us to economise labour. If the value of a motor-car made in France represents the labour of more men than would be required to make it in England at the English rate of wages we at once begin to make our own motor-cars. If the value of a thousand Japanese paper fans represents the labour of fewer workers than would be required to make them in England at the English rate of wages, we let the Japanese make all our paper fans for us.

If the Tariff Reformer proposes to reverse that policy and encourage and preserve those industries in which the greatest amount of labour is employed to produce a given value of produce, his proposals are precisely the same as those of the Luddite machine-wrecker, and he is to be credited with the same generous but mistaken desire to create employment. His object would be gained with less expense and inconvenience to the country if he prohibited a few labour-saving machines, and insisted, for instance, that all our carpets should be woven by hand.

The impression that the supply of labour in this country is unlimited is, as I said, natural and instinctive, or, rather, it is an impression that one naturally receives from a surface observation of the labour market or of the relations between the employer and the employed. In the same way, when one sees the shops always full of goods, and the shopmen all eagerly pressing their wares and receiving an order as if it were a favour, one is almost driven to accept it as a truism that the supply of all goods is greatly in excess of the demand. The impression would be a quite natural one, although the famine of goods would be felt in a week if ships and factories paused in their strenuous task of keeping the shops supplied.

Similarly one feels instinctively that the supply of labour is

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in excess of the demand. It is an impression that has some place in the mental attitude of everybody. When I hear that a new factory has been opened which will give employment to a hundred workers, I feel instinctively that a hundred workers are being saved from the miseries of unemployment. I think everybody feels this instinctively, although it is not true. The truth is that a hundred workers will be employed in the new factory who would otherwise have been employed somewhere else.

The false impression receives a certain apparent support from the fact that there are always in this and every other civilised country a certain number of workers lacking employment. A careless thinker might imagine that they represent the excess of labour over the demand, and this might be so if labour was instantly or easily convertible from one to another of its hundred different forms, if the collier, for instance, who is thrown out of work by a temporary lull in the demand for coal could fill in the interval by making watches or building houses. Since labour is not convertible, the fact that there are at any moment a thousand colliers unemployed means simply and solely that the demand for collier-labour is at the moment below the average. It gives no indication whatever of the relation in the country between the supply and demand of labour generally. For if every other industry in which training is required was calling at the same moment for more labour the thousand colliers would remain unemployed until the demand for collier-labour rose again.

As little indicative of the relations of demand and supply is the presence in the country of a great number of untrained labourers who are able to obtain only casual and insufficient employment. If every industry which requires trained labour was demanding labour, the condition of the untrained adult would remain unaltered.

The industries of this country absorb all the available labour of the country, and the more the population increases the more readily is it absorbed. But they absorb it only when it is convertible. They begin with the trainable boy or girl who is willing and able while depending on parental support to work through the period of training for wages that would not support an adult, with or without a family.

It is at this point, the point at which labour is absorbed, when labour is a convertible term which may represent labour at house-building, or watch-making, or coal-mining, or any industry whatever, that we must ask whether there is more labour than demand

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for it. And the fact that no trainable boy or girl has the least difficulty in finding employment on the terms on which employment is given to beginners is instant proof that the demand for labour is always in excess of the supply. I do not pretend that a boy can obtain any form of employment that he pleases; there is always competition for the best berths; but if he cannot get a situation as a bank clerk he can apprentice himself to a plumber; If the insurance office does not want him, the chimney-sweep does. Difficulty in getting " gentlemanly jobs " is not difficulty in finding work. If his tastes lie strongly in the direction of agriculture or gold-mining he will probably decide that his chances are greater out of England, but a scarcity of demand for certain sorts of labour must not be confused with a scarcity of demand for labour generally.

The problem of the unemployed is concerned with those who have given their trainable youth to an industry which temporarily or permanently has become less active, and those who have passed their trainable youth without acquiring any training at all to make their labour of more value than a boy's. For every job they can do, therefore, they are in competition with boys, who, besides being content with a boy's wages, have the advantage of youth's adaptability. They are limited to the industries in which their one advantage over the boy, their greater physical strength, counts, and for these industries, like that of the dock labourer, which require strength without training, there is consequently always a supply of labour in excess of the demand.

To which of these two classes would a new skilled industry or a new factory give employment ? To the resting collier, or the coachman thrown out of work by the introduction of motor traffic, or to the casual untrained labourer ? The new industry would draw its labour as every industry does from the trainable youth of the country. It would employ those who would otherwise have been employed on other industries, and the only question from the point of view of its benefit to the country is whether it offers better or worse employment than those employed on it would otherwise have found.

The problem of unemployment demands the utmost consideration from the nation. Its seriousness increases with the advance of the country in civilisation and prosperity. For with that advance proceeds the specialisation of labour which renders it less and less convertible. When the same set of workmen were employed to make both watches and clocks, a slack demand for watches might be balanced by a brisk demand for clocks, and so

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keep them employed. To-day, a slackness of demand, not for watches, but for a particular pattern of watch is sufficient to throw a factory idle. The recurrent unemployment of the skilled labourer is due to the very factors which increase the prosperity of the country. And as the country becomes more wealthy and commercially active so also will increase and multiply those opportunities by which a boy of the trainable age is tempted to earn money without learning to do a man's work and drift when he becomes a man into the ranks of the casual labourer.

But if the problem of unemployment is magnified in the mind until it produces an impression of England as a country peopled by men on the look-out for a job, if we allow it to obscure the fact that all the labour which can be absorbed in the manner in which labour is absorbed, beginning with the trainable boy or girl, is readily absorbed, we are likely to run hopelessly wrong in our consideration of any and every question of political economy.

If the instinctive impression that the supply of labour is greater than the demand, and that the unemployed represent the surplus, is allowed to remain unquestioned in the mind as an axiom, then every Tariff Reform argument follows naturally, and becomes sane. The impression is by itself sufficient to explain why those arguments are accepted by logical men, and having examined it, I can remain secure in my faith and leave it to the Tariff Reformer to find for himself *his* explanation of the obstinate prejudice which men as sincere and intelligent as himself have in favour of Free Trade.

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Galileo

By C. Robinson

JUST three hundred years ago Galileo Galilei, a professor of philosophy in Northern Italy, discovered Jupiter's satellites by means of the newly invented telescope; an event well worth recalling even by those who have no personal interest in astronomy. To Galileo may safely be assigned a place side by side with Archimedes, Leonardo da Vinci, Bacon, and the late Lord Kelvin, men of gigantic intellect and at the same time conspicuous for their all-round practical abilities, each of whom created an epoch in history, and left the whole world richer because they had lived.

The almost total silence of current literature on the subject of this tercentenary seems inexplicable; for the few minutes that Galileo spent in first detecting Jupiter's moons may probably be put in a class apart, as comprising the most important single discovery ever made by man, when judged by the profound influence it has exerted upon the subsequent thought and progress of the world.

If there were any truth in the popular superstition that comets appear to herald some great event, we might have said that the two remarkable comets which visited us last year had come to remind us of what we owe to this great man!

The first crude notion of a telescope seems to have been accidentally lighted upon, a few years previously, by some one whose claim for priority is not clearly ascertained. But it was only regarded as a curious toy until Galileo heard of it. He took hold of the idea and worked at it with his usual alert enthusiasm until he succeeded in constructing a telescope of very respectable power. We should to-day consider it a grievously imperfect instrument, yet it enabled him to make a rapid series of startling discoveries. The sun, which was regarded by philosophers as the essence of spotless purity, was seen to be "blemished" by dark spots. Venus, the brilliant diamond of the evening sky, looked like a crescent moon. The moon showed a face pitted with gigantic craters and seamed with mountain ridges. Most

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important of all (as the result proved), Jupiter was discovered to be a rotating globe surrounded by a small family of revolving moons.

This discovery, though obviously interesting, does not, at first sight, appear likely to produce any world-shaking revolution in thought; yet so the event proved.

To understand this more clearly, we must recall that the whole world believed that the earth was fixed immovably in the midst of a revolving universe. The few who had any doubts upon this point hardly dared to express them. Copernicus, a German mathematician, had in the previous century published a theory that the sun was the fixed centre round which the earth and the other planets revolve. But few were learned enough to follow his reasonings, and the majority contented themselves by denouncing him as a fool.

Every intelligent schoolboy to-day knows the kernel of the Copernican theory; but in 1610 it was almost forgotten. Ridicule has often proved more deadly than either argument or even persecution!

Galileo himself was one of the few who were inclined to favour the Copernican system, but he did not care to say so, until he could find some proof more tangible than an abstract mathematical formula. And this missing link was supplied by Jupiter as revealed in the telescope. Here was an evidently massive body apparently whirling along "afloat in the empty nothingness of space," and faithfully accompanied by its moons through all its wanderings. This presented a tangible illustration, visible to all, strongly confirming the probability of Copernicus' theoretical arguments. So Galileo now decided to stake his reputation upon the revival of this temporarily discredited theory.

These discoveries were at first received with great enthusiasm, and distinguished men, from far and near, begged to be allowed to test this wonderful invention by their own eyes.

Galileo even took one of his telescopes to Rome, where he excited the keenest interest among the Cardinals, some of whom were already his personal friends.

But, here we begin to tread on delicate ground. The story of the long-drawn conflict between Galileo and the "Holy Office" of the Vatican has so often been used by Protestant controversialists as "a stick to beat the [Roman] dog with" that the bare mention of the very name of Galileo has been regarded as a party battle-cry. We do not propose to use these pages for any such purpose, but will briefly relate the sequel with historic impartiality.

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The Cardinals at first gave Galileo cordial congratulations and friendly encouragement. But when, by-and-bye, he alluded to his belief that the earth moved round the sun, they began to expostulate with him. They pointed out to him that the Bible says that " the earth is built upon pillars so that it can never be moved." Arguments, friendly expostulations, and finally threats, were plied vigorously, until, in a weak moment, Galileo promised to remain silent upon this point.

But a promise given under such circumstances, contrary to his assured belief, could not long be kept by so vigorous-minded a man as Galileo. Before long he again began to teach the forbidden doctrine, in the form of " Dialogues."

There is no need to dwell upon the prolonged and deplorable recriminations which followed at intervals for nearly twenty years, until finally he was condemned by the Inquisition for having broken his promise that he would cease to publish the " rash " doctrine of Copernicus.

It forms an historic scene. He stands there before his judges, an old man of nearly seventy years, aged in body, and blind of one eye through observing the sun with imperfect precautions, yet alert as ever in mind: he bowed to his sentence. He was ordered to perform certain acts of penance and to retire " on parole " into permanent seclusion at a specified country house.

Here he lived for about eight years, quietly investigating and writing, until he died; and his writings were published long after his death.

Hardly any one in this twentieth century will be prepared to defend this treatment of an honest scientific investigator by the representatives of religion. But in justice we must remember that it was a dark and narrow-minded age. If it was the Church that condemned Galileo, it was the world in general that approved of that condemnation.

Probably nine people out of ten, at that day, would have expressed the opinion that he was a dangerous innovator, and that he had become too presumptuous owing to the admitted cleverness of his many inventions.*

To help us to realise what a tremendous revolution in thought was involved in Galileo's teaching, let us try to project ourselves

* To complete our idea of Galileo's all-round abilities it may be noted that, in addition to his development of the telescope, he invented the thermometer, the proportional compass, and the pendulum (as applied to clocks). Each one of these inventions would separately entitle him to a niche in the portrait gallery of history. He was also a distinguished amateur musician and a painter of great ability. In a word, he was a " jack of all trades, but a master, or even a pioneer, in them all."

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backwards into the atmosphere of the age which preceded him, and much of which still remained in his time. The international convulsions which attended the downfall of the Roman Empire, and also the rise of the power of the Turk, shook civilisation to its very foundations. Endless wars and consequent famines preoccupied the attention of Europe; and the pen gave place to the sword. The brilliant development which learning had reached, even several centuries B.C., was all but forgotten, and a gloom, as of a London fog, had brooded over the intellect of the world during the dreary centuries of the "Dark Ages." The few who had any scientific tastes, and indulged them by making any experimental researches, were usually treated either as harmless lunatics or else as dangerous followers of the "black arts."

The ancient philosophy of Aristotle still reigned supreme, and was regarded as hardly less infallible and final than the Bible itself. The earth was supposed to be like "a sort of gigantic penny bun," supported upon some imagined foundations. Its size was as unknown as its shape, for there was no Admiral Peary to explore to the "edge" of the world—there was not even a Dr. Cook to claim that he had done so! To doubt the fixedness of the earth was as great an offence to orthodox philosophy as it was to orthodox religion.

The task which Galileo set himself was nothing less than to persuade the world (which had been brought up in unquestioning traditional belief in this simple and comfortable idea), that the earth, upon which millions of men can work securely and sleep peacefully, is no more than a sort of huge orange, afloat in space, and all the while whirling round at a dizzy speed. It seemed unthinkable!

But the curiosity excited by the new spy-glass was immense; and to those minds capable of detached thought, the sight of the rotating globe of Jupiter accompanied by its revolving moons provided an object-lesson and an analogy that gradually made their influence felt.

The old philosophy died hard; but the new learning won the field step by step; though Galileo did not live to see its triumph. And to-day the great majority even of educated men seem to have a very imperfect idea of the vast debt that civilisation owes to astronomy, and to Galileo in particular.

It may be appropriate to mention two or three concrete instances of tangible benefits, in which all have shared.

Astronomy pointed out the need of accurate clocks, and Galileo himself helped to supply that need by first thinking of a

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pendulum clock; while by means of the transit telescope we have learned how to regulate a clock to a degree of nicety never before possible.

Then astronomy, as we have seen, taught us our first correct notion of the shape of the earth, and consequently of the meaning of latitude and longitude. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the fact that without an accurate knowledge of time, and also of our bearings upon the surface of the earth (or of the ocean), commerce and travel, as we know them, would be merely impossible.

But the greatest single benefit that astronomy has conferred upon mankind is undoubtedly the indirect one of bursting open the rust-locked doors of mediæval darkness and prejudice, and so of clearing the way, once for all, for future pioneers in every field of thought and activity. But for the work which Galileo set himself to do in this respect, facing a hostile world, we might still be living in the "Dark Ages." And that meant stagnation. During several centuries philosophy made no progress *because it did not expect to make any*. It relied upon "authority" instead of upon reason. It regarded critical research as an impertinent intrusion, only worthy of being met by "the argument of the big stick."

The temper of the opposition which Galileo had to face may be illustrated by one out of many authentic instances. A philosopher of high repute was invited to see Jupiter's satellites for himself through the telescope. He declined, saying: "As there are just seven planets, and as seven is *the perfect number*, any addition to that number would destroy the balance of the universe; besides which," he added with finality, "if any such bodies existed, Aristotle would have told us so."

It is not wise to ridicule ignorance; but when ignorance is not only ignorant of its ignorance, but is even proud of it, it needs a severe awakening.

That is what Galileo largely helped to administer to the world, though it cost him dear for the moment. And it is only fitting that we, who have benefited by his life-work, should at least "keep his memory green."

Post Scriptum. Readers of the foregoing may have noticed the discrepancy between what is there said about the trial of Galileo and the usual history of it with which most of us have been familiar, including the dungeon and the torture-chamber. An explanation may be desirable, the more so because it refers to a little-known but very curious chapter in the history of literature. A hundred years after Galileo's death a number of his unique

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MSS. were being sold to a pork-butcher as wastepaper by the inconceivably careless person who had inherited them. An intelligent customer fortunately discerned that the wrapping of his sausage was an authentic letter written by Galileo himself, and he rescued most of the precious bundle. But its contents were never published until nearly three hundred years after some of the events referred to in them. This delay was, no doubt, partly due to the fact that the ban of the Vatican Index which was placed upon all Copernican writings in 1616 was never removed until 1820 (see *The Life of Galileo*, by J. Fahie). Their recent publication has, among other things, considerably modified our ideas about that famous trial. It is now certain that Galileo was subjected to no bodily sufferings. It is also clear that the Roman Church was quite reluctant to condemn him, but was goaded on to it by the angry "schoolmen," who foresaw the loss of their own prestige in Galileo's undermining of the authority of Aristotle.

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Play of the Month

Mrs. Patrick Campbell

THE play being the thing, I ought of course to tell of the admirable performance of Ibsen's *Master Builder* at the Little Theatre —incontestably *the* play of the month—but, on attempting to do so, I found I couldn't; for what is a man to say now that is new about that wonderful "thrill," what can he point to that has not been vindicated tenfold with our tardy acceptance of Ibsen's genius? That new generation, that new girl, aye, the very technique of it all—they are the banjo of the entire modern school. Every other play in London is dull and insipid beside it, yet I will leave it, as I must fain write about a woman.

I went to the Haymarket to see Mr. Besier's *Lady Patricia*, but instead of a play I found a woman, and positively that was all that mattered. Mr. Besier has evidently been taking lessons from Mr. Somerset Maugham. His play shows craft, a theatrical sense, a certain niceness of proportion, otherwise it is a purely "footling" affair, artificial, superficial, and jejune. It happens like a Japanese box. Every scene is dexterously superimposed and interwoven; it is the artificial boy and girl, Peter Pan rigmarole of sentimentality saved from utter waste by a distinct literary grace of language, and every now and again a pretty spate of wit and euphemism. It is not for the mere critic to lecture. A man has to live, even a poet such as Mr. Besier; if, therefore, in these days of box-office plays and guffaw appreciation a poet turns to and becomes a cobbler, by the saints let him, and on that estimate this play of his will do well enough. But that is no reason why criticism should be of the box-office kind. The fact is my editor won't have it at any price. I must perforce obey, and I must therefore say to Mr. Besier that *Lady Patricia* is, as a work of art, retrograde and bad. Retrograde—because we are trying, some of us, to lift the British stage out of the nursery and to remove Baby's fender from the art of Shakespeare. And this play, designed obviously to make us giggle without the slightest pretence of

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reality, of psychology, of emotion, is (artistically and humanly speaking) bad because it represents and interprets no truth, says nothing, touches nothing, means nothing. Put it beside *The Master Builder* and it dissolves like a sugar-plum in the mouth: it is an after-dinner, make-up-a-party-for-the-theatre kind of a thing, and that is just the kind of thing it is imperative to free our stage from, if ever again we are to have a theatre of adult art and intelligence.

The entertainment, however, provides one perpetual delight in the personality of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, worth unquestionably the price of a stall. Let us be grateful to Mr. Besier for this. We do not often see that lady on the stage, she who is one of our few actresses, and the last time we saw her she was very rhapsodical, intense, Grecian, and tragic, and here again she is all this and more; she is a high-falutin' dame of the Lydia Languish type, declaiming Walter Paterisms with the shallowness of a modern "smart" woman. As the Walter Crane, Patience type of drawing-room intellectual she is entrancing. Her pout and mellifluous toying with "my beautiful inarticulate boy," that throat of tragedy, that voice like the coo of a dove, the sheer beauty of the woman—these things are a joyous sight. She has all the good lines, she makes all the "points." She dips lilies in red wine to make them drunk—Oscar Wilde might have written that; when she stands up, gowned all in black, and makes her confession to the dean, she is exquisite; but when she hisses out the word "flapper" and inquires whether it is spelt with a "ph," she is utterly adorable. She makes one even forgive Mr. Besier, though all she has to do is to gush and rhapsodise. She is in fact the play, the true thing in it. All the rest are mannequins, for even the delightful old gardener is a stage creation. But Mrs. Patrick Campbell is herself. She looks best in black, and when the curtain falls and we grab our clothes we realise that we have been delightfully entertained not so much by a play as by the personality and art of a lovely woman.

Ah—I had almost forgotten. Before *Lady Patricia* there was a playlet, by Mr. Gilbert Cannan, called *James and John*, which, I fear, the Gaiety "Johnny" would call "rot," *i.e.*, the serious work of a serious man. It has a distinctive atmosphere, if too literary in technique, and ends finely, and all through the characterisation and the treatment are true and sustained. A thing of merit; but the attractions of the Haymarket are the black beauty and the cooing of Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

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Book Notices

BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

FERDINAND LASSALLE. By GEORGE BRANDES. Heinemann. 6*s.* net.

This is Dr. Brandes' well-known monograph, written some thirty years ago. The work is now a little out of perspective and it does not read very well as a translation. But Lassalle's name has for various reasons a permanent magic, and the ideas with which it is primarily associated grow in vitality and interest from day to day. Dr. Brandes has rather more to say about the ideas than about his hero, and the book may almost be said to be misnamed, its principal subject being, as he says, the historical development of the spirit of modern Germany.

GEORGE MEREDITH. By CONSTANTIN PHOTIADÈS. Paris: Armand Colin. 3 fr. 50 c.

This is a little book to introduce Meredith to French readers: beyond its immediate purpose it contains some of the most useful criticism that we have seen since the appearance of Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's *Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith*. M. Photiadès had the honour of visiting the master at Flint Cottage in 1908. The second chapter gives a biographical sketch completer than any that has yet appeared. Subsequent chapters, dealing with Meredith's art and doctrine, with the Spirit of Earth and the Comic Spirit, are admirably clear. Another chapter giving a detailed analysis of *Harry Richmond*, by way of illustrating the exuberance of his imagination, is less successful, though even the skeleton of Richmond Roy is an astonishing exhibit. M. Photiadès rightly emphasises the didactic intellect of Meredith as the force that really blends the strains of wit, romance, lyric, and philosophy that run through verse and prose alike.

CESARE LOMBROSO: A MODERN MAN OF SCIENCE. By HANS KURELLA, M.D. Translated from the German by M. EDEN PAUL, M.D. Rebman. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

Lombroso deserves, and will no doubt have, an exhaustive biography; for the ideas he contributed to the common stock were (however extreme in their expression) of that revolutionary sort which tend in the end to sweep away systems. In the meantime this slight, though authoritative, sketch of the man and his mission will serve to fill the gap. It is, of course, possible to deal only in the most cursory way with Lombroso's central idea of the criminal as a reversion to barbaric type, but all that Dr. Kurella gives of personal detail is illuminating. Lombroso was "ever a fighter,"

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from the time when he raised powerful opposition by his discovery of the cause of pellagra : even in politics he found more dissent than agreement, for, while severe in his criticism of the social order, he denounced both parliamentary government and universal suffrage. Yet so great a power did the man become that when the Milan Bread Riots of 1898 seemed to give him into the hands of his enemies, and his name was actually on the list of the proscribed, the authorities did not dare to touch him, any more than in Russia they dared to touch Tolstoy. In his way, Lombroso, too, was something of an anarchist.

A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Two volumes. Hutchinson. 24*s.* net.

These volumes have the attraction of a record which is at once full and leisurely. Mrs. Fraser lacks the two literary virtues of conciseness and impartiality : for the end of the first volume leaves her still in the schoolroom, and her whole account of the liberation of Italy and the fall of the Temporal Power is biased (against the new order) to the point of travesty. But even her prejudices make good reading ; and the narrative charm of her experiences in Italy (where she was born), America, and England (where she was educated), Pekin and Vienna (where she went with her husband) never fails. The chapters on Venice give a vastly entertaining account of official life (with its trials in the way of check-suited and short-skirted English visitors) in the most etiquette-ridden capital in Europe. And she has a large fund of excellent stories from three continents.

The Naga Tribes of Manipur. By T. C. Hodson. Macmillan. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

Mr. Hodson is one of those happy Civil Servants in the East who have anthropological interests, and in the course of his work among the Naga tribes on the northern side of Burmah he has collected a mass of interesting facts concerning their tribal organisation, their religion, and their folk-lore. His book does not pretend to be literature : it is addressed to the serious geographer and anthropologist. Any reader who has a taste above gossip, however, will find plenty of good reading in this account of a primitive people, or, rather, of a series of primitive peoples. The Naga tribes, by the way, demand chastity of their married women, but have no moral code for girls before they are married—a survival, the author suggests, of that primitive ignorance of paternity to which Dr. J. G. Frazer traces the origin of totemism.

The Autobiography of Sir William Butler. Constable. 16*s.* net.

Sir William Butler was a soldier about whose head the storms were always raging. One of the heroic figures of modern times, he had a soul aflame with the dreams of the Middle Ages, and eyes that were keen to note the sham and the sordid in the age in which he lived. He was at once more imaginative and, in a large sense, more moral than any British soldier since Gordon's day. His autobiography, we imagine, is one of the most amazing books ever written by a British general—amazing, too, not merely because of the revelations it makes of the stream of inci-

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dents which led up to the South African War, but because of its noble quixotry, its passionate sympathy for the weak and the defeated. Sir William Butler had the literary temperament, which, at its best, is overflowingly generous. He is not least generous to old friends like Lord Wolseley, whom he upholds as the greatest soldier he has known. Parnell is another of his enthusiasms, for Butler was something of a Nationalist as well as a Liberal. His autobiography, glowing, full-blooded, rhetorical, humorous, is likely to become a classic of its kind.

ANGLO-AMERICAN MEMORIES. By GEORGE SMALLEY. Duckworth and Co.

MR. Smalley belongs to the grand time of English journalism, and goes back to the days of Delane. In this book he has given an impression of the many interesting men and women he has met during a long life in the strenuous profession in which he has figured now for many decades as leader and ornament. Perhaps that is the one fault of this really admirable book, that it is too impersonal. One would like to follow Smalley—the Smalley of intimate journalistic life in Europe and America, the Smalley who, as correspondent of the *Times* in New York, invented what must be called a literary style of cabling which will always stand as an example of the highest form of journalistic compression. All sorts of men passed before him. Though for years a member of the American *Tribune*, Mr. Smalley always kept his literary skill and distinction, an almost Roman conciseness and severity, and so we find him in this work. The first part deals largely with American figure-heads; to us the main interest will be found in his sketches of Englishmen—of Sir George Lewis, of Randolph Churchill, of Lord and Lady St. Helier, of Lord Glenesk, of Kitchener, and of the King. There is a remarkable justness of view and appreciation in these sketches. Mr. Smalley is Roman to the end, even about the King. What he says about the telegraph, about the Press, about notable men generally, is both humanly and professionally interesting. He tells us something. He has written a good book. Here we may find the heart of a great journalist and learn something of the restraint, the versatility, the readiness, the judgment that are required to make one.

IN CASTLE AND COURTHOUSE: BEING REMINISCENCES OF THIRTY YEARS IN IRELAND. By RAMSAY COLLES. T. Werner Laurie. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

Mr. Ramsay Colles's reminiscences are rather small beer, partly because the materials for the nobler beverage have not come his way, and partly, we suspect, because he is by nature a small brewer. He has the Autolycus touch with regard to trifles, and the book gives us in plenty unimportant tales of unimportant people, mainly of Ireland of the nineties—for Mr. Colles is of the type which makes haste to write its autobiography. Even the recollections of such as Swinburne and Oscar Wilde add nothing to our information and little to our hilarity. It would be to the advantage of the author's future reminiscences (for of course he will write more) if he can make an effort to forget the illustrious Colles family and the literary Mr. Colles.

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VIA RHODESIA: A JOURNEY THROUGH SOUTHERN AFRICA. By CHARLOTTE MANSFIELD. Stanley Paul and Co. 16*s.* net.

Miss Mansfield's book has all the dimensions, weight, and demeanour of a much more important book than it is. That was also its intention, and it was not the author's fault, but the accident of sleeping-sickness being rife in Uganda, that made her turn aside, at Lake Tanganyika, from her designed route from the Cape to Cairo. She would not have been the first woman to follow the track (which will one of these days be a well-beaten one), but she certainly would have brought a trained and observant eye and a tireless pen to bear on its exposition. As it was, her book is simply a chronicle of comparatively unadventurous travel through North-Eastern Rhodesia, during which no opportunity of taking a photograph was successfully resisted. Unadulterated journalism, of course, and feminine journalism at that; but, within those limits, a creditable piece of work.

FINLAND TO-DAY. By GEORGE RENWICK, F.R.G.S. With forty-four illustrations and a map. T. Fisher Unwin. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

The wise traveller of to-day will visit the small and unconsidered nations rather than the "great" countries where life is every day becoming more conventional and uniform. If he goes to Finland, he will find a people simple, independent, and unspoiled; without humour (unless Mr. Renwick was very unfortunate), but with an idealism finding vent in a music which is only now, thanks to Sibelius, beginning to be known to Europe. Politically, Finland's future is uncertain; but Mr. Renwick believes, with many others, that the policy of passive resistance, as enforced by the most progressive and intelligent part of the Czar's dominions against the rest, will win in the long run. In the meantime it is interesting to be assured that there is no "woman's party" in Finland (the first country in Europe to admit women to its Parliament), but that the women deputies "are divided among the various sections which compose the Parliament." The book is descriptive and informative, not polemical.

THROUGH THE WILDERNESS OF BRAZIL BY HORSE, CANOE, AND FLOAT. By WILLIAM AZEL COOK. T. Fisher Unwin. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Mr. Cook, a missionary from the United States who penetrated into the Indian territories of the interior of Brazil, has produced a book that cannot fail to interest from the mere force of the experiences it relates. Nevertheless, an undue amount of controversial matter is somewhat didactically introduced, and a large number of pages are frankly devoted to a type of sermon that is usually clothed in less expensive covers. The author underwent many hardships in the course of his journeys through a forest-land infested by reptiles and insects, and populated here and there by tribes of naked savages. The bizarre aboriginal customs are well described, and the temperament of the members of one tribe is amusingly illustrated. When without food, "they came to us acting as if they longed to become our slaves for ever." But after a fortunate haul of fish "they hastened to their huts without looking to the right or to the left. If spoken to they feigned deafness. They do not wish many friends at such

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times as this, as they would have to divide their catch with them." This is a serious blow to the theory that ingenuous simplicity is the inevitable attribute of man *au naturel!* Mr. Cook's language and spelling is of quite the latest American order. As an instance, that which is usually understood by a bullock becomes, when evolved from his pen, a "beef"!

MY BALKAN TOUR. By ROY TREVOR. The Bodley Head. 21*s.* net.

There are various ways of writing a travel book. In one, places of small, intrinsic interest may delight the reader from the mere embellishing force of a cunning pen; in another, the features of an absorbing land may be lost beneath a series of trite and commonplace pages. The volume under review possesses a double advantage. It is not too much to say that it deals in charming fashion with fascinating material. *My Balkan Tour* is an epic of a pioneer motor-car that plunged through Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Dalmatia. It is a procession that glitters with local costume, abounds in rugged mountains and deep valleys, and is plentifully enriched with personal experiences and historical fragments. Occasionally the progress resembled that of a liner through tropical waters, with terrified horses and drivers scattering to right and left just as do the flying-fish before a cleaving bow. It is only fair to explain that the author's sympathy appears to have lain entirely with the startled inhabitants, and that a commotion of the kind was inevitable in this virgin soil.

The book is supplied with illustrations of great interest, and thus presents a unique picture of life and landscape in the Balkans. Here and there some polishing and turning up of the sentences is to be advised, but the general style is distinctly pleasing and is lightened by many touches of humour. We shall hope for further work from Mr. Roy Trevor's pen. The promise here is emphatic.

BARBAROUS MEXICO. By JOHN KENNETH TURNER. Cassell. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

The work is in reality a frank indictment of the government of President Diaz. Its substance cannot fail to astonish those who have become accustomed to regard the aged autocrat as a progressive force. Indeed, a tithe of Mr. Turner's statements would suffice to prick an even greater bubble reputation than that of the Mexican President, were the authenticity of the information assured. As to that, the author's *bona-fides* and accuracy seem unquestionable. There are three sources of evidence in support of this; that of his own eyes and that of the testimony not only of disinterested third persons but of the staunch upholders of the Diaz *régime*. For the written admissions of the latter, in the course of their attacks upon the author, have removed the last doubt concerning the justice of his charges. That slavery exists in Mexico will be learned by many with no surprise, since that republic is not the only one in the Americas where such a condition prevails. In this instance it is the attributes of the lamentable phrase that are startling. One had learned to believe that wholesale kidnapping, torture, and killing were only to be effected with utter impunity in the Middle Ages. Yet here we have chapter and verse for all three, worked on a scale sufficiently generous to shake the complacency of even the most callous.

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A complete lack of diatribe renders *Barbarous Mexico* doubly convincing. Mr. Turner's pen is as cool and calculating as was his procedure in the country itself. Here he posed not as an investigator, but as a capitalist desirous of purchasing plantations, and was thus continually shown with enthusiasm all the advantages that accrue to the owner from slave labour! Much that he saw and learned was purely horrifying. For President Diaz the author has scant respect. As an instance of his methods Mr. Turner quotes a stratagem employed on the occasion of Mr. Elihu Root's visit to Mexico, when the President distributed "five thousand pairs of new pantaloons among that class of workmen who were habitually most prominent in the streets. In spite of orders that the pants were to be worn, the majority of them were promptly exchanged for food, and so Mr. Root was probably not very badly fooled." Unfortunately, however, in a book of such a nature as this there is scope for very little of this element of light farce.

ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES

AN ACCOUNT. By ERICA COTTERILL. London: W. T. Pike and Co.

This is an extraordinary little book. There is an unfinished rather Shavian play ("It is here as far as it was written," comments the author) containing one or two scenes of remarkable power—("There are parts that are lived. It is for them that it is left.") But about half the book is taken up with the author's introduction, a sort of spiritual autobiography which is worth close study. The style of it can be compared only to that of Aristotle at his most obscure, a style in which clumsy pronominal and prepositional phrases are used to express large tracts of vague emotion. Many consecutive pages are quite unintelligible. But sometimes the author manages to express in a flash refinements of feeling or phases of reaction to her environment or tags of vivid memory which make a really valuable document.

THE GOLDEN BOUGH. By J. G. FRAZER. Third edition. Part I. Two vols. Macmillan. 20*s.* net.

Dr. Frazer's *Totemism and Exogamy* grew out of a brief essay into four weighty volumes. *The Golden Bough*, his great and almost beautiful study of magic and primitive religion, is growing as enormously in his hands. He is now dividing it into quasi-independent parts, the first of which appears with the sub-title, "The Magic Art and the Evolution of Kings." Dr. Frazer does not contend that kings have in all cases and places evolved out of magicians. His detailed study of those instances in which they have done so is one of the glories of anthropology. It is hardly necessary to recommend this revised and enlarged edition of the first part of the work. Dr. Frazer is one of those fortunate men of science who have the double genius of science and literature.

LAND PROBLEMS AND NATIONAL WELFARE. By CHRISTOPHER TURNOR. Lane. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

In Mr. Turnor's writing there is a happy blend displayed of wisdom and simplicity. He is full of ideals; but he has also had practical

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experiences, and has known how to turn them to account. He is deeply concerned for the welfare of English agriculture, believing that the safety of a country depends upon its power to feed itself, and its stamina upon the preservation of its rural life. From this belief he passes, as do so many, to an ardent desire for food taxes. Yet if he had written to prove the needlessness of Protection for our agriculture, he could hardly have produced a more persuasive book. What his survey makes most apparent is the vitality and solidity of farming as a profession under the present fiscal *régime*, and that in spite of the proverbial muddle-headedness and wastefulness of farmers as a class and their sleepy adherence to tradition and rule of thumb. On all these points he has memorable observations; and it is strange that he does see that with the removal of foreign competition the best chance of rooting out these anachronisms must disappear. The book has useful and kindly chapters on Landowner, Farmer, Labourer, and upon the problems connected with Small Holdings, Education, Organisation, &c. The author would like to see a group of members sent to Westminster pledged to secure attention for agricultural topics. He also hopes to see a National Party founded. Viscount Milner, who writes a preface to the book, sympathises with this idea, but, like ourselves, does not quite see how it would be possible to realise it.

Essays on Russian Novelists. By William Lyon Phelps. Macmillan. 6*s.* 6*d.* net.

Most of Professor Phelps's pages are devoted, as one would expect, to the lives and work of Tolstoy, Turgenev, and Dostoievski, but he has also interesting chapters on Gogol, Gorki, Artsybashev, Chekhov, Andreev. His style is at once as unassuming and readable as a style can be. The bulk of what he says is what one would expect to hear; yet one is more charmed to hear it than one would have thought possible. His view of the broad outlines of his subject is just; his sympathies are deep and human; his paragraphs, verging at times a little towards the commonplace, are redeemed by touches of spice and savour, only the more effective because they are occasional. If Professor Phelps is not original, epigrammatic, and recondite, it is because he has no temptation to be so. But his work lacks something, perhaps, of the fibre given to those who have felt and overcome these temptations.

Notes from the Life of an Ordinary Mortal: Being a Record of Things Done, Seen, and Heard at School, College, and in the World during the Latter Half of the Nineteenth Century. By A. G. C. Liddell, C.B. John Murray. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

This is unmistakably in the style of Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, the most insatiable and discriminating diarist of our generation. Mr. Liddell's range is not so wide; but he has had the advantage of a varied career—in the law and in various phases of official life—with perpetual access to all sorts of interesting people. It is easy to praise the book as a collection of entertaining anecdotes, but Mr. Liddell has the far rarer faculty of welding the miscellaneous assortment into a book—a Book in the Carlylean sense, with a significance and a personality. He

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is not merely the Chiel Amang Us Takin' Notes: he is the student and observer of life.

Unsoundness of Mind. By T. S. Clouston, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

This book is part of the new movement—whether dictated by the mere lust of authorship, or by the unconscious democratic desire to "trust the people," who shall say?—for taking the layman into the confidence of the expert. In this case especially is the attempt justified, for the popular attitude towards insanity has been in the main one of fatalism. Dr. Clouston explains, on the other hand, how the malady is induced, encouraged, and may even be averted: assuredly he will do something to correct the incoherence of the public mind. Of course, Dr. Clouston has much to say on the many important questions involved in the study of feeble-mindedness from the point of view of the community. He denies that insanity is increasing, disbelieves in any necessary association between genius and madness, would slacken the divorce laws and tighten the marriage laws in the interest of physical fitness, and even counsels the eugenic ideal of sterilisation in cases of hopeless degeneracy.

Women and Labour. By Olive Schreiner. Fisher Unwin.

Only the fringe of the Women's movement is touched upon in this very able work by Olive Schreiner, but it is so admirably written that it should be read by all interested in the movement and its disciples. It deals with the parasitism of woman; her dependence, that is, upon man for social and economic maintenance in return for the use of her sexual functions. One would like to quarrel seriously with the author on that point, but this is not the place. The plea of Olive Schreiner is, "We take all labour in our province," culminating in the cry for "labour and the training that fits us for labour." This is where the author seems to go astray. What does she mean by training? Are not as many girls trained in the arts as men? In literature, music, painting—yet how few achieve distinction! This claim for women's right to work in every post and form of toil is surely a dangerous demand. The cry of the age is commercialism—that is, competition. Already it has broken down chivalry. If women enter the markets they will have to compete against men as equals. And, say what Olive Schreiner may, it is here that the physical distinctions of sex will play their part. This cry is the return to the laws of the fittest; but they do not see that the fittest, the strongest, will then rule. They rule now by polite consent. They will rule then by might. However, it is a delight to read this able book. On the question of women and war she rises to real heights of literary eloquence; but is it true to say that women would never incite to war? All revolutions have been made largely by women. Women fight among themselves for men quite as much and more than men do for women. In claiming their right to work and vote and govern, women forget that they lack the one thing essential to the enforcement of right—which is might, essential to all authority and government. How will they overcome the law of nature that predestined them to be mothers? Well, well, Olive Schreiner is so eloquent that one reads her book with joy.

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SPIRITUAL SCIENCE. By SIR W. E. COOPER. L. N. Fowler and Co. *3s. 6d.* net.

This book can hardly be considered as a serious contribution to the mass of matter bearing on the subject of which it treats, for its author is so much in love with his subject that he admits as evidence all that he would like to see among the evidence. He quotes Flammarion's *Urania* as evidence for the continuity of life after death—but why *Urania*, when so many speculative romances can be found among the works of English writers? One feels that Sir W. E. Cooper was quite convinced of the truth of what he wrote, but there is little in the writing to convince others.

SECRET SOCIETIES AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By UNA BIRCH. John Lane.

These studies and estimates are wholly admirable—well balanced, well written, thoughtful, and suggestive. In the first of them the author makes out a distinct case for the influence played by the lodges and secret societies in France upon the Revolution. She shows clearly how the Phrygian cap of the "illuminati" became the headgear of the populace, how, in short, the *temaire* of the masonic bodies became the watchwords of new France, as the red banner became the symbol. There is an interesting study of Madame de Staël and Napoleon, in which the idealism of the woman and the materialism of the man are contrasted with a consummate judgment. Other matters dealt with are "religious liberty," and the somewhat mysterious life and personality of the Comte de Saint-Germain. In this volume, the author of *Anna van Schurman* shows herself to be an historian of real perspicuity and discrimination, and the book has that flavour only too rare in historical study of literary grace.

FICTION

FOLLOWING FEET. By E. CHARLES VIVIAN. Melrose.

We can recommend this novel to all who are looking for a dramatic and thrilling story. The young hero is possessed by a sense of justice and of the obligations of life so intense that he permits himself to act as the avenging angel towards his sister's seducer. He kills him without a tremor of hesitation or of remorse. Then, being confronted with a situation in which he must hurt one woman of the two who love him, he finds that justice is a complex and highly related thing. He finds at length that his original act of justice has hurt her still more deeply, as his victim was her brother. A convenient flash of lightning solves the riddle for him by electrocution.

A book full of quick action and thought compressing a vital story to the convenient dimensions of a dramatic few thousand words, with vividness of action and of cleverly drawn character.

THE POLAR STAR. By LADY HELEN FORBES. Duckworth and Co. *6s.*

This is a sequel to *The Bounty of the Gods*, but can be read independently. The youngest Falkland, now known by his Spanish name

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Ximantes, has become the greatest tenor of the age. His runaway marriage with Lady Katharine Cromer, her desertion of him owing to the treachery of Judy, and their subsequent reconciliation are here recounted in a bulky volume which would have been all the better for compression. The author writes too easily, and does not take sufficient trouble to work up the crises. The story, however, devoid as it is of profundity and originality and humour and any literary flavour, is always readable. The character of Ximantes, with its simplicity and reserve (hence he is nicknamed "The Polar Star" by his fellow-artistes), is both convincing and sympathetic, and there is a host of other persons excellently differentiated.

POT-AU-FEU. By MARMADUKE PICKTHALL. Murray. 6*s*.

Mr. Pickthall's volume of stories reaches a high level of art and humour. He has absorbed something of the roguish humour of the East—the East which foolish people tell us has no humour at all. *Pot-au-Feu* is divided into three parts—stories of England, stories of the Continent, stories of the Levant. Among the English stories the author gives us an unequalled study of calf-love in a shopboy, and the Eastern part contains a gem of malicious humour, "Tra-la-la." *Pot-au-Feu* takes a place apart among the fiction of the season.

THE LEECH. By MRS. HAROLD GORST. Mills and Boon. 6*s*.

There is a sinister kind of humour in this realistic study of two sisters-in-law of the small shopkeeping Cockney class. One is a widow with a little money; the other is a deserted wife with none. Both are expecting babies. The deserted wife has the instinct of a leech, and the widow and her fortune are at the woman's mercy. When the daughters of the two women grow up, the mean tyranny is extended so as to blight the life of the widow's girl. It is a sardonic and able story of the worse than death of the righteous. It would have been still more effective had the author used the Cockney idiom more subtly.

THE LONELY ROAD. By A. E. JACOMB. Melrose. 6*s*.

Miss Jacomb has an excellent gift for what we might call minor realism—or we might call it domestic realism. *The Lonely Road* is the story of a woman of the comfortable middle class who marries a man with, let us say, lower-middle-class manners. At least, he does not belong to her set, and she grows ashamed of him, especially when he becomes expansively marital in public. *The Lonely Road* is a tragedy of manners, telling of the estrangement and separation of this ill-assorted pair. It is full of clever and minute observation. On the other hand, it lacks a little the imagination that exalts.

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM. By X. MARCEL BOULESTIN and FRANCIS TOYE. Nash. 6*s*.

One could imagine the plot of *The Swing of the Pendulum* being turned to excellent account in the French comic theatre. It is the story of Mrs. Bulford's infatuation with a high-minded American, Milton Jones,

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and of how she compels him to elope with her, though he is not in the least in love with her. Her husband, eager for a divorce, rejoices in the elopement; but before long he feels so lonely, having no one to quarrel with, that he sends her a letter passionately beseeching her to return. Meanwhile she has grown exasperated with the American's cold-blooded puritanism in Paris, and on receiving the letter she swings back, like a pendulum, to her husband and child. Mrs. Bulford—who, by the way, is a Parisienne married to an Englishman—is an admirable humorous study of an injured wife with a touch of the boa-constrictor about her. It is the deft and witty dialogue, however, which is the most striking feature of the book. The skilfully-awkward situations towards the end are also gay with laughter. The construction of the story is loosish; but probably this is a mere fault of inexperience in the authors, who write with a compensating cleverness and distinction.

PHYLLIS IN MIDDLEWYCH. By MARGARET WESTRUP. John Lane. 6*s*.

One is puzzled over Phyllis through the first half of the book, for the view that is given of her is not that of direct vision—it is a queer, oblique view, and the fact that Phyllis is only ten years old adds to the strength of this impression. A child of ten ought not to have attained such complexity as is manifested in Phyllis through those earlier pages. Later on, when other child characters have multiplied, she grows more comprehensible, and at times she is even commonplace, in spite of Miss Westrup's evident love for her.

The finest chapter in the book is that entitled "Mrs. Ellerton experiments in Slumdom," for the sketch of Jane, the morose city child, which it contains, is marked by rare insight to a child's heart, and is skilfully, tenderly done. Middlewych social life, too, is suggested in clever fashion, and the critical reader may be inclined to sigh for a little more of Mrs. Dickinson and her friends, and slightly less of Phyllis's high-spirited perfection.

Still, Phyllis is no prig, but a very interesting child on the whole. A book mainly concerning children, and intended for adult reading, must be very well done to arouse more than a passing interest. Since Phyllis is even amusing, sometimes, one is forced to the conclusion that this book is very well done. The artistic manner of its production makes it a pleasant book to handle and read—in one's spare moments.

SPLENDID ZIPPORAH. By MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON. Methuen. 6*s*.

Splendid Zipporah is a massive young gentlewoman of six feet and two inches, with character to match, who develops from a student in a suburban college to the conductor of an orchestra, and from a sexless girl to a woman in love. The man is Walter Commadine, the great Irish concert-singer, who "always leapt up three steps at a time." There are a host of other persons, Bohemian and Philistine.

A MAN WITH A PAST. By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK. Stanley Paul and Co. 6*s*.

Any stick is good enough to beat a dog with, and the enemies of an institution which resembles Mr. Adcock's C.O.D. (Charity Organisation

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Department) may find pleasure in the uncompromising violence of its castigation. But others will rightly resent the introduction of a real and serious problem into the unreality of an irresponsible melodrama. For, in spite of the solemn prefatory declaration that all the characters were invented by the author and have no originals in real life, there is nothing in the book which could have misled anyone to think otherwise. Rightly enough, Mr. Adcock has imagined fantastic characters to pass through fantastic adventures. But it is an open question whether he produces that temporary persuasion of their reality, which even melodrama requires, to rouse its specific emotion. Personally we smiled at Mr. Patten, and Mr. Nockles, and, less constantly, at Miss Mull, but we never felt anxiety for Olive or grief for Mrs. Rogers, nor shuddered at the villain. The appreciation of this sort of fooling depends so much upon the reader's mood that we hesitate to call it tedious. We will only echo the words of Queen Victoria to Disraeli, when he was facetious: "We are not amused."

THE WINE-DRINKER. By W. J. BATCHELDER. Smith, Elder and Co. 6*s*.

Out of the sixteen short stories of which this collection is made up, that which gives a title for the book is far and away the best. The writer has caught the sea atmosphere and imprisoned it in the pages of this story. and has given a little word-picture of North Sea fishers which is nearly perfect in its reproduction of this little-known type of men. *The River Poacher*, again, is a good study of the cunning which characterises the dwellers in some districts of rural Norfolk, while in *The Floating Light* one meets these same characters in lighter mood—and finds a dramatic surprise in store at the finish. It is all strong, vivid work, and though one has met some of these stories before in the *Cornhill* and other periodicals, they are good enough to bear production or reproduction in book form—and to merit reading. Mr. Batchelder is fully conversant with the world of which he writes, and he knows how to render that world lifelike.

THE GLAD HEART. By E. MARIA ALBANESI. Methuen. 6*s*.

Quite a nice book of the sentimental kind by an experienced author, who can elaborate a plot with skill and portray pleasant people of all ages. Dick Framley, kind and middle-aged, protected the daughter of his extravagant acquaintance, Sir Patrick Milner, and made her companion to Lady Norchester, low-born and furiously unhappy. Ellen suffered and was glad. Lord Norchester proposed before his decree was absolute. Dick proposed. She accepted—not without causing us anxiety—whichever do you think?

THE WHITE PEACOCK. By D. H. LAWRENCE. Heinemann.

In D. H. Lawrence we have a new writer, one most certainly to be reckoned with. It is his first book, we understand, and he is quite young, quite unknown. *The White Peacock* should be read. The book stands out among the ruck of contemporary fiction unmistakably as a work of artistic and literary excellence, as the writing of a man who knows he will

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achieve both fame and distinction. It is not perhaps a very good novel. Mr. Lawrence is somewhat prolix in his conversations; his life's orbit would seem a little limited; there are loquacious oases of rather heavy and almost suburban dulness. But there are flashes of real genius, touches of physical interpretation, a skill of observation, a zeal of life, a glow of intellect, and, above all, a wonderful sensitiveness of art and nature which mark the writer as a real force. He still needs craft, the unerring craft of a Wells; he needs experience. There is nothing much in the story, which is the study of a little country circle without much incident or movement. Yet the book has a great fascination. The scent of the countryside is all about it. These people of his are real—there are some extraordinarily good descriptive scenes—and the end is real. No mawkish sentimentality. No boy-and-girl book this. A true piece of writing, revealing in places the sense of beauty and passion of a quite remarkable talent.

THE STREET OF TO-DAY. By JOHN MASEFIELD. Dent and Sons.

In *The Street of To-day* we have yet another of our few big writers joining in the democratic movement of the era and proclaiming himself a feminist. That, too, is the one quarrel we have with Mr. Masefield. He seems to have set out with the object of proving how unsuited men and women are to marry, how little a woman is trained to be the companion wife to a clever man, how rotten is the marriage state. He forgets that love is a matter of temperament. This ardent reforming soul of his who marries a pretty pink-and-white girl to discover that they have no intellectual bond, no sympathy, no possibility of sympathy—well, he, as she, is only a type. Gissing, and a more refined soul never lived, married a woman in very poor station of life. Goethe invariably did. Clever men, as often as not, prefer unintellectual women: it is a matter of temperament, of the flesh, that very thing Mr. Masefield would have us put away, as if he had made some new discovery. He seems to be almost at war with himself. The purpose suffers: the book does not end sharply; we are left wondering quite what the author intended us to feel, to think, or even surmise. Yet it is wonderfully vivid, incisive, strong, luminous. Mr. Masefield writes in full stops—rather a dangerous experiment in a long novel and at times distinctly irritating. But then again he lets himself go. There is a splendid passage on the sea, and all through the book a big and conscious comprehension. His women are drawn with remarkable truth and delicacy. He is bitter too, fierce, a social revolutionary. It is a book of the times, a fine literary work. In sheer nervous power of expression it is a *tour de force;* perhaps overdone, lacking ease, grace, charm. The love-scene between Rhoda and her lover is as exalted as anything Meredith ever wrote. There, possibly, we have the real author, intensely English, sentimental. It marks the quintessential difference between the British and Continental attitude towards love and women. Between, say, Artzybasche and Masefield there is an unbridgable chasm. Which serves to explain our modern feminine discontent.

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THE CASE OF LETITIA. By ALEXANDRA WATSON. Smith, Elder.

Letitia, a pretty, ignorant girl, rushes blindly into marriage with a scamp, only after many vicissitudes finding happiness with the strong, silent farmer who has loved her since childhood.

The idea of sacrificing her little boy for her lover seems preposterous. Still the latter did push the child into a millstream, though he rescued it at once. After all, perhaps, she was wise to hand it over to a farmer's wife for adoption, in order to join her lover free from encumbrances.

The story is simply and pleasantly told, and makes no attempt to reach any distinction of thought or style.

THE MAJOR'S NIECE. By GEORGE BIRMINGHAM. Smith, Elder.

The Major's Niece gives us once more the imperturbable J. J. and his harassed friend, Major Kent.

The niece is an unknown quantity before she arrives, and J. J. evolves her in his own mind as a fashionable young woman for whom entertainments of all kinds must be organised. She turns out to be a tomboy of ten, whose tooth-washing and masticating the Major is urged by her mother to superintend. J. J. deals with the situation, and triumphs through sheer garrulity. The stage-managing of the Lord-Lieutenant's reception, in which the Major's niece is dressed as an Irish fairy with attendant leprechauns, makes delightfully amusing reading. There are many parishes that would be all the better for a J. J. Meldon as curate, though the author does describe his methods in a prefatory letter as "loose, ill-regulated, and thoroughly immoral."

BRAZENHEAD THE GREAT. By MAURICE HEWLETT. Smith, Elder & Co.

This is the Hewlett of *The Forest Lovers* again, gone back to the fioratura and fantastics of his earlier works, only that it is more fantastic and rampageous, a *tour de force*, too, in its way, a grown-up boy's book of heroics with one Brazenhead for a pedestal. It begins with an "invocation to the muse and exordial matter," and continues from the first page to the last in a spate of literary braggadoccio, almost as bewildering as the powers of Brazenhead himself, "the seventh son of a seventh son, born by wonder in the seventh month," who out-swashbucklers even himself in the end, being laid low (By Cock!) by his own youth. Mr. Hewlett runs riot in the language which is the main thing in the book. He enjoys it so much and does it so well that the reader must fain enjoy it too. It is sheer schoolboy romance, but there is a splendid vitality and tang of language in it, which only an Englishman, born and bred of this country, could have conceived. All the boy scouts should carry a copy in their wallets.

POETRY AND DRAMA

THE STORY OF NEFREKEPTA. Put into verse by GILBERT MURRAY. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

This is a delightful story of magic and enchantment which well deserved the added charm of verse given it by Professor Murray, with all his usual power of preserving or transmuting poetic values in a translation.

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The original story is written in Demotic Egyptian on a fragmentary papyrus said to date from the first century before Christ, the literal prose translation of which by Dr. Griffiths was the only begetter of Professor Murray's metrical rendering. The metre is that now generally known as that of FitzGerald's *Omar;* but we believe that its suitability for narrative, as distinguished from the meditative verse of disconnected *ruba'iyyat*, was first demonstrated by Professor Mackail in his translation of the *Odyssey*.

The story of Nefrekepta, grandson of Pharaoh, who enchanted the scorpions, dried up the lake, slew the serpent, and seized the magic book of Thoth, and of the strange conflict between his irresistible spells and the all-powerful gods, is told by the ghost of his sister-bride Ahure to Setne—Setne, the high-priest of Ptah, who in due time, but very many generations later, comes to steal the Book from Nefrekepta's tomb. And how in due time the doom of the gods fell also on Setne, and he was brought to shame by the phantom lady Ta-buouĕ and did penance; and how he restored the Book to Nefrekepta, and sought out in the south the lost tombs of Ahure and of the boy Merab, and brought their bodies to lie in the tomb of Nefrekepta and gave peace to their ghosts: all this makes one of the finest stories in the world—a story of the people, as is shown by the language in which it is written, and of a people conscious of ancient glories. When we have done with pure wonder, we might begin discussing the folk-lore of it.

TEXT-BOOKS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Inorganic Chemistry. By F. S. Kipping and W. R. Perkin. W. and R. Chambers. *7s. 6d.*

The aim of the writers has been to produce a text-book of inorganic chemistry which, to quote from their preface, shall "correspond with all the requirements of the average student, with the lectures which he attends, or with his progress in the study of cognate subjects." This aim they have well achieved, for the work is soundly planned, and in its accomplishment bears witness to a due regard for conciseness and the elimination of irrelevant or unnecessary matter, while at the same time all suggestion of condensation is avoided.

The first part of the work is intended to correspond with a year's study, its subject-matter being "essentially the same as that of the chemistry syllabus of the London University for the external matriculation examination," and the second part is intended to meet the requirements of a further two years' study. In so far as is consistent with its subject, the book is simply and lucidly written—it is, in fact, a highly efficient manual for the purpose for which its authors intended it, and should take a high place among standard works on the subject of inorganic chemistry.

Revolutionary Ireland and its Settlement. By the Rev. Robert H. Murray, Litt.D. Introduction by the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, D.D. Macmillan. *10s.* net.

This is a really important contribution to Irish history. Dr. Murray writes history with a distinct Protestant bias, but his Protestantism is

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by no means anti-Irishism, and in any case his rather severe strictures on the Irish Catholic Parliament of 1689 are excellently answered in an introduction by that other doughty Protestant, Professor Mahaffy. The war between William of Orange and James II. in Ireland is here treated in relation to the general European history of the time; it is shown to us, indeed, in its true perspective as an incident in the great Continental duel between William, supported by the Pope, on the one hand, and Louis XIV., aided by James, on the other. It is surely one of the most delightful ironies of history, that the hero of the modern Orangemen should have set out on the journey which took him to the Boyne as a subsidised emissary of the Pope. Dr. Murray writes with an immense knowledge both of Irish and of Continental history, and his graphic style, assisted by numerous maps and plans, gives the reader plenty of battle excitements. His judgments frequently challenge controversy. He seems to be too easily comforted, for instance, by the thought that the barbarities of the Penal Code were not enforced at their worst all the time. We can forgive him a good deal, however, in return for his clever argument that the divergence between North and South, which is commonly supposed to prevent the Irish people from becoming one nation, is merely the repetition of a phenomenon which is to be found in England, the United States, Italy, Germany, France, and other civilised countries. Dr. Murray, by the way, is inaccurate about some of his quotations. He attributes to Charlotte Corday Madame Roland's apostrophe to liberty, and he spoils a famous sentence of Parnell's by misquotation. Thomas Davis figures as " J. Davis " in the index.

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